

The Bancroft Library

University of California • Berkeley

Digitized for Microsoft Corporation
by the Internet Archive in 2007.
From University of California Libraries.
May be used for non-commercial, personal, research, or educational purposes, or any fair use.
May not be indexed in a commercial service.









# Overland Monthly

PRICE TEN CENTS



JULY 1901

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

#### NOT QUANTITY OF LAND BUT QUALITY

# SILVER STAR OIL CO.

Capital Stock 300,000 shares—Par Value, \$1.00 per share.

#### THE LAND OF THIS COMPANY

Comprises the S. E. quarter of the N. W. quarter of Section 28, Township 30 S. R. 22 E. This property is

directly in the line of production and within one quarter of a mile of land that cannot be purchased for less than \$20,000 per acre, and only one mile from the S. P. R. Station at McKittrick. Immense deposits of asphaltum are found on the land as well as numerous seepages of oil and live oil sand on the surface. There can scarcely be a doubt as to the enormous value of this land, but the drill alone will tell.

#### WORK HAS COMMENCED.

The first derrick is up, a car-load of machinery is on the ground, and drilling will begin within a week. Capital is already provided for the completion of two

wells.

FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY

A limited quantity of stock in this company is offerde at 25c. PER SHARE. Write for prospectus to the

SILVER STAR OIL CO.,

607-608 SAFE DEPOSIT BUILDING, San Francisco.

### DO YOU WANT

# A Bookcase

That will always give satisfaction?



We have them

#### Golden Oak. Birch and Mahogany.

They have all the advantages that others have and some which no others possess. Call, 'phone, or write, and receive prompt atten-

Sections with GEO. H. FULLER DESK CO. 638 and 640 Mission Street.

# Round the World Tours

30th SEASON, 1901

#### **DEPARTURES:**

From San Francisco....September 4 From Vancouver.....September 9 From San Francisco.....)ctober 15

From San Francisco....October 31

Illustrated descriptive programmes on application to

Thos. Cook & Son.

621 Market St., San Francisco.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

# **Overland Monthly**

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST.

Vol. XXXVIII. Second Series.

JULY---DECEMBER - - - - 1900. 1901



#### INDEX.

About Santa Barbara County
Alkalai Plains
American View of the Strike, AnA Protest. By Henry E. Highton346
And YetPoem. By Juliette Estelle Mathis364
As a Little ChildStory. By Helen E. Richardson262
At Home in the High SierrasIll. By H. Rushton Fairclough433
Banyan Tree at Avalon, The
Beno SlimStory. By George D. Abbott306
Biologist's Quest, The
Broken Strings
Building of Ships at the Navy YardIllustrated. By Geo. C. Campbell, Jr. 465
Canadian Boatman, ThePearllita C. Stadelmen114
Chinese Question, TheIllustrated. By Ho Yow249
Christmas RosesIllustrated. By Martin Curtis411
Colonial Experiment, AIllustrated. By J. F. Rose-Soley173
Constitution and the Territories, TheBy N. P. Chipman289
Corn People, The
Cupid's Diary
Current Books
Dave's LetterStory. By Charles Udell207
Days of Gold, TheStory. By Jessie T. Aitken285
Double Stroke, AStory. By Wilmetta Curtis332
Dreamer's Lay, A
El Dia de Todos Santos
En Rapport
Final Tribute, The
Finders KeepersStory. By Robert B. Grant430
Florence Roberts as Nell GwynneFrontispiece
For Gold
Free Trader, The
From San Francisco to MontereyIllustrated
Greenhorn's Luck, A
Gulf Between
"Heathen"
Hidden Chord, TheStory. By Cecil Marrack457
Hike, ThePoem. By Robert V. Carr148
Ho Yow Frontispiece
In the Days of the PadresIll. Story. By Harry R. P. Forbes 58
Incapable, The
In Fog Time

	Iron-Shod Woman, TheIll. Story. By Mrs. L. M. Terry107
	Johnson's Regeneration A Soldier Sketch. Robert V. Carr147
	Joseph Le ConteSonnet. By Wallace Irwin149
	Kern City and the Kern River Oil District
	Labor OrganizationsBy Charles A. Murdock119
	La Fiesta DanceIll. Poem. By J. Torrey Connor50
	Lanty Foster's MistakeIll. Story. By Bret Harte399
	Late Dusk in the Golden Gate Poem. By Theodore Gontz 18
	Laugh of Fate, The
	Law of the Medes and Persians, The. Story. By C. Bryan Taylor 45
	LiolahStory. By Clyde Scott Chase138
	Little WolfStory: By John G. Neihardt461
	Man From St. Just, TheStory. By Ernest Atkins195
	Manila's Day of Civil GovernmentIll. By Oliver Leslie Lawrence426
	Man with the Cap, The
	Meadow Lark, The
	Matter of Opinion, A
	Maneuvres of the California GuardIll. By James F. J. Archibald125
	National Guard and Its ValueIll. Col. Thomas Wilhelm, U. S. A496
	Natives of Alaska, The
	Nell Gwynne
	No Man's RanchIll. By William McLeod Raine210
	Nostalgia
	On the Firing LineStory. By George S. Evans309
	Our Legion of Honor
_	Pablo Gutierrez and the "Americanos" Ill. Story. By Mary Harding259
	Pago-Pago HarborFrontispiece
	Piedmont Springs
	Priedmont SpringsIll. By Carlotta L. Sessions
	Portrait of Bret HarteFrontispiece
	Portrait of Bret Harte
_	Portrait of Bret Harte
-	Portrait of Bret Harte
	Portrait of Bret Harte. Frontispiece Portrait of Miss P— Frontispiece Rebellion in Photography. Ill. By Dr. Arnold Genthe. 93 Recollections of Lincoln and Seward. James Matlack Scovel. 265 Recompense. Poem. By T. R. E. McInnes. 357 Rooms to Let. Ill. Story. By Mary C. Ringwalt. 143 San Antonio, Texas, City of Parks. Ill. By Vinton S. James. 239 San Francisco Diplomatic Corps. Il. By W. J. Weymouth. 272
	Portrait of Bret Harte. Frontispiece Portrait of Miss P— Frontispiece Rebellion in Photography. Ill. By Dr. Arnold Genthe. 93 Recollections of Lincoln and Seward. James Matlack Scovel. 265 Recompense. Poem. By T. R. E. McInnes. 357 Rooms to Let. Ill. Story. By Mary C. Ringwalt. 143 San Antonio, Texas, City of Parks. Ill. By Vinton S. James. 239 San Francisco Diplomatic Corps. Il. By W. J. Weymouth. 272 San Rafael and San Anselmo. Ill. By Carlotta Reynal. 373
	Portrait of Bret Harte. Frontispiece Portrait of Miss P— Frontispiece Rebellion in Photography. Ill. By Dr. Arnold Genthe. 93 Recollections of Lincoln and Seward. James Matlack Scovel. 265 Recompense. Poem By T. R. E. McInnes. 357 Rooms to Let. Ill. Story. By Mary C. Ringwalt. 143 San Antonio, Texas, City of Parks. Ill. By Vinton S. James. 239 San Francisco Diplomatic Corps. Il. By W. J. Weymouth. 272 San Rafael and San Anselmo. Ill. By Carlotta Reynal. 373 Shoalhaven River Tragedy, The. Ill. Story. By Carlotta Reynal. 449
	Portrait of Bret Harte. Frontispiece Portrait of Miss P— Frontispiece Rebellion in Photography. Ill. By Dr. Arnold Genthe. 93 Recollections of Lincoln and Seward. James Matlack Scovel. 265 Recompense. Poem By T. R. E. McInnes. 357 Rooms to Let. Ill. Story. By Mary C. Ringwalt. 143 San Antonio, Texas, City of Parks. Ill. By Vinton S. James. 239 San Francisco Diplomatic Corps. Il. By W. J. Weymouth. 272 San Rafael and San Anselmo. Ill. By Carlotta Reynal. 373 Shoalhaven River Tragedy, The. Ill. Story. By Carlotta Reynal. 449 Side-Lights on Lincoln. James Matlack Scovel. 204
	Portrait of Bret Harte
	Portrait of Bret Harte. Frontispiece Portrait of Miss P Frontispiece Rebellion in Photography. Ill. By Dr. Arnold Genthe. 93 Recollections of Lincoln and Seward James Matlack Scovel. 265 Recompense. Poem. By T. R. E. McInnes. 357 Rooms to Let. Ill. Story. By Mary C. Ringwalt. 143 San Antonio, Texas, City of Parks. Ill. By Vinton S. James. 239 San Francisco Diplomatic Corps. Il. By W. J. Weymouth. 272 San Rafael and San Anselmo. Ill. By Carlotta Reynal. 373 Shoalhaven River Tragedy, The. Ill. Story. By Carlotta Reynal. 449 Side-Lights on Lincoln. James Matlack Scovel. 204 Singing of the Frogs, The. Story. By John G. Neihardt. 226 Social Life at Mare Island. Ill. By Ella M. Hammond. 483 Some Famous Jewish Women By Rev. A. Kingsley-Glover. 25 Sonnet, A. By Louis W. Bennett. 337 Spirit of Crow Butte, The. Story. By John G. Neihardt. 355
	Portrait of Bret Harte. Frontispiece Portrait of Miss P— Frontispiece Rebellion in Photography. Ill. By Dr. Arnold Genthe. 93 Recollections of Lincoln and Seward. James Matlack Scovel. 265 Recompense. Poem. By T. R. E. McInnes. 357 Rooms to Let. Ill. Story. By Mary C. Ringwalt. 143 San Antonio, Texas, City of Parks. Ill. By Vinton S. James. 239 San Francisco Diplomatic Corps. Ill. By W. J. Weymouth. 272 San Rafael and San Anselmo. Ill. By Carlotta Reynal. 373 Shoalhaven River Tragedy, The. Ill. Story. By Carlotta Reynal. 449 Side-Lights on Lincoln. James Matlack Scovel. 204 Singing of the Frogs, The. Story. By John G. Neihardt. 226 Social Life at Mare Island. Ill. By Ella M. Hammond. 483 Some Famous Jewish Women By Rev. A. Kingsley-Glover. 25 Sonnet, A. By Louis W. Bennett. 337 Spirit of Crow Butte, The. Story. By John G. Neihardt. 355 Teine. Story. By J. F. Rose-Soley. 358
	Portrait of Bret Harte. Frontispiece Portrait of Miss P Fontispiece Rebellion in Photography. Ill. By Dr. Arnold Genthe. 93 Recollections of Lincoln and Seward James Matlack Scovel. 265 Recompense. Poem. By T. R. E. McInnes. 357 Rooms to Let. Ill. Story. By Mary C. Ringwalt. 143 San Antonio, Texas, City of Parks. Ill. By Vinton S. James. 239 San Francisco Diplomatic Corps. Ill. By W. J. Weymouth. 272 San Rafael and San Anselmo. Ill. By Carlotta Reynal. 373 Shoalhaven River Tragedy, The. Ill. Story. By Carlotta Reynal. 449 Side-Lights on Lincoln. James Matlack Scovel. 204 Singing of the Frogs, The. Story. By John G. Neihardt. 226 Social Life at Mare Island. Ill. By Ella M. Hammond. 483 Some Famous Jewish Women By Rev. A. Kingsley-Glover. 25 Sonnet, A. By Louis W. Bennett. 337 Spirit of Crow Butte, The. Story. By John G. Neihardt. 355 Teine Story. By J. F. Rose-Soley. 358 Telephonic Error, A. Ill. Story. By Winifred Webb. 418
	Portrait of Bret Harte. Frontispiece Portrait of Miss P Fontispiece Rebellion in Photography. Ill. By Dr. Arnold Genthe. 93 Recollections of Lincoln and Seward James Matlack Scovel. 265 Recompense. Poem. By T. R. E. McInnes. 357 Rooms to Let. Ill. Story. By Mary C. Ringwalt. 143 San Antonio, Texas, City of Parks. Ill. By Vinton S. James. 239 San Francisco Diplomatic Corps. Ill. By W. J. Weymouth. 272 San Rafael and San Anselmo. Ill. By Carlotta Reynal. 373 Shoalhaven River Tragedy, The. Ill. Story. By Carlotta Reynal. 449 Side-Lights on Lincoln. James Matlack Scovel. 204 Singing of the Frogs, The. Story. By John G. Neihardt. 226 Social Life at Mare Island. Ill. By Ella M. Hammond. 483 Some Famous Jewish Women By Rev. A. Kingsley-Glover. 25 Sonnet, A. By Louis W. Bennett. 337 Spirit of Crow Butte, The. Story. By John G. Neihardt. 355 Teine Story. By J. F. Rose-Soley. 358 Telephonic Error, A. Ill. Story. By Winifred Webb. 418 To My Violin. Poem. By Eloise Davis. 230
	Portrait of Bret Harte
,	Portrait of Bret Harte
	Portrait of Bret Harte
_	Portrait of Bret Harte. Frontispiece Portrait of Miss P— Frontispiece Rebellion in Photography. Ill. By Dr. Arnold Genthe. 93 Recollections of Lincoln and Seward. James Matlack Scovel. 265 Recompense. Poem. By T. R. E. McInnes. 357 Rooms to Let. Ill. Story. By Mary C. Ringwalt. 143 San Antonio, Texas, City of Parks. Ill. By Vinton S. James. 239 San Francisco Diplomatic Corps. Il. By W. J. Weymouth. 272 San Rafael and San Anselmo. Ill. By Carlotta Reynal. 373 Shoalhaven River Tragedy, The. Ill. Story. By Carlotta Reynal. 449 Side-Lights on Lincoln. James Matlack Scovel. 204 Singing of the Frogs, The. Story. By John G. Neihardt. 226 Social Life at Mare Island. Ill. By Ella M. Hammond. 483 Some Famous Jewish Women By Rev. A. Kingsley-Glover. 25 Sonnet, A. By Louis W. Bennett. 337 Spirit of Crow Butte, The. Story. By John G. Neihardt. 355 Teine Story. By J. F. Rose-Soley. 358 Telephonic Error, A. Ill. Story. By Winifred Webb. 418 To My Violin. Poem. By Eloise Davis. 230 Transit of Bohemia, The. Ill. Story. By John G. Neihardt. 282 Two Privates and a Corporal. Story. By Cecil M. Marrack. 310 Unknown, The. Poem. By Herman Scheffauer. 448 When the Overland Comes In. Ill. Story. By Roger J. Sterrett. 27 When the Snows Drift. Story. By John G. Neihardt. 103
	Portrait of Bret Harte Frontispiece Portrait of Miss P—— Frontispiece Rebellion in Photography. Ill. By Dr. Arnold Genthe 93 Recollections of Lincoln and Seward James Matlack Scovel 265 Recompense. Poem By T. R. E. McInnes 357 Rooms to Let Ill. Story. By Mary C. Ringwalt 143 San Antonio, Texas, City of Parks Ill. By Vinton S. James 239 San Francisco Diplomatic Corps Il. By W. J. Weymouth 272 San Rafael and San Anselmo Ill. By Carlotta Reynal 373 Shoalhaven River Tragedy, The Ill. Story. By Carlotta Reynal 449 Side-Lights on Lincoln James Matlack Scovel 204 Singing of the Frogs, The Story. By John G. Neihardt 226 Social Life at Mare Island Ill. By Ella M. Hammond 483 Some Famous Jewish Women By Rev. A. Kingsley-Glover 25 Sonnet, A. By Louis W. Bennett 357 Teine Story. By John G. Neihardt 355 Teine Story. By Ednah Robinson 3 Triumph of Seha, The Ill. Story. By Ednah Robinson 3 Triumph of Seha, The Story. By John G. Neihardt 282 Two Privates and a Corporal Story. By Cecil M. Marrack 310 Unknown, The Poem By Herman Scheffauer 448 When the Overland Comes In Ill. Story. By Roger J. Sterrett 27

Vol. XXXVIII.

145

No. 1.

the algorite 3/2

Established 1868



# **Overland Monthly**

51/2 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

JULY, 1901.

### CONTENTS

NA		2
·h.	The Transit of Bohemia—StoryBy Ednah Robinson. Illustrated 3	1
.Ki	Late Dusk in the Golden Gate—PoemBy Theodore Gontz	-
t	Our Legion of HonorBy James F. J. Archibald. Illustrated.19	3
4	Some Famous Jewish WomenBy Rev. A. Kingsley-Glover25	1
1	When the Overland Comes In Story By Roger T Storrett Illustrated 27	1
de	"Heather"—Story	*
2 M.c		
142	Lii itapport i dominimonini in	200
rk	The Law of the Medes and Persians—StoryBy C. Bryan Taylor45	27
343	La Fiesta Dance—PoemBy J. Torrey Connor. Illustrated50	34
rhe	The Biologist's Quest—StoryBy John M. Oskison52	2
·	Broken Strings—PoemBy E. R. Wynne57	1
	The state of the party of the state of the s	*
4		
J.	Kern City and the Kern River Oil District	20%
4		3
J.	அத்து PRICE, 10 CENTS A NUMBER. \$1.00 A YEAR. அத்து	本
Fre	ederick Marriott, Publisher. Entered at San Francisco postoffice as second-class mat	ter

LED. F. WINCHELL

Oil Lands Oil Stocks

Room 16, Eighth Floor, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone John 2186.

# Eames Tricycles



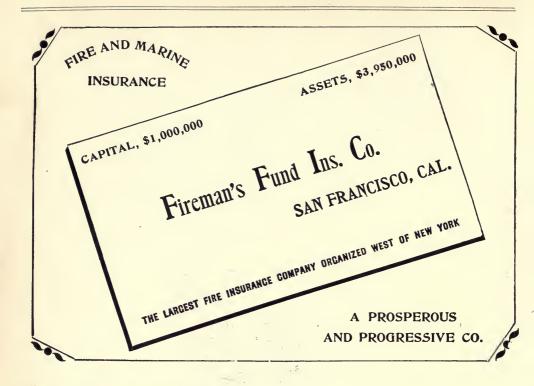
An Ideal Machine that brings the pleasures of cycling within the reach of all; any one that can walk can ride one of these wheels.

We have also Tricycles for those who require something to propel with the hands, and easy Pneumatic-tired Rolling Chairs for Invalids.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

### FAMES TRICYCLE CO.

zed by 2100 Market Street San Francisco . . .





# Continental Building and - - Coan Association

OF CALIFORNIA

ESTABLISHED IN 1889

Subscribed Capital	\$12,000,000
Paid-in Capital	2,000,000
Profit and Reserve Fund	250,000
Monthly Income, over	100,000

#### ITS PURPOSE IS

To help its members to build homes, also to make loans on improved property, the members giving first liens on their real estate as security. To help its stockholders to earn from 8 to 12 per cent per annum on their stock and allow them to open deposit accounts bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

HOME OFFICE: 222 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.





Frank Kilgore.

Drawn by Max Newberry.

Vol. XXXVIII

July, 1901

No. 1

#### THE TRANSIT OF BOHEMIA

#### BY EDNAH ROBINSON.

GIRL emerged from the crowd on Market street one afternoon in late December, and stepped briskly into an unfrequented thoroughfare. Her eyes scanned the tall, dark buildings on either side, but not finding what she searched for her pace slackened, and she walked slowly up the block, her giance alert for the huge sign announcing the offices of the San Francisco Daily Courier. At the corner she paused and looked back, the raw wind whipping color into her cheeks and playing strange antics with her hat. A quick thought drove her hand into her pocket. The note book confirmed her; this was the square, and she re-crossed to the odd side of the street, retracing her steps till she paused before a grim-looking front, with 5-3-1 unobtrusively painted in over a high, dark door, behind which gloomy stairs mounted into uncertain shadows.

She drew a perplexed breath, then plunged into the gloom, and began feeling her way up the steep stairway. At the first landing she peered around through the darkness for a door or informing sign, but bare walls greeted her. The strange quiet was beginning to assail her with her first feeling of fear, when a hurried step above reassured her. She waited to question the comer, but before she could speed a detaining word the man had rushed past without seeing her; so she went on climbing, up and up, over dingy steps and dark, uncertain landings, until brought to an abrupt pause before a green baize door. It swung open for a boy's quick exit, and she found herself inside a little square, outlined by four such doors, and guarded by a youth who eyed her suspiciously. The sudden flare of gas-jets dilated her eyes, and gave a frightened look to her face.

"What d'ye want?" asked the boy.

"The editor," she answered.

He grinned. "Which one? There's the business manager, and the city editor, and the sporting editor, society editor, weekly editor, Sunday editor, night editor." He was running on indefinitely. Not Cerberus as sentry of the shades held a more complacent position.

"I am sure I don't know which one he is," she said, reflectively, but the boy mistook her hesitation. Just then an electric bell tingled, and he vanished. She leaned against a long deal table, watching with interest the people who passed her so incuriously. Men with absorbed faces pushed through one of the mysterious doors, and out through another. The air seemed to teem with energy. The boy soon returned.

"You still here?"

"Did you see him?"

"Did you think I went for that? I had to answer a call. Which am I?" his chest inflated. "I'm the call-boy. Did you think I was an editor?" He shoved her through a door, and pointed to a small room at the end of the corridor. "They're all busy. You'd better wait." His patronage was heavy.

There was one before her waiting, a woman who looked fagged and weary. The girl's interest was caught by the pictures which covered the walls, original drawings, cartoons, and caricatures. She drew a breath of delight. She was getting a peep into that coveted place back of the footlights, where the Names were to be met! That cartoon she remembered having seen in the Courier years

ago, and this one, how good! Presently she exhausted them all, and looked around for a paper to read; but there was none, and she had to resign herself to a study of her companion. Every time a step sounded in the hall she would start eagerly, until she discovered that the other woman was smiling. She felt called upon to explain that she was waiting for one of the editors, who was busy. The other woman smiled wearily. "So am I, going on two hours. They're always busy. If you know no one, you've a pretty poor show."

The girl's head lifted with conscious importance. "I do know him, that is, one of them." The thought of the callboy made her falter. "But I don't know which he is-Mr. Thorne."

"He's the city editor; you're in luck," said the other generously, and relapsed into silence.

Five more minutes passed, and the woman's curiosity broke through her reverie. "You sent in your name?"

The girl's face brightened. "I forgot. I intended to, but that boy hurried me off. He confused me, I guess." She gave an easy, rippling laugh, and drew from her pocket the card engraved for that especial purpose. The blaze of light once again disconcerted her, but she handed the slip of pasteboard to the boy with returning assurance. "Take that to Mr. Thorne," she said, imperiously. "He will remember me."

"Why didn't you say that before?" and the baize door swallowed him again. The girl returned to her post. It was a long time before an answer came. A heavy tread paused at the door, and she turned swiftly. "Mr. Thorne? O, I beg your pardon."

"It is all the same. I represent Mr. Thorne." He observed her closely. "He is too busy to see everyone who asks for him. Can I know your errand?"

She shook her head. Her business was with Mr. Thorne. "I said that I represent him," the man answered patiently. "I can do just as much for you if you will tell me your errand." His courtesy was disconcerting, for it made her insistence seem rude, but she clung stubbornly to know I am here?"

The man was puzzled. "He told me to attend to you."

"Perhaps he does not know who Miss Hawley is? Tell him it's Mamie Hawley, and he will understand. He knows my father, knows us all. He stopped with us once in Santa Rosa, years ago"-her voice trailed off.

"Suppose you write that on your card," he suggested kindly. "Mention Santa Rosa. There are so many demands on Thorne's time, and you see, Hawley's not an uncommon name."

She drew another card from her purse, and wrote a few stiff, glove-fingered He went off with it, and was back almost immediately. Mr. Thorne would see her, and she followed her guide eagerly, forgetting to nod a good-bye to her companion in waiting. The baize doors were thrown open for her, and she was ushered through long corridors and winding passages into a large room, where several men sat at work. "There's Thorne." Mamie followed a sweep of the hand to a desk at one corner of the room.

"Must I see him before all these people?"

"They're all too The man laughed. busy to listen!" He humorously eyed the big bundle under her arm, and went off whistling.

Mamie Hawley approached the desk, stretching out a cordial hand.

"Mr. Thorne!"

The city editor responded with the expected cordiality, but his memory was playing him a trick. He angled for a clue.

"So this is little Mamie Hawley grown up. Let's see. How long is it since I saw you?"

"Seven years ago," Mamie answered, promptly. "You came to Santa Rosa to report the Doane murder case, and that was in '83. It was the year of the Methe dist Convention in Denver, and papa met you on the train from San Francisco, and brought you home with him."

"Of course, I remember. And how is Dr. Hawley? I often think of those pleasant evening we had when we played what was it we played? Chess? Yes, her demand for the city editor. "Does he of course CAnd Mrs. Hawley? And the The Transit of Bohemia CALIFORNIA

boys?" Thorne was on firm ground at last. "Give my regards to them all. If ever I go to Santa Rosa again, I will surely look you all up."

Mamie suddenly saw a vision of green baize doors. Her cheeks, already flushed from the bite of the sharp wind, flamed hotter. "It was not that I came here to say." She paused, then rushed ahead. "I thought maybe you could—would help me. I—I write. And I want to work for some paper. If you have room on the Courier—"

"Have you ever published anything?"
Thorne put on his editorial manner immediately. "What work have you done?"

"I have never had anything rejected yet, and quite a lot has been published," Mamie answered proudly. She opened her bundle with quick fingers, and thrust towards him a scrap book filled with cuttings from the Santa-Rosa Mercury and the Sonoma Press. Thorne controlled his lip admirably, and turned a serious face to her a minute later.

"My dear little girl, don't you think it would be better to keep on writing for these? You have no idea of the different requirements. Stay at home, and write signed articles for the Mercury, instead of battling alone in the big city with years of unsigned labor before you. There, that's my honest advice, and I am old enough to be your father, my dear."

But Mamie was not daunted. It was the Courier she wanted, nothing less. In her eagerness she did not notice that she was keeping back other claimants Thorne's attention, or that she was being closely observed. Thorne turned over the pages of her scrap-book. "Were you paid for these?" he asked. Mamie flushed again, and hesitated uncomfortably. "Mostly in subscriptions," she said, feeling rather silly, and for the first time noticed her observers. One man sat by the desk, his dark eyes lazily taking in the girl's embarassment. Mamie flashed back a hostile stare, and her chin rose higher.

"That's the reason I decided to come down to San Francisco. There's no opening in Santa Rosa."

"Believe me, there's no opening in San Francisco—for this." Thorne's emphasis was brutally obvious, and Mamie haughtily interrupted him. "I am sorry to have encroached so much on your time. I will take these." She was sweeping them up, outraged pride in her gesture, when Thorne put out a detaining hand. "Leave them here," he began lamely, "and you might come back—in a week."

She swept out with a curt nod, her eyes bright, her ears tingling, past the pert call boy, through the baize doors, and down the steep steps into the street. She was humiliated and angry. To be spoken to like a child, an inexperienced hand, an amateur, and before all those men, How they doubtless enjoyed it! And that was gratitude! They had showered immeasurable hospitality Thorne, had introduced him to Santa Rosa's best families, had given a picnic for his benefit, and invited him to lecture from her father's pulpit—their crowning honor to bestow. And this was the way he returned it. The possibility that Thorne had been more gracious than grateful was beyond her imagination. She entered the little boarding house she had discovered in a quiet street with the resolve firmly made: she would Thorne could keep her not go back. scrap-book. Perhaps it might sting his ingratitude. How angry she was! For the next twenty-four hours her pride upheld her resolution, but the following day she weakened. To lose her certain triumph because of a girlish pride? Thorne could not but discover the merit in her articles. There was that particular essay on "The Salvation Army Bonnet," which every one had praised. She had read the Courier steadily and could not honestly admit to a style therein as finished, as classic as hers. To forego the triumphant home-coming she had planned? For no one was to dream of her real hope or labor until the goal was reached, and she could proudly point to won laurels. Pride is soon melted in the crucible of ambition, and the next Saturday found her again climbing the dark stairs to the green baize doors. This time she faced the call-boy with confidence. "For Mr. Thorne. By appointment!"

It was just as sne had expected. "We



preted broke. "My dear, that's a really good newspaper style, and just what we want. If we could only get a few more such, the Courier would be in luck. That is she." Mamie glanced hastily at a well-groom-

have decided,'' Thorne said officially, "to take you on trial for a few weeks. Of course at first the remuneration is small, but the doors to big salaries and advancement stand always open to ability. You will have to keep your eyes open, and your ears, too. And, let me say it without offending you, my dear, that your style is, well, a bit stilted. Read the Courier well and discover what we want. There-model your style on that." pushed a paper towards her, pointing to a full-page article profusely illustrated, and signed "Frank Kilgore." Mamie had already read it, and she smiled with superiority.

"I have read a lot of his articles, but it's cheap prose," she objected. "It's florid, and not a good style."

Thorne looked at her in an amazement which the girl's vanity interdifferently. Then his laughter

ed, alert woman approaching. "Frank

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsof

"You Kilgore," Thorne explained. thought she was a man? Mrs. Kilgore, Miss Hawley's a new Miss Hawley. hand, Mrs. Kilgore. I wish you would show her the ropes a little, just at Is this your article on first. Thanks. the fight? Good-morning, Miss Hawley. Sorry, but someone's mislaid your scrap-A word, Mrs. Kilgore. book. got to try her. I'a like her to get on, if it's possible. Help her a bit. I'll esteem it a favor. Thanks, good-day."

Mamie followed her new guide, curiously observing her trig, neat form, tightly tailored in black cloth, relieved only by white collar and cravat, and two white rosettes set in the jaunty, black hat. It was a hostile stare she threw at her companion's back, for she resented the position awarded the woman, as gained by such flimsy prose. Out in the street, Mrs. Kilgore faced her. "Heavens, girl, what eyes you have." She stared broadly.

The angry blood surged to the girl's brow. Her eyes had been ridiculed since babyhood and were her greatest sorrow. Cat's eyes, green eyes, they had been indiscriminately labeled, preventing any possible girlish vanity, and almost smothering, eventually, the ardent desire for good looks; but any allusion to her affliction goaded her to wrath.

"I know they are horrid, but I don't recognize your right to tell me so." Her eyes gleamed green fire.

"Magnificent! Who says they're horrid? You are a queen. I never saw such eyes. I see now why Thorne took you. He couldn't help himself. You'll do. You needn't labor like me, or the others. You can write just as poorly as you probably And when they start to turn your work down, just turn your green incandescents as you did on me, and they'll cringe. How the boys will rave? Ever heard of Billy Compton? Gracious, where have you been living? Special writer for the Courier. He had a sonnet once in the "Yellow Book," beginning, 'Eyes of emerald and hair of brcnze.' He will adore you. You must come up to dinner with me to-night. Of course, informal, for it's Bohemia, you know. Russian Hill, house number two. There are only two, mine and the other, and the other's against a tortoise shell comb, curiously

bachelor quarters, artists mostly. Billy Compton hangs out there. Do you know, I think I can educate you. There, don't waste ammunition. Save that illumination for the men to-night. But you need culture, sadly. Who said you could wear blue? It's a crime." Her bright, cold eyes ran over Mamie's figure. "You should adopt the aesthetic. I can't. I'm too plump. Le Compte, that's Billy, will teach you the gospel of greens and yellows. 'It's your only fault,' le petit Compte always moans, 'that you look just like anybody else—on the street.' In the house I can be as bizarre as I please, with lampshades to suit, and bribed not to tell tales on a complexion that has to change with the gown. You don't have to report till to-morrow, so you can rest all the afternoon. At seven we dine. One of the boys will see you home. Don't worry about stuff. I'll give you a boost. Have you followed the Clayton factory exposure? You could write a breezy article on that. Is this your street? Au revoir, till to-night."

Mamie felt a little dizzy. Mrs. Kilgore had kept her mind on the jump. She did not know whether to be pleased or angry. One fact stood out. Her eyes were good. She had had longings long ago to be pretty, pretty as Alice Downing, the town beauty, with blue eyes and baby fairness; but the years had intensified the green in her eyes, and the bitter certainty in her heart that beauty was never to be hers. Her mind was thrown back on itself for consolation, and in solitude she had acquired the knack of study, the habit of books, gaining a pride in a new leadership, until she grew accustomed, eventually, to her literary pretensions, not realizing the twist that had been given to her destiny by a pair of green eyes.

She marched up the outer stairs of her boarding house, and up the inner staircase leading to her little hall bed-room, where she solemnly took off her blue jacket and shirt waist with her back to the glass. There was a green India-silk drape on her mantel which she drew off deliberately, and wound around her bare white shoulders. Through her slim trunk she rummaged till her fingers struck carved, which was thrust through the mass of rippling hair. Slowly, with almost fearful wistfulness, she approached the mirror and lifted her eyes. She saw herself as for the first time. Heretofore, such solemn pilgrimages had been taken in the eager hope that some miracle had happened, that the green eyes were browner, or had changed to blue; to-day it was with no such hope, but with the light of a revelation that some people liked green eyes; that to such, even she, Mamie Hawley, might be beautiful. All her ambitions, her literary aspirations, slipped off, and left her wondering at her beauty. A woman may have the wisdom of Minerva, with all the power thereof, and yet would sell her birthright for a chance of beauty. It was the happiest moment of Mamie Hawley's life.

A few hours later she stood on Mrs. Kilgore's steps, looking vainly for the bell. There was a strange handle on the door which she had pulled, but no answer had come. She was trying to decide whether she should knock or go to the back entrance, or leave altogether, when a long arm reached over her shoulder and grasped the handle she had been A clamor resounded struggling with. through the house that was immediately responded to. The ever ready color rushed to Mamie's cheeks as she recognized the first knocker ever seen out of book-covers, and she turned a deeper rose when she discovered the stranger was one of the men who had overheard Thorne's catechism and sermon in the Courier office the week before. He returned her stiff bow politely, and together they were ushered into a long, low room lit with colored glass lamps and lanterns of Oriental hues. To Mamie's eyes it was splendid, and her hostess completed the impression by rising from a heap of cushions on the floor, in a gown of flaming copper soft stuff that curled and twined itself around her form and over the floor.

"So glad you came, Queenie. Do you object to nicknames? Every one gets one here. It's murder and sudden death to formality. Want to go upstairs to take off your cloak? Don't have to. Anyone could guess that your hair curled naturally. It's the arrogance of curls that

fathers your imperiousness. Good, isn't it, Mascot? Mascot's short for Mr. Ascot. O yes, and the rest—Miss Hawley."

Mamie had chosen from her restricted wardrobe, not without misgivings, a yellow nun's veiling, slightly soiled, and of a then unfashionable cut. A belt and buckle of fire-gilt, set with imitation emeralds, had been given her by one of her old Sunday School pupils, and had always shrieked at her as tawdry and in poor taste, but on the yellow gown it quietea down into what Mamie's awakened perceptions assured her was of aesthetic value. As she stood under the varicolored lanterns she congratulated herself on her toilet, for there was unveiled admiration in Mrs. Kilgore's eyes, and in that dimly-lit room she felt sure the spots would not be seen.

Ascot, returning from the hall, was startled by an apparition. The girl was just raising two warm, bare arms to her head, when the light caught in her uncovered hair, and brought out its wonderful beauty. The godmother's wand had suddenly transformed Mamie Hawley, in a soiled yellow gown, into a vision of royalty, with eyes of green fire, bronze iridescent hair, and draped in a robe of cloth-of-gold, with barbaric jewels gleaming at the waist. Ascot turned back into the hall for a forgotten trifle. As he reentered the room, he heard Mrs. Kilgore's voice, hard and clear. "Le Compte, come here and venerate. Mascot's, as usual, unappreciative. Turns his back on 'eyes of emerald, hair of bronze.' Isn't that your line? Wretch! You must have known her. When did you ever go to Santa Rosa?"

"'Pon my honor, I was never guilty of that crime," said a boyish voice emerging from a curtained corner. He caught sight of Mamie and stopped, Mrs. Kilgore enjoying his amazement. "Do sirens live in Santa Rosa? I thought no good thing ever came out of Nazareth?"

"Don't blaspheme, Le Compte. There, you can make love to Queenie at dinner." She turned to the girl. "There's a game we always play here. It's called: 'Find the Guests.' They are all here, but effectually hidden. Here, Le Compte, Mascot, you rout them out!" She led the way down over the polished stairs into a

room similar to that they had left. Couches around the walls, with huge, soft cushions, swinging lamps so low that one had to bob to avoid collision, cushions on the floor, all conspired to hide the purpose of the room, which only the long table suggested.

"There are only two other girls," said Mrs. Kilgore, pushing an arm-chair to-"So you can choose your wards her. neighbors. Le Compte, he's one, and Nonsense-don't maybe Ascot. arm-chairs? They're all alike, except that straight-backed thing over there, which stands for beauty, not utility. You really mean it? Well, it does suit your style, I confess. That comb sets you off, too. Looks like a tiara. I'd be a guy in that rig, but you're perfect. Here are the boys."

A dozen or so men filed in with theatric solemnity behind two odary dressed women. "Le Compte, you are next to Miss Hawley. And Mascot, you too." But Ascot had already chosen a place on the opposite side. "Well, if you don't appreciate your favors. Farouche will. Miss Hawley, Mr. ---, I always forget. It's Farouche, anyway." And Mrs. Kilgore passed around the table, allotting places with a wave of her white hand here, and an occasional love-tap there.

Mamie was bewildered by the easy familiarity of the atmosphere. In the same instant, Mrs. Kilgore chilled and fascinated her. She threw conflicting impressions as easily as she skimmed her topics. It was politics, philosophy, aesthetics, gossip, small talk, touched with keen wit and virile humor, and all with an ease that made one listener strain often for the rope, and helped her to a fuller appreciation of her value to the Courier.

The man they called Farouche began, immediately upon finishing his roast, to overwhelm Mamie with fulsome, lavish praise, interspersed with anecdotes of actresses and singers. The names impressed Mamie, but most of the jokes escaped her. When he offered her a choice of wine, she gave a shocked "No," but Farouche insisted. "It's an insult to your hostess," he whispered; "you can't refuse. You are surely not an abstainer?" The scorn in his tone spurred her to an indig-

CALIFORNIA nant denial, which she instantly gretted, for he kept urging her until she consented to take a little white wine for mere peace sake. When he persistently kept filling up the little space she could make in her glass, the girl began to grow dizzy, and Farouche's eyes uncomfortably warm. She looked up to find Ascot's gaze on her-slow, lazy, humorous. His amusement heightened her discomfiture, and her uneasy glance wandered around the table, until it fell on Le Compte's boyish, open face. He alone of all the crowd she felt she could be at ease with: he was simple, uncomplicated, and she was awarding these attributes to the one who took the most pride in his decadent complexity. She turned her back on Farouche. "Tell me about all these people," she demanded with girlish directness. "And Mrs. Kilgore. Who was she? Where is her husband?"

OF THE UNIVERSITY

Le Compte put a mysterious finger to his lips. "History is silent, and in Bohemia we don't ask. I don't think he is dead or even divorced, myself, but knocking about somewhere, disreputably, most probably. I shouldn't wonder if she supports him. There's a lot of unsuspected good in Mrs. Kilgore, though no one out of Bohemia will see it. girl opposite with the dark eyes and white face is Miriam Sondheimer; works on the Courier. Just works. never seen her smile. The other girl's a man, or would like to be. Teaches the piano for a living, and turns to Bohemia for her fun. Farouche? Well. he's just Farouche, alias Charles Faroul. Does? That's his secret. He has an office down town, and draws a salary for being secretary of some scheme, but so little he can't possibly live on it. You can see him on Kearny street every day, at the play every night. Hold on-tradition doth say he once did dramatic criticism: perhaps he does still. Ascot is fortunate in having a wealthy name, but he neither appreciates nor improves his advantages. Simply to ask him if he belongs to the New York Ascots will make him flare. There is something lacking in that fellow. One of his fairy-godmothers must have refused her gifts. I think it's ambition or push. He sees things away ahead of us all, but is too

inert to turn his ideas into cash. He has been hanging around the Courier office lately, but does not seem to care to settle down to a regular job. Generous. though. He put me on to a scoop the other day, but the question is why he didn't work it up himself. The next man is Lieutenant Reilly, of the Tenth, stationed at the Presidio, who ekes out his pay by writing an occasional short story -good ones, too. The next two are Courier special writers. The Tuxedo is Benton. Society people, his folks. He thinks it smart just now to be Bohemian. And that's Farlow, business manager of the Courier. We're nearly always a Courier crowd. And I? Billy Compton, called Le Compte by his friends, plus epithets; by his enemies, a fool, plus epithets; who thinks he can write, pretends he can paint, and feels inspired ocasionally to make verses. I write for the Courier, too, and other journals I've mystified. I'm so oddly unique that they have given up guessing whether I'm altogether impossible or wonderfully clever, and I trade on their uncertainty. They daren't snub me, for fear a rival paper will pick me up and fing a good thing. It's a good fin-de-siecle policy, mystification; it pays to be queer. There's a moral for decadents: 'Conceal thyself; puzzle the pub-It's not Billy Compton's the fool, but the people who take him seriously. There, don't give me away. Your eyes would draw secrets from a sphynx. Now tell me something about yourself."

His manner was so boyishly ingratiating that Mamie found herself describing. with now and then a homesick quaver in her voice, her home in Santa Rosa, the Methodist church where she had been both pupil and teacher; her father, the pastor, whose strictures had so curtailed her ambition that she had had to employ deceit to get to San Francisco, where her instinct told her advancement was to be had. The quiet evenings over the chess board, the church social, the occasional function or picnic which she was allowed to attend; that was her life, which the girl painted simply, as yet without ridicule. It was later that she grew ashamed of the serene country existence, and put on the touches of humorous sarcasm, which turned the portrait into extolled caricatures, when the free and easy life around her began, as she thought, to broaden her, and she learned to look back with horror at the vise she had escaped.

"That's a good setting for a story in the realistic style," observed Le Compte, analytically. "The rigid old minister and the narrow, bigoted church-set would do first rate."

His criticism fell like a dash of cold water between the girl's eyes. It was her first glimpse of her life as viewed by other people, and she saw herself being classified as a green country girl. Was she alone then different from all the people in this big city, men and women with red blood in their veins, their lives drawn in broad, vigorous lines? Already she had picked up some of the catch-words floating around the board. Self-consciousness seized her, and she lapsed into a strained silence, toying nervously with her bread and butter. Vas she being made game of, asked there for that very purpose? Her neck stiffened, but her silence so well encased her that the shy, quivering girl could never have been suspected in the haughty young goddess with the green light of disdain gleaming in her eyes.

Farouche's voice recalled her.

"Do I want—what? A cigarette?" She laughed for the first time heartily. "We all smoke nowadays, don't we?" She played with the cigarette as if it were the jest incarnate, a smile of fun dancing on her lips. She was glancing down at her hostess to include her in the joke, when at that moment Mrs. Kilgore's jewelled fingers lit her cigarette, and she daintily blew a ring of smoke into the air. Mamie's dropped to the floor. The other two women were smoking quite naturally. Farouche reclaimed it. "Shall I give you another?"

"Oh, no, that will do—I mean, I don't care—that is, I won't smoke—to-night!"

Farouche insisted, drawing out a package from his pocket, when Ascot's voice broke in. To the girl, it sounded insolent, mocking: "Do they smoke in Santa Rosa, Miss Hawley?"

She flashed a quick look at him, and was turning to again refuse Farouche, when Ascot spoke again. "Don't smoke, Miss Hawley. It's not your style." Her style! They were all mocking her; her

UNIVERSITY CALIFORNIA

suspicions were raw with pain. She was being nerved to do whatever was not expected of her. Up to that moment she had had no intention of smoking, but none could have guessed it, as she bent coquettishly towards Le Compte. "May I be capricious? And will you light it for Ascot alone me?" noticed that she took but one whiff.

The attentions of the men after they left the table did a lot towards re-establishing Mamie's selfconfidence. It was a new and intoxicating tribute, this homage to her beauty, and quite submerged her fear that she was being guyed for her raw, green countriness. It does not take long for a woman to learn that she has power over men, Mamie flirted and and grew haughty, was tender, then severe, with an ease she had not acquired in Santa Rosa. Ascot did not join her circle that night, nor later, and she grew accustomed to finding his indifferent, slow stare following her out from some remote and solitary corner. She returned it with hostile interest, but those were moments that her flippancy grew more theatric, her



Farouche.

Drawn by Max Newberry.

bonhomie more ex Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

When she rose to go that night, horrified at the hour, Farouche insisted on accompanying her home. Mamie fell to her first story. "I can't; I am sorry. You see, I have already promised—" she looked vaguely around the room, past Farouche's warm eyes and Ascot's lazy stare, falling with relief on Billy Compton's boyish, open face. "Have promised Mr. Compton." He came up eagerly. "Of course you have, but not Mr. Compton. Won't you call me Billy?"

For the next few months Mamie Hawley was absorbed in climbing toward those dizzy heights where she could write signed articles Bit by bit her old-fashioned impressions and prejudices were torn away-effete superstitions, according to Le Compte's vocabulary. Not the easiest was the revolution of her ideas on her work. She saw the writings she had scorned, Frank Kilgore's, praised and upheld by men of all classes, knew it brought big pay, and felt in her heart that it was bad. There was no one to tell her it was to be judged by a different standard, and so she had puzzled until Mrs. Kilgore herself took her in hand, taught her newspaperese, and the tricks thereof, pointed out the value of the short, crisp sentence, the timely epigram, the refrain. The periodic sentences which Mamie loved were torn to shreds, until the girl's taste began to change, finally reaching the stage of ingenious wonder that Thorne had seen any merit in her puerile With long hours, hard, dogged work, late suppers and the continuous excitement so new to her, Mamie developed great hollows in ner cheeks, lost almost altogether her trick of blushing, and was taught the use of rouge. Le Compte had immediately appointed himself one of her guides, and even more than Mrs. Kilgore had directed and controlled her evolution. He opened up undreamed of vistas of intellectual research, made her dizzy with false quantities and fourth dimensions, occult lore and spiritualistic seances. The girl for months walked as one in a dream, until the haze eventually slipped off from the present, and back to the Santa Rosa past, which now seemed a prison from which she had burst. She learned to listen to decadent prattle without surprise, and adopted

without misgivings the mottoes of her circle, where as yet she had run against no sin, where brain was the highest good, stupidity the only crime, where goodness itself was an interesting accident, never a goal. The girl's innate purity blinded her suspicions, as her pride and ignorance made her an eager neophyte in what she thought the higher culture of a big city.

Were it not for one or two hard knocks against her vanity, the blatant admiration of the men might have turned her head. One of the most persistent of her admirers was Wallace Benton, whose people, as Le Compte had explained, were in society; but to Mamie's inexperience the distinction was not one of kind, but of degree of wealth. After she grew accustomed to his attentions, to which she put a different prefix, Mamie often innocently shared with him her desire to meet his sister, who was declared to be the most beautiful woman in society. She never noticed or questioned his silence, or his evasive declarations that his sister's beauty did not compare with Miss Hawley's, "who was the most beautiful woman in the world!"

It happened once that Mamie was detailed to write up the charities of prominent society women, and to her delight discovered Miss Benton's name on the list. Later, her reception by the majority chilled her determination to mention her friendship with Wallace to his sister. It would come better from her. Of course, he had spoken of her, but no one could have guessed it from Miss Benton, who was graciousness itself in a gray peignore, giving her information generously to the young reporter, who was dismissed so skillfully that the fact escaped her. The same night, at the horse-show, which she and Mrs. Kilgore were writing up, they came face to face with the Bentons, brother and sister. Mamie stopped short, her great eyes smiling over the opportunity to Wallace, who lifted his hat stiffly and passed on.

Mrs. Kilgore laughed, as the unskillful rouge went into total eclipse. "Did you think he would introduce you?" she quizzed. "My Queenie, you've a lot to learn. Do you know what they are probably saying? 'Who's the girl, Wallace?'

she mimicked the beauty's drawl admirably. 'Oh, just one of those reporters who are always interviewing us. We have to bow to them, you know.' But you need not snub him for that. He would not understand if you did. Why should he dream of treating you any differently? He's accepted my hospitality for these last two years, weekly. Would he ask me to his house? But no one could accuse him of ingratitude. He gives dinners at his club, sends me flowers, candy, and we are quits.'

Mamie followed them with a hot, resentful stare, which changed into active curiosity as she saw Billy Compton beckoned cordially by both brother and sister to their stall. Mrs. Kilgore followed her gaze. "You think that funny? Le petit Compte's a genius. Everybody's glad to know him. Besides, he's a man, and a Bohemian flavor accs to the charm. If you happen to be a woman, you've got to choose. You'd shine in society, Queenie. but take my word, there's more fun in Bohemia."

Mamie learned to look lightly upon such experiences; they dwindled into pettiness by some of the work she had to do. She often quicted places with quick indignant feet, and the determination to give it all up. Only Mrs. Kilgore's frequent presence and calming word held her disgust in check, and kept her from straining at the snaffle. One day she was given an inquest to report, a significant distinction, Mrs. Kilgore assured her, as she was to do it alone. She had started off confidently with Miss Walsh, one of the illustrators, and had begun taking notes, when she suddenly startled her collaborator by rushing from the room. Mamie dashed headlong back to the Courier office, and up the steep stairs. With blazing eyes she confronted Thorne.

"You should not have sent me there, Mr. Thorne, nor Miss Walsh. It's a man's job. You had better send one down right away."

Thorne was aghast. "Do you mean that you left before they finished?"

"They have only just begun. You have plenty of time. And just here, Mr. Thorne, you need not send me to write up such

Thorne waved his hand. "I'll hear you later." He rang a bell. "Call Miss Sondheimer." Then: "You might as well get accustomed to it. It's all in the day's work." A pale Jewish girl came in and was instantly dispatched. Thorne turned back to his desk as though he had forgotten Mamie's presence. She soon reminded him. "You might as well understand it now, once for all, Mr. Thorne. I have had to do one or two things that came pretty hard, that no girl should be asked to do. You can give me longer hours, or harder work, but you must not send me to those places again."

Thorne looked up coolly into the angry The picnic, the address from a small Methodist pulpit, a few day's hospitality, prodded neither his memory nor his gratitude. "In other words, you are asking for a soft snap. Don't you think that's a bit too confident? You would have to show more brilliant promise than you already have done to drive us to create for you the position you want. Perhaps you would like to be a special writer for the Courier?"

His mockery lashed her pride. "I can see your alternative. You want me to go." Thorne had not meant that exactly, but he thought she needed the lesson. He let her go, as he had let such others before her, confident that her place would see her on the morrow.

Mamie Hawley walked slowly down the stairs. Before she reached the foot she had reaped the full realization of what she had done. The Santa Rosa Mercury loomed up gloomily before her. On the street she met Ascot. They exchanged a few words, and were parting, when the girl put out her hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Ascot. I am going home. Yes, I've been turned off." She told him the story, to which Ascot listened attentively. "And you don't want to go?"

Mamie gave an impetuous gesture. "Leave this?" The city's attractions had never pulled so hard. "How could I? Oh, you have never lived in Santa Rosa!" Her voice broke between a laugh and a sob.

"It is probably not as bad as you think," Ascot volunteered. "Thorne says things again. I will not do it." If - Digit more than he means when he's hot. Wait here till I come back. I'll interview him."
And he ran up the stairs, taking two at a time.

He returned almost immediately. "It's all fixed," he said. "You're to work for the Sunday edition, and you can discriminate a little, if you want. Of course, you will not get as good pay," he hesitated. "But it's better for you."

Mamie's eyes were wide. "How did you ever manage it?"

He fenced with her curiosity. "Didn't I say that you thought it worse than it really was? You don't know how to manage Thorne. Pyrotechnics do no good."

"How can a ever thank you?" The great green eyes were full of gratitude. Ascot turned to look at a passing cab.

"I didn't have anything to do with it. It's on your own merit, nothing else." The girl's unconcealed gratification repaid him for the lie.

He fell into step by her side, and they walked up the street together. It was their first tete-a-tete, which Mamie tried to take advantage of. She plied him with questions about his work; his anomalous position on the Courier had always piqued her curiosity. "No, I don't write," he acknowledged. "I wish I could."

"But you can," she urged. "Le Compte says that you are cleverer than all the rest of them; that you are always putting them on to something or other that you might use yourself."

"But they can do it so much better," he answered, to bring out her eager retort. Mamie preached a lesson on ambition, enjoying the novel experience of being humbly listened to.

"I guess I am lazy," he admitted.

"You are," was the swift response. "And you should have a motive. Your ambition should be your representative. How else can we know you?" and she delivered a little address on personality, bristling with thoughts and expressions picked up in the studios and at Mrs. Kilgore's.

She paused for breath, and Ascot took up the thread. "You are right. And I am going to begin, pretty soon. But I have not always been lazy. Look at my hands." He offered two calloused palms

for inspection. "That's from hard labor in Colorado and Texas. That thumb has been broken twice; tried to break in a broncho, and he broke my thumb. That little finger was nearly cut off once, sawing wood for a cabin I built, and afterwards lived like a king in. That was in Arizona." He slipped into a description of the country, and the wild rugged life there, passing over his own. The girl saw him through a new interest. His laziness was latent strength, his leanness tough fibre. And she woke to a discovery of well-knit shoulders, dark, firm hands.

On the stoop of her humble boarding house, Mamie graciously held out her hand. "I retract a little, Mr. Ascot. You have not been lazy, though you certainly are now. Are you going to Russian Hill to-night? So am I."

At Mrs. Kilgore's that evening Mamie's change of work was variously commented on. Mrs. Kilgore deplored the girl's lack of ambition, but the other women openly envied her luck. Miriam Sondheimer alone kept quiet. There was just one less in her way and hers was a hard struggle.

"You'll grow contented," Mrs. Kilgore prophesied. "The end is inevitable. I've seen it hundreds of times. You will earn just barely enough to support you, and you'll let that satisfy you, and then you'll get married, and settle down like Marie Bashkirtseff's blanchisseuse, 'qui peut faire autant.'"

"I stand up for la blanchisseuse," said Le Compte, moving nearer to Mamie. "Nature's not altogether to be condemned."

Mrs. Kilgore held up protesting hands, white, firm, vigorous.

"When Le Compte falls to upholding nature, something's going to happen. He will take to writing of loves and doves, and lambs and rams, and sparkling brooks and shady nooks! Let's avert that disaster. Farouche, will you sing that bit of Swinburne you set to music? Mamie, there's a hair-pin falling!" She leaned over the girl, and was re-inserting the pin, when a sudden impulse seized her. One hand smoothed and patted Mamie's head, while the other pulled out detaining hair-pins. Before she could



Mamie Hawley. Univ Calif - Digitized by Train Toys Mar Newberry.

turn or cry out, the girl's wonderful hair was down. A thrill went through the room, as it rippled and sparkled under the colored lanterns, changing her into a gleaming bronze statue.

Farouche leaned over and picked up a long lock, when Mamie's anger broke through her stupefaction. She started as if stung, and rushed from the room, which was left awkwardly quiet. When she came back he hat was pinned over her hair sleek and prim from angry wetting. She walked straight up to Le Compte.

"Billy, I'm going home!" and her farewells were stiff.

Mrs. Kilgore shrugged. "I didn't know she would take it like that. The girl's getting stupid. So's Le Compte. I wonder will she marry him? Would you have believed he had it in him to care as he does? But isn't she beautiful? She would make herself famous in society, and she will probably settle down with Billy and a hundred and fifty a month. Where's Mascot? Gone too? Well, now the stupid ones have left, we will have a quiet little game. Shall it be poker?"

A month later Mamie was bidden to a state dinner at Mrs. Kilgore's. "To meet the new owner of the Courier," the note ran. She dressed for the occasion with unusual care and excitement, arriving at Russian Hill a little late, and joined the expectant circle. Presently their hostess arose and made a little speech. Now they were all assembled, she would make an announcement that would surprise them as much as it had her: it would be public property to-morrow. The Courier had been bought by Eastern wealth, not by a syndicate, but by a man of wide and varied experiences, though never before interested in journalistic work. He had been making it a thorough study for some months past. "Ladies and Bohemians," she waved her white hand dramatically. "It gives me pleasure to present our new head, Mr. John Lathrop Ascot." Her words met a responsive "And now, Mr. Ascot, your arm. thrill. We will go down to dinner."

To Mamie, the meal passed dizzily. Ascot was in the center of the tangle, and suspicions began to worry her. As

cot was with Thorne when she first went to the Courier office. She had often wondered since why she had been taken at all; was it to Ascot she owed it? And when she lost her place, and was so easily re-instated, Ascot had assured her that she was of value, that the Courier did not want to lose her. How simple he must have thought her, and how vain! Mrs. Kilgore's words came back and taunted her. "Now I see why Thorne took you. It's your eyes. You can write just as badly as you probably do, and they won't send you off." So it was that. And she had thought Ascot different from the rest; they were all alike. An uneasiness that had been with her for weeks past was taking on sudden growth. What sort of life was it she was growing accustomed to? Were not all their standards artificial and bewildering, and wrong? Were not the creeds that she had thought they believed all pretense, decadent cant? Billy alone was honest enough to confess it, and she enraptured him with a sudden tender glance. He was different, too, from the rest, in that he really loved her. She could not love him, though she had honestly tried. Did she know why? She looked at him critically, and then turned back to her plate.

Mrs. Kilgore's voice startled her. "Fingers were made before forks, Mamie. Take the goods the way the gods provide them. There's but one way to eat a duck. Isn't there, Mascot?" She leaned with familiar tenderness towards her neighbor. Mamie recognized a new note, and it jarred through and through her. "This way."

Mamie's glance moved up from the white, heavily-jeweled fingers, grasping the greasy duck, to the bright hard face above with the cold, sparkling eyes, and she picked up her knife and fork antagonistically. She would do nothing like Mrs. Kilgore. An aversion that had begun that first day in the Courier office, and that had been smothered all these months, broke out now in sullen flames. A sombre resentment burned against the woman whom she now arraigned as having misdirected her ambitions, perverted her ideals. How was she to have known better? And a sudden maternal pity for

the ignorant girl of a year past shook What was it that had alive a few ideals, kept her from going the lengths that others had? She fiercely analyzed, and in the heat of her scorching self-condemnation overlooked early training, ignored in her blind honesty her own strength of character. it not really because she wanted to seem different from the rest-to Ascot, who had seemed to stand aloof and judge the giddy mob with superb superiority? Was it not his smile alone which had so often egged her on to hard flippancy, silly words? Her ears tingled. And he was like the rest. He had lounged through Bohemia for the fun he could get out of it, not from force of circumstances or to gain inspiration from fellow workers. And it was Ascot who had kept her on the Courier because he thought her pretty! A whisper blew past her.

"Frank Kilgore's making a dead set at I wonder if it's not too late to Ascot. trap him?"

The girl shivered with disgust. Why had she not seen long before how coarse they all were? She wished it were time to go home, and welcomed the sudden uprising from the table. She wandered out to one of the balconies, and leaned her hot cheek against a vine-covered post. The city with its twinkling lights, the dark waters of the bay, on which ships swung at anchor, lay below her, but her eyes were unseeing. She had reached that point where thinking and seeing are alike impossible-where she could only feel.

A little later Ascot stepped out into the porch. He laughed lazily as he saw two figures outlined in close embrace "I beg your pardon," against the sky. and he was retreating when he caught a glimpse of bronze hair. He stood for a moment irresolute, when he heard a struggle, and a low, stifled "Farouche, don't you dare."

He was at her side in an instant. "You cur!" The lean, lithe arms awoke to sudden activity, and before Mamie realized she was free she saw Ascot's slight figure leaning over the flowered railing, with Farouche's big bulk balancing over a dizzy height.

Mamie gasped, and Ascot turned to reassure her. "I am not going to hurt the geraniums, Miss Hawley! There, you scoundrel, grab that post and slide down. Hold on tight, for a fall from here would be final. I will make your excuses to your hostess. Want your hat? sense-the air will cool your head!"

He turned to the girl, who was silently crying. It was a new sensation, that of being protected, and infinitely touching. Ascot's blase manner had disappeared in his encounter with Farouche.

He took her in masterful arms. "Dear, let me do what I should have liked to killed that cur for doing. This excitement has been telling on you, I could see," and he talked on until the tears had disappeared and a smile hovered in their place.

"But why," said Mamie, breaking into his narrative, "why didn't you ever tell me that you were responsible for my getting the place, or getting it back, instead of letting me guess it in that miserable way?"

Ascot's answer betrayed a little knowledge of the world and of women. wanted to get your love, but not that way, Not that I mistrusted you, but I dear. was afraid of gratitude. I suppose it was vain, but I wanted to be loved for myself. There are disadvantages attached to being the son of a millionaire. Yes, that part's true. You will be a princess sure enough, Queenie, if manner and money can do it."

He caught a scrap of self-arraignment. "I'm too good? You don't know what you are saying, Mamie. You are too good for a fellow like me. I have not watched you for nothing all this year. How many girls could have gone through this whirlpool and come out unscathed? Just my Queen. You thought I was too good to mix in? A man who knows his Paris and Vienna as well as I do, does not find this cheap imitation alluring. That's all. It's not to my credit. I've reformed and settled down, but I am not fit to kiss the hem of your gown," and he kissed her full on the lips. "I have reasoned it all out and rigged up some sort of cloak of self-respect. See, dear. If a boy has Univ Calif - Digitizenergy and enthusiasm and money, he

can find an easy outlet for it in Paris, unless it's been otherwise directed, and a rich man's son is rarely taught the salvation of work. I had to do something. By and bye I grew tired of that sort of exhaustion and drifted out there to Texas, where I tried physical labor. worked like a horse for four years, getting brawn. But my brain was not kept busy, and I decided it was mental work that I needed, so I came up here, and have been taking lessons from Thorne, from Mrs. Kilgore-yes, from you, dear. I have been studying the machinery of a big paper for fourteen months now, and not for nothing, I hope. The Courier is to be the journal of the West, and its motto will be work. That's our new Gospel."

And she had called him lazy. Her hero! Mamie covered her eyes with her hands for fear he could read something there she was yet too shy to altogether surrender. Just then Mrs. Kilgore came out on the porch with a repousé tray of Russian cigarettes. She airily lit Ascot's, then Mamie's, her flashing rings reflect-

ing back the star-light. "Where's Farouche? I thought I saw him come out. I promised I'd play an accompaniment."

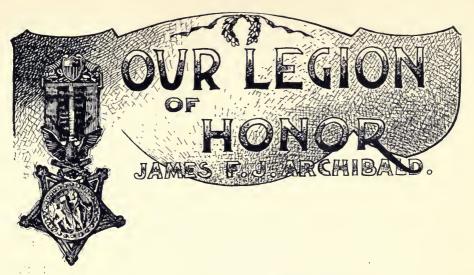
As she passed through the open window, Ascot flung his cigarette far out into the night. His hands closed over Mamie's. The girl had shrunk closer to him. "What do you say to Santa Rosa for a while?" he asked irrelevantly. "Until I get the wheels moving here. Then we will go for a holiday somewhere together, wherever you choose. Mamie!" He took the cigarette from her docile fingers and dropped it over the rail, and together they watched its fading light as it fell down past the brightly-lit windows and until it was swallowed up in the darkness of the hill. His clasp tightened on the girl's warm fingers. "And so passes Bohemia!" glanced over her shoulder at Billy Compton's boyish profile by the window, and then up to the lean brown face above hers, and there was a queer break in her voice, half laughter, half sob, as she echoed, "And so passes Bohemia!"

#### Late Dusk on the Golden Gate

BY THEODORE GONTZ.

Death of light and sun
And the fading day
Turn the hills to dun
And the tides to gray.
He has gone his way;
And in chilly state
Dimmed to leaden gray
Sits the Golden Gate.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



cult to find a man, woman or child who did not know what that medal signified. Even the bit of purple or blue ribbon on the fatigue tunic means as much to the passer-by as the shoulder knot of a Major-General. Unfortunately, the general American public is not sufficiently informed upon the subject of our own national heroes to recognize the ribbon or decoration when they see it. We are rubbing elbows each day with men who have faced death in battle with foreign foes and native

savages, men who have played parts of thrilling interest in the life on the great plains of the frontier. We applaud the pretended hero of the drama and forget-

N. English peer will raise his hat the hero of real life. There are a numto the wearer of the coveted Vic- ber of Medal of Honor men on duty on toria Cross, and throughout the the Pacific Coast to-day whose actions entire British Empire it would be diffi- have won them recognition of a nation.

> They wear a'little bronze bauble on their coats, but that bit of bronze has been dearly bought by heroic action in battle. The list of heroes knows no rank or color.

> For several years after the Indian had campaigns closed, the opportunity of winning a Medal of Honor was very slight, and until the Spanish war broke out, there were only a few of them conferred after the Civil War list was completed. Even during the Spanish conflict there were very few issued.



Col. Marion P. Maus. Thors. Photo.

I sat in the Army and Navy Club in Washington one day after the war, and discussed the events of the Cuban campaign with a British officer. He had followed iniv Calif - Digitized by Microsoft

the thrilling events of the Santiago campaign with the Fifth Army Corps, and had been afforded the opportunity of witnessing many brave deeds. I asked him what he thought of the work of our men and his reply was a compliment such as English gentlemen know so well.

"I am afraid," he said, "that had this been our row, Victoria Crosses would have given out."

Along the boulevards of Paris may be seen hundreds of men wearing the covof red of the Legion of

Honor of France. but few of them wear it for valor in battle. Most of them gained the distinction for manufacturing some superior brand of chocolate. · a well-toned piano, or something else. This does not reflect upon the order established by the First Consul, for his very aim was to honor all walks in life.

Throughout the German Empire. one meets the Iron plain

Cross of Prussia, created by Frederick William III., March 1813, and this includes civil as well as military men in its list of honor, but only in time of war. The ribbon of the cross shows whether the wearer has won it from a military or civil source.

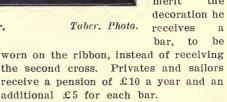
The military Order of St. George of Russia is the highest honor of the Czar's realm, but it is bestowed for such acts as taking a fortress, defending a position or quiring bravery, but strictly in the line of duty.

The Military Order of Merit of Spain is the coveted decoration of that country, and is divided into various classes, according to rank and station. It is also conferred for reward of long service and conscientious attention to duty.

The nearest approach to the American decoration is the Victoria Cross of England, a simple bronze cross pendant from a purple or blue ribbon for the army and navy respectively. Upon the cross are the

simple words "For Valour," and these two words tell the entire story. The cross was instituted by Queen Victoria in 1856, and is awarded only to those officers or men. in the who presence of the enemy have shall performed signal some act of valor devotion or to their coun-Should try. the wearer of one of the crosses again merit the decoration he receives

Taber. Photo.



The feature of the Victoria Cross that is most commendable to the use in connection with our Medal of Honor is the use of the initials of the order after the name, as: Private John Burnes, V. C. The use of the letters give the distinction to the name at all times, and should be capturing officers of high rank, all re adopted in the case of our decoration.



Major General W. R. Shafter.

The Legion of Honor of this country is almost as old as the nation itself, although it has gone through several changes.

In 1782, General Washington founded the original American Order of Merit, but at that time the badge worn was a narrow strip of white braid worn on the left arm. In 1862, Congress perpetuated the order by having dies sunk and medals struck off to be conferred when deserved.

The Medal of Honor consists of simple badge bronze, hung from a an d bar The shield. ribbon has been changed since the Civil War, and is now a design of silk one in ch wide and one inch . long: the center stripe is of white onesixteenth of an inch wide, flanked on either side by stripe of blue seven thirty-seconds of an inch wide. bordered by two stripes of red, each one - quarter of an inch wide.

In civilian dress the Medal of

Honor man may wear a small bow knot of ribbon of the same design.

The posts about San Francisco are well represented by our nation's heroes, and every day we rub elbows with men who have done deeds of sufficient valor to claim reward at the hands of a grateful

and appreciative government.

General Shafter won his Medal of Honor at the battle of Fair Oaks, on May 31, 1862, while he was a First Lieutenant of the 7th Michigan Infantry. He was in command of a pioneer corps and acted with most distinguished gallantry throughout the action. Those are the words of the official report, but behind that there is a story of how this

young Michigan Lieutenant fought through out the entire day although severe 1 y wounded. As he boy the showed coursame age, determiand nation, wonderful grit which I s a w him show in our with war T Spain. shall always admire the spirit of General Shafter heard. who while on a sick bed that Miles Gen. had arrived and was comhis ing to headquarters. He kicked aside doctors and medicines, called for his boots horse. and met the Com-

manding General, and rode all day with him along the trenches. It took more good solid nerve to conquer that sickness and pain than it would to face a hundred guns, but on that day I thought as I saw him, a sick man, ride away, that the General had the same sort of stuff in



Private Dennis Bell.

JNIV Caiii - Digitiz

him that the Lieutenant did when he fought through the bloody fields of Fair Oaks, although severely wounded.

Colonel Oliver D. Green is another of the officers living in San Francisco who won the coveted prize on the fields of the great Civil War. It was at the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862, that the chance came for Colonel Green to secure for himself a place on the nation's roll of heroes. He was on the staff of the commander of the Sixth Army corps, and his daring work on that eventful day

brought recognition.

About two and one-half million men fought for their country on the Union side during the great struggle of '61-65, and of this numgreat ber only two thousand of these decorations of honor were issued. Of this number. 864 were issued to one regiment, and in connection with the issue of these medals is the story of blunder o f some official in the War Departm ent

Brig. General O. F. Long. whereby about 560 men received the medal who were not entitled to it.

Just before the battle of Gettysburg, when Lee's forces were invading Pennsylvania, the 27th Maine Infantry was at Arlington Heights, Virginia, preparatory to being sent home to be mustered out. Owing to the uncertainty of the result of the

the fact that, should it go against the arms of the Northern army, the result would be serious, President Lincoln requested this regiment to remain in service a short time longer until the result of the battle be known. About three hundred officers and men volunteered for the additional service, although their time had expired. They remained at Arlington Heights until Gettysburg favored the Union, and then they were sent home on July 4th. The remainder of the regiment, about 560 officers and men, did not volunteer.

> an d were sent home the before great battle was fought. The entire regiment was then mustered out on the 17th of July, at Portland. Maine.

To reward the men who voluntee r e d this extra field service who a n d ready stood to return to t.h.e. field should their services be needed, the President decided to give each of them Medal of Honor, as they had volunteered for duty other than that



Webster, Photo, that which

they were required to perform. Owing to some mistake every man in the regiment received a medal when he was mustered out, and in this manner 560 men who had no right to it received the highest honor of the nation. The unfortunate part of the whole incident is that the records do not show the names battle about to be fought and considering of those who volunteered to remain and those who went home at an hour when the country needed their services.

Of late years the War Department and Congress have not been so free with these decorations as they were in the Civil War, but even at that time they were very difficult to obtain. Now, the act must be something of great merit and generally outside the regular call of duty or the direct saving of life in action.

The various campaigns against the hostile Indians have developed a number of men worthy of the honor of pinning the Medal of Honor to their coats. Under the cold wording of the official reason for conferring the medal to these brave soldiers is many a thrilling tale, many a story of the marvelous courage of these brave men fighting a savage foe where defeat meant torture and death.

General John D. Babcock, the Adjutant-General of this department, and whose office is in the army headquarters in the Phelan building, won his medal at Spring Creek, Nebraska, on May 16th, 1869. Colonel Babcock was then merely a First Lieutenant of the Fifth Cavalry, and was out scouting when his force was attacked by a very much larger force of Indians. The Indians outnumbered Lieutenant Babcock's followers six to one, but he advanced just the same, and took a position on a bit of high ground where he dismounted his troop and fought until he was relieved by the appearance of the main body of cavalry. All through the fight, although he cautioned his men to keep to cover, Lieutenant Babcock remained mounted until finally his horse was killed under him.

Colonel Marion P. Maus, who is now Inspector General of this department, was one of those brave men who faced the terrors of the deserts and mountains of New Mexico in the daring pursuit and final capture of Geronimo and Natchez, the hostile Apaches, whose cruel raids spread terror among the settlers of that portion of the Southwest in the early eighties. During an action against the followers of these noted chieftains on January 11, 1886, Colonel Maus so distinguished himself as to receive the high-

then a First Lieutenant of the First Infantry, the same regiment that was stationed at the Presidio at the outbreak of hostilities with Spain.

Brigadier General Oscar F. Long, who has charge of the great transport service between here and the Orient, also won his Medal of Honor in an Indian fight. General Long was then a Second Lieutenant of the 5th Infantry, and was acting as aide-de-camp to the Colonel commanding the expedition. The command was in action at Wounded Knee Creek, South Dakota. A party of Indians was concealed in a ravine, and General Long volun-



Brig. General J. B. Babcock. Genthe. Photo.

teered to lead an attacking party to dislodge them. It is the performance of a duty like this that gives great value to the medal, as it was won by an act entirely aside from the line of duty.

I have given the records of several general officers and others of high rank who wear the Medal of Honor in this department, but in each case they won the coveted honor many years ago. of the latest additions to the list is Private Dennis Bell, "H" Troop, 10th est recognition from Congress. He was U. S. Cavalry, one of the colored regiments that fought so gallantly under General Young during the Santiago campaign. Congress shows no distinction in bestowing the highest decoration. There is no color, no position, no rank but that may receive it if the opportunity is offered and grasped.

On June 30, 1038, at Tayabacoa, Cuba, the opportunity came to Dennis Bentand three of his comrades, all of his own regiment and all colored troopers. The others were Fitzhugh Lee and George Warrington of "I" troop, and James Tompson of "G" Troop.

A force was landed and was heavily engaged by a largely superior force of Spanish and was compelled to withdraw to the boats, leaving a number of killed and wounded on the shore. Private Bell and his three comrades instantly volunteered to return to endeavor to rescue their wounded comrades. They dashed up the fire-swept beach and succeeded in

carrying off all the men who had fallen, and thereby saved them from death or at least from capture. Several previous attempts to rescue these wounded men had been frustrated before it was finally accomplished.

Captain William R. Parnell, having retired, makes his home in San Francisco, and is also one of those who wear the medal. At White Bird Canyon, Idaho, June 17, 1877, while First Lieutenant of the First Cavalry, he saved the life of a The troop was retreating through a canyon pursued by a large force of Indians, and white crossing a marsh a trooper's horse was killed and the rider left in the swamp. Lieutenant Parnell returned in the face of a very heavy fire from the Indians, and rescued him. The loss of his troop in the fight was exceptionally heavy. There were fourteen killed and one wounded, out of fifty-four men.





7HE Nineteenth Century gave to the world some illustrious names of Jew-\_ ish origin, and among them shine those of several women. Some of the best blood of the noble and princely houses of France, Germany and Austria is Jewish, mainly through the intermarriage of Jewish women with Gentiles. In noble circles the social lights of Jewish birth most prominent during the century that has just closed were the Duchesse de Gramont and the Prinzessin von Wagram, both of whom were daughters of the Rothschilds of Frankfurt. ladies were rich, cultured and socially powerful in the higher circles in which they moved, although Bismarck's grandmother, Mme. Menkin, daughter of the courtier Menkin, favorite of Frederick the Great, might be said to have eclipsed both of these women in a higher sense by infusing into the blood of the Iron Chancellor some of the blood of the chosen people. Psychologists are always ready to admit that such an intermingling of Jewish and Gentile blood is apt to be productive of augmented physical strength and intellectual acumen, not to speak of commanding genius, and they would probably acquiesce in the writer's belief that the Israelitish blood that flowed in Bismarck's veins had something to do with his iron will and massive intellect.

Among the French nobility rise up before us the mother of the Duc de Richelieu, who was an American Jewess, she having been the daughter of Michael Heine, the well-known New Orleans banker. By this marriage of Heine's daughter with the House of Richelieu, Jewish blood began to flow in one of the proudest of French families. The great French General Marechal MacMahon had for his sister-in-law the Jewish Baroness Sina, of a noble Austrian house, who married first the Duc de Castries and afterward the Viscount d'Harcourt, while another French General, Boulanger, of less savory reputation, found in the Jewess the Vicomptesse de Tradern one of his firmest supporters ouring his checkered and ambitious career. In the hour of his falling glory it was the Vicomptesse de Tradern who sacrificed all her wealth in order to help further the General's visionary political and military schemes. This lady died ere Boulanger's star had dimmed, and Boulanger the Magnificent, alone and friendless, soon afterwards committed suicide on her grave in Pere la Chaise. The Vicomptesse de Tradern was the mother of the Duc de Brissac. Princesse Poniatowski and the Princesse de Chimay were both Jewish. The former came into social prominence as the daughter of the Comptesse le Hon, the latter having been a court favorite at the time of the third Napoleon's ascendency. more familiar name in earlier days was Zoe Mosselmann. De Chimay became an enthusiastic Wagnerian, and soon became well-known in all the European capitals. The ancient French house of Polignac made an alliance with the Jewish family of Mires, bankers, one of its members having become the Princesse de Polignac.

The English aristocracy has among its social lights many Jewish ladies. The Duchess of Fitz-James, handsome and

commanding, wife of the Duke of Berwick, the Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Battersea, and the wife of the Earl of Roseberry, all are Jewesses, the two last mentioned being of the Rothschild family.

In America perhaps the most brilliant personage of Jewish blood was the Marquise de Noailles, wife of the Marquis of the same name, who presided so royally over the French legation when her husband was French ambassador to the United States. She was the daughter of a Moscow liquor-dealer of immense wealth, but in every respect was equal to the demands made upon her as an ambassador's wife, both at Washington and The Marquis was afterward at Rome. appointed French Ambassador to Germany, and in Berlin her charms, her wealth, and her social tact won from Germans unstinted admiration. Outside of the families of de Hirsch, Montefiore, and Rothschild, Mme. Furtado, a Parisian Jewess, was distinguished more for her philanthropy than any others in high life.

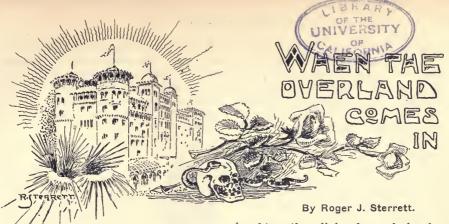
In various lands Jewish women have stood high in the domain of literature. Among notable Jewish writers Rebecca Gratz was recognized at pre-eminent, but her name became famous because of her connection with "Ivanhoe" and its author. Miss Gratz was born in Philadelphia, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, just as the war clouds of the Revolution were passing away, and she died in her native city in the year 1869, so that her literary and philanthropic labors compassed nearly three-fourths of She labored the nineteenth century. mostly toward the education of her own people and founded many Hebrew benevolent societies, among them The Female Hebrew Benevolent Society. While firm in her ancestral faith she nevertheless became the intimate friend of many prominent Gentile writers and educators, among whom was Washington Irving.

When the au or of The Sketch Book visited England he called upon the author of "Ivanhoe" (not yet published at the time) and described to him the young Jewess of Philadelphia, suggesting that she might well be taken as the original of the Jewish female character whom her poetry was read.

Scott proposed bringing into his great novel. Irving's suggestion was quickly accepted and when "Ivanhoe" was at last finished, one of the first copies was sent over to Irving, accompanied by a letter from the author in which he asked Irving whether the Jewish heroine in his book were a clever characterization of the original, Rebecca Gratz. We are not aware of Irving's reply, but it is a most interesting fact, and one very little known among Scott's countless readers, that the Rebecca of "Ivanhoe" is none other than the Jewish-American maiden, Rebecca Gratz.

Grace Aguilar, who was much more devoted to pure literature than Miss Gratz, was both a prose and rhyme writer. As her names would indicate, she was of Spanish extraction, although born in England, where her father had taken refuge from Spanish persecution. She was born in the year 1816, and died at the early age of thirty-seven years. Early in life she issued a volume of poems entitled "The Magic Wreath," and, later on, a romance called "The Vale of Cedars," the latter a pen-picture of the days of Jewish persecution in Spain. She also produced "The Days of Bruce," But of all Miss a Scottish story. Aguilar's works, perhaps those known among her many admiring Gentile readers are her "Home Scenes and Heart Studies," and "Woman's Friendship." In books the Jewish author these two proved her deep insight into human nature, especially the heart of woman. She knew the female heart, it would seem, better than any other author of her day, and even those who would criticise her from a literary standpoint are ever ready to acknowledge her mastery of woman's deeper depths and sentiments.

Emma Lazarus, another Jewish writer and poet, is better known among her own people than among Gentiles, for did she not sing most sweetly the Songs of Zion? She was Israel's sweet singer, indeed, and she sounded the deepest and most secret depths of Israel's sorrow. Emma Lazarus voiced the sentiments of the Jewish people in their sufferings and exile, and it was this fact that endeared her to the heart of modern Israel wherever



HE affair began at one of the regular Friday night hops at La Hacienda. When Maude did not appear during the tenth dance, I remembered the retreat on the veranda in the shadow of the Cherokee roses where she had sat out the sixth with me, while poor Teddy Burton searched the halls and stairways in vain. Burton is so dense. So I went down to the buffet, and joined Teddy in a seltzer-and-something. A few minutes later we strolled out to enjoy the November night air, and a couple of Teddy's fragrant Khedives. Burton isn't half bad at times.

Between the silhouetted fronds of palm trees and luxuriant bananas, stretched a view of the San Gabriel valley, scintillant with the lamps of Los Angeles and Pasadena, until there broke across the picture an opaque streak of white, the fog that was overlaid upon the dark masses of the distant foothills. broad porch of La Hacienda, a feature of every large tourist hotel in Southern California, spread lazily along the base of the majestic front, that, fretted with balconies and towers half-Spanish, half-Moresque, and pierced with constellations of deep-set arched windows, twinkling through latticed tracery of passion vines, rose above, beautiful, a vast expanse of cream-like stucco, upon which lay the full, warm, yellow glory of a perfect night. Under the tiles of the Spanish veranda tinted lanterns of yellow and rose, pink and crimson, rocked and swung from moorings of ivy, like Chinese junks on the spangled sea of mystic, fathomless ultramarine, the sky of evening.

laughter, the clink of punch bowl and glasses, struck into the air, dropped tinkling, and were swept along in the rhythmic current of harmony, the surging siren measures of "La Serenade."

Through the open door within we glanced into the ballroom, with its glistening floor mirroring a hundred yellow lights. over which graceful swayed and swung past in a succession of cainty colors, "like so many bees over a custard pie," as Burton said.

"Bah, you Philistine."

"Philistine, perhaps, but you artists are just aesthetic brutes."

"Confess, now; with so much rose color in the world, is it not our duty to be happy?"

"He is right, Burton, it is a duty." The last sentence was uttered in a low, serious tone by a newcomer, who stood back of my companion.

"Oh, hello, Harrington! You out here?" said Burton, turning and introducing me to a tall man who was not in evening dress, but had an overcoat thrown loosely around his shoulders. His eyes were deeply sunken under a wellmodeled forehead, dark, but brilliant, with an uneasy intensity; his handsome mouth and chin were marked by a smile that was at once good-natured and sardonic. As he talked he broke off in one sentence with a racking cough, and then went on as gayly as before.

"The fog is coming up. Let me help you on with that coat," volunteered my friend.

The animation on the face of the young fellow dimmed into a look of unutterable weariness and stolid assent.

"Ah, I had forgotten," he said, lan-The crack of ivory from the poolroom, guidly, as he buttoned the coat up to the

collar, "but it does not matter. Nothing matters now."

For a few minutes longer we chatted together and then he went on into the hotel and to his room without looking again toward the ball-room.

"A fine fellow," said Burton, "but before spring he will be dead."

A paper lantern tipped, burning fiercely for a last instant, and then the darkness swept in over the place where it had The music had stopped. down the valley the edge of fog had swaloff the vine with the end of his crop. He greeted me with a hearty good-morning, and when, a few minutes later, a stable boy brought up a bay mare, he sprang into the saddle and started off down the hill at a pace that sent the gravel flying.

Down in the valley was light-light that



lowed the lights of the city. Its breath touched us with a chill. We went in.

The next morning as I walked down the sunny south porch I encountered my new acquaintance. He was sitting on the balcony, with his legs, which were smartly cased in corduroy riding breeches and boots, dangling over the rail as he reached over to flick the morning glories

quivered and warmed-and life. At our feet wild flowers, white and purple and blue, blurred the fresh green of pastures which would, later in the year, blaze fire gilded with California poppies. scarlet pepper berries danced in the shining trees by the roadside hedge. Among dark groves of orange trees and patches of vivid green standing in relief against a background of clean-washed sands appeared cottages, almost hidden in geraniums, roses and flaring pointsetters. And

in the distance lay purple and lilac and blue to the foot of "Old Baldy," and there again white. As I gazed, the incoming overland, powdered with the alkali dust of the desert, grinding along the rails through a labyrinth of orchards, wound its way down into the land of flowers. Its glass-plated coaches articulated like the scales of a dragon, and within its vestibuled length of sombre leather and velvet. was smothered hot breath of consumption. Down in the valley was death in life.

Burton joined me on the piazza, and we were still there when Harrington rode up to the horse block. The young man lifted himself heavily from the saddle to the ground and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, though the morning was still cool, and his face instead of being flushed, was very white. He passed us with a polite nod of recognition and walked in, going straight to the elevator.

"Pure desperation," remarked Burton, as he followed him with his eyes. "It is the revolt against the inevitable. No free spirit can live in such slavery as the consumptive must endure. The skeleton in his closet is malt and whiskey. Poor devil! They say his caddy carried him in from the links last week—another hemorrhage."

"I noticed that he was smoking last night. Is not that imprudent?"

"Imprudent, yes. But he will never stop it. That would be an acknowledgment. He will stay alive until the end; no concessions. It is a race with death."

As the days passed we found that Harrington was a most companionable fel-He was a Princeton man, '97. low. Drawn together by the bond of college spirit, Burton and the invalid and I became friends. His room was decorated with trophies, souvenirs and pennants cf orange and black, pipes whose faithiul coloring suggested happy hours of the past—never a sign of the sick room. Golf sticks, a Winchester that revealed the tourist's anticipation of mountain lions and wild cats, a tennis racket, gaiters and outing suits lay about like invitations to sport. No concessions!

He had done his mile in 4:37, I learned, and then I looked pityingly and inquiry

ingly down at those poor limbs on which the trousers hung in sharp folds by their own weight.

"It's a confounded shame," growled Burton, as we left his room one day and started down the hall, and we shook hands on the sentiment.

Burton got the invalid interested in photography, and then they spent the sunny days out together with their kodaks on the banks of the arroyo or about the picturesque Spanish missions. When I returned to the hotel each evening Harrington would welcome me as the "Herr Doctor Professor." Many pleasant nights were passed over the cards with a gayety which made us forget that we were in the company of one who had been sent to California too late.

One night we brought our pipes along for an accustomed hour of freedom and jest, and he set out a case of champagne.

"Fortunate youth," cried Burton, "hast thou inherited the Chateau Yquem by an uncle's decease."

"Relatives, my dear Teddy, are a luxury that the philosopher can deny himself quite easily," returned Harrington with a smile that was on the lips but not in the eyes; and then he added quickly, filling our glasses:

"Gentlemen, like Porthos, we are eating our horse. It is little Vixen."

"What, the bay mare?"

"Yes. It was becoming too unprofitable to pay a man for exercising her every day. Come, —"To Amherst!"

"To Stanford."

"To Princeton."

"Another, 'To Our Host.'"

As we drank the toasts his color gathered into a red spot on each cheek. He faced the mirror with a superb defiance and raised the goblet with rigid fingers.

"We will drink another," he cried. "It is 'When the Overland Comes In."

What did he mean? Was it the first concession? The realization! The consumptive accepts his medicine, his confinement, the deprivation of exercise and pleasure at first with repugnance and later, as yet with no sense of their significance, as mere commonplaces, incidentals of life. When he begins to find them all of life, the price of life, then it is that



the tragedy begins, the struggle, the horror, the defiance, until they bear him down exhausted, too heavy for his worn soul to thrust away. Heat and food that sate but never satisfy, drag him down to mere animalism. To escape from it all he turns to books, to prayer, to frenzy. He longs for the touch of human fiesh,

horses, dogs, flowers, only that it be something alive—something to hold on to in a world that is slipping past and closing together behind him, and he dare not let go lest he be carried along with the sands and bones of the desert.

Then the nights come, the black nights, when each minute drags along its length. like the Hindu, length by length, on the interminable pilgrimage towards the dawn. It is not the cough alone that kills. The black thoughts, in the black nightthey hang like vultures over the burning ghat, ready to seize the flesh that yet is spared. What am I? This skin, this hand, that I could gash and strip to the bone and yet remain myself? What is this incubus that weighs me down upon my skeleton, that I should feed and warm this rotting nest for germs of death? Help me, thou soul, thou vampire mind. fattened with studied languages and arts, upon the labors of this broken carcass, upon its hunger and sleepless nights of study, or if thou canst not help, then be thou damned!-I care not. What am I? Is it this thing?

At Christmas time, when one is absent from home, there is always a feeling of loneliness shared by even the least sentinental of persons. Harrington had never spoken of his relatives, and, as far as we had noticed, never received letters from home. I was glad, therefore, to offer him some new distraction during the holiday season. The ladies of La Hacienda and our host, Major Brent, had asked me to design the floral decorations for the sixin-hand tallyho which was entered by the hotel in the Tournament of Roses on New Year's day.

I submitted my plans to Harrington for criticism, and he took up the ideas with enthusiasm. We adopted as historical motif, in the scheme of color and costume, St. Claire's Irish gentlemen of fortune at the battle of Fontenoy. Harrington sat at my elbow as I painted the designs in water colors, and it was he who suggested for the six outriders the 18th century uniforms of the guard, all white, faced with green military braid and gold lace, with jack boots and gauntlets of green satin and cocked hats of satin with shamrocks and aigrets of white. Day and might we planned, figured and

worked in a mesh of smilax and wire and ribbon, cord and harness and powdered perukes and satin banners and plumes. For the time our friend was almost as joyous as I remembered him on that first morning. On the night before the Tournament I had to drive him out of the cold stable where we were helping the florist to cover the coach with six thousand carnations.

On New Year's morning he was out to see us off. The tallyho was a moving picture of floral beauty in pink and green. The body of the coach, the gear, and the wheels, even to the hubs, were hidden under a solid field of pink carnations charged with shamrocks and the fleurde-lis of the Bourbon. Festoons of dainty smilax fluttered from seat to seat, attached with bows of pink ribbon. The six white coach horses fretted under harness wreathed in smilax and flowers and ruffled blankets of pink satin. crowning beauty, of which St. Claire's chevaliers formed the guard of honor, was the company of twelve of the fairest ladies from La Hacienda, all in white dresses, their wide Gainsborough hats trimmed with La France roses and their hair powdered a la marquise, the effect having within it all the grace and delicacy of color to be found in a Watteau pastoral.

Down in the city, where innumerable streamers of blue and gold fluttered in the sunshine, the bands were already playing. Followed by cheers from the guests assembled on the porch of the hotel, the coach started down the driveway. The guard's bugle was sounding "Boots and Saddles," and our six outriders cantered past in flashing braveries of green satin and plumes.

"My fine Irishmen," shouted Harrington, and I swung around in the saddle to wave a mock salute. He had fainted.

That was the last time he emerged from the melancholy that was settling upon him, and he grew steadily weaker. Burton and I had felt certain for a long time that not ill-health alone was clouding his spirit, but rather some secret.

He avoided our attempts at reference to his family. Our letters to Princeton, had failed to locate his home. One week

after New Year's day Burton started for the East. He was going to find the mother of the invalid. At last came a letter from him that told the old story a college prank, an angry father and a stubborn son, and then disinheritance and separation.

As I went up the steps of the porch that day I missed Harrington from his accustomed corner by the palm tree. I went to his room. An open fire was burning, which cast an unsteady light across the wall, although the sunshine poured in through the vines at the window. Harrington welcomed me with a smile, but his hand was cold.

"I am going back in March. See, I have a better color than ever," and he drew me up to the mirror. That color, the pity of it! To think, too, that it was pride that had dragged him over the desert to que! I took those damp, thin hands in mine.

"Tom," I said, "Your mother is coming on the overland Thursday."

For a moment he stiffened like an icicle, then slowly sank into my arms, dropped his face into the folds of the cressing gown and cried like a baby. It was all over now, the pride and struggle and fear. He was to go home, home, after all! During those remaining days he would lie for hours together looking cut of the window across the valley toward snowy San Jacinto, where the trains came in. As he gazed he smiled, for there was now a peace as of childhood in his heart, though he grew rapidly weaker. On Wednesday came a telegram from Burton. The overland was delayed one day by a washout in New Mexico. Thursday night passed, and, as I sat by his side, the boy felt for my hand and whispered a single word, "Mamma."

Still he lingered. I read the bulletin from Albuquerque: "Overland—5 hours overdue."

On Friday morning, just before noon, I came out upon the porch and looked across a scene that swam before tear-dimmed eyes. There were the same wild flowers, while and purple and blue, and the sunshine and life that breathes the lomance of Old California, and away off above Santa Anita crept a dark line as the overland came in—too late.



did / TRANGELY he come, strange was the mode of his de-The cook opened kitchen door one snowy morning in March and stumbled over a ball of voluminous blue cotton clothes. ball wriggled, grunted and stared suspiciously up at her from glittering slant eyes.

"Arrah, ye haythen!" the empress of the kitchen ejaculated, bouncing backward in unseemly haste, as though scenting treachery on the part of the blue ball. "Misther Wainwright! Misther Wainwright! Will yez be afther comin' here th' minute? G'long now ye haythen Chaynee! Phwativer arr yez doin' on a rayspictable durestep the likes av this cowld marnin'?"

The blue bundle sat up stiffly and wriggled to locate the various portions of his numb body.

"Me velly much cold," he rattled glibly, with which announcement, and without troubling himself to rise, he rolled into the warm room like a rubber ball. Whereupon the cook howled lustily and executed another backward bounce, which Wainwright caught midway as he entered hastily and with dangling suspenders. Wainwright staggered. There have been slenderer women than Bridget.

"Look now, Misther, Wainwright!, Will yez look at th' impidence av that? Squatdurestep, whin th' divil himself wud av froze, an' whin I opened th' dure, curlin' himsilf up like a cat, th' varmint, an' rollin' into a rayspictable gintleman's kitchen! That's phwat he did, sorr!"

"And all that noise was about this? H'm. Well, it is a wonder he isn't frozen. Hello, young China, what's your name?"

"Ilish girl callee, me allee 'Heathen.'"

The slant eyes gleamed in the direction of the wrathfully snorting cook.

"Sure an' that's phwat he is, sorr, th' onchristian craythur!"

"Hold on, Bridget, this is my turn. Where did you come from, er—Heathen?"

The bright oblique eyes looked at him blankly.

"Me no savvy."

"Which by interpretation means that you won't savvy: Oh, well, Bridget, warm him up, feed him up and send him along."

Wainwright returned to the completion of his interrupted toilet, leaving the less philosophic Bridget in wrath and perturbation of soul. He was one of those favored ones who can take the world with nerves unruffled and digestion unimpaired and still be fairly certain to have his own way. For a mine superintendent this composition is invaluable.

At breakfast he told his wife of their early morning guest, and three little Wainwrights forthwith clamored to see the Chinese boy, and filed out in solemn procession to inspect him. He drank coffee as they did when they were permitted, he ate meat and potatoes in alarming quantity, cleaning the plate which the cook reluctantly shoved before him at arm's length, as though fearing an explosion. He intimated suavely that it would give him much pleasure to consume a second helping. There was not a chopstick in sight nor a bird's nest nor rodent to be seen. The three little Wainwright's filed back gravely and with rounded eyes.

Wainwright was late returning from the mine that night. When he came Bridget met him excitedly. It was a peculiarity of Bridget's that she consulted her master on all important household matters, in preference to his wife, but in the free and breezy West, and especially in this remote mining district, where good cooks are exceedingly rare and the formalities of the effete East of little moment, these personal idiosyncrasies matter not, so long as the dinner is good.

"Misther Wainwright, now will yez believe the impidence av it? Th' haythen crayther's here yet, sorr. Sure an' I can't make him go."

"All right, all right," responded Wainwright absently. "I will take care of him later, Bridget."

As they sat down to dinner, a shadow lay upon Wainwright's face. There was trouble at the mines. It had been brewing for weeks and he knew that it was just. He scarcely noticed the voice of expostulation rising high in the kitchen until the three little Wainwrights giggled and the young Chinese trotted silently into the room. He balanced a tray as skillfully as an experienced waiter; without a word he proceeded to wait upon each one in turn, so quickly that he had almost finished when a red, wrathful face appeared like the rising moon in the door-Bridget had come to wreak way. vengeance upon the interloper who thus brazenly invaded the sacredness of her master's dining room.

"Me velly much lak stay," said a bland voice, disregarding the rising moon. "Waitee on table, allight. Washee fustlate. Makee cook whole lot stuff."

Wainwright looked him over 3eriously. The stains of travel had been neatly removed; he was young, anywhere from twelve to sixteen, and strong and active. These Chinese made good servants. He turned inquiringly to his wife.

"Suppose we let him stay," she said cool and mob-hardened as the superin-

thankfully, for she had come out of the East to struggle with Western servants. "We need more help, and he can do so many little things."

Heathen waited for no more, but vanished with his tray, and Bridget vanished before him in horror and disgust. The new incumbent indecorously capered at her heels and she fled with wrathful protestations.

"I have unpleasant news for you," said Wainwright as the door closed. "The strike has begun."

The color receded from his wife's face, but she merely looked at him with questioning eyes.

"I don't blame them. It will be a long fight, too, and they will fail. I don't fear anything like personal violence, but these things are never pleasant. If you like you might go East for a trip."

His wife's eyes had not left his face, and he read her decision in them.

"I shall stay here," she said quietly.

The strike was on, and that meant many things. It mean angry men, loafing on union pay and drinking more than it is good for men to drink. It meant women with anxious faces and a town filled with much talk, and with sullen mutterings which now and again broke into a roar. It meant glowering looks at the unruffled mine superintendent, who stood between the strikers and the inflexible Power which held back their daily bread from them, and occasionally it meant a stone from behind a corner or a handful of dirt. Then the scabs came.

It is not pretty to see an angry mob nor to hear the surging yell from many throats. Wainwright faced it, listening patiently. He brushed from his coat the dirt of a flying clod and his coolness disconcerted them.

"Come again to-morrow at noon," he said, dryly. "At present I am not in a position to discuss the matter."

Their leaders held them back, for the time was not ripe for violence. They came the next day, as he had told them, stubbornly and nursing their bitter wrath, but before them had come boxes of firearms by swift express and men as



There had been slenderer women than Bridget.

tendent. When the strikers swarmed in straggling array to the mine these men were waiting, guarding entrances and armed with big Winchesters. Only this, a waiting, unterrified line. The scabs must work, and these would guard them. So Wainwright told the pushing crowd as he came out of his office and faced their hoarse accusations. These were the company's orders, he said quietly, and if necessary the scabs would be armed also. They yelled at him and hated him because he represented the Power, forgetful of kinder days. A flying rock left its mark in bruised flesh on his shoulder, but the Winchesters were not there for play. The strikers re- and lectured him on the error of his ways.

treated in a disorderly mass, cursing capital and scabs, and that night there was much liquor sold in the little mining town, half a mile below Wainwright's house.

These things took many days, and the days rolled into weeks. Disorder was pitted against orderly discipline, a mob against a few cool men, but while Justice lay back of the one in its beginnings. Power upheld the other. The tide of victory ebbed and flowed, blood was shed. but the scabs still worked and the mine ran. It was short-handed and crippled. but it ran.

In the midst of these things the Chinese boy flourished. The danger in the air seemed to exhilarate him, and he sniffed it in enjoyment which no one shared with him. His real name they knew not. Heathen the cook had called him, and Heathen he would be, or nobody. His past remained enveloped in mystery. The Occidental is not yet born who can penetrate the blank innocence of an Oriental who wills not to tell that which he knows.

Heathen washed. He did it scrupulously. He ironed as Bridget never dreamed of ironing. He waited upon the table as no one within a radius of twenty miles could do it. He even invaded Bridget's realm and cooked nice things. Somewhere in the mist of his youthful experience Heathen had received an iron training in things useful. He was a gem of purest ray serene, and conversely he was beyond the peradventure of a doubt a child of Satan by direct descent.

The cook hated him, feared him as she feared not even the powers of Hell, and the knowledge was balm and unction to his soul. He pounced at her from shadowy corners with long, clawing fingers and the face of a grinning demon, he tantalized her to the limit of Celtic endurance. The very sight of him rasped upon those iron things which stood her in lieu of nerves. The cat fled to the housetop at his approach, and found to her dismay that he scuttled after her as briskly as though generations of feline ancestors had united their agility in his person. Mrs. Wainwright took him aside Heathen's head bobbed downward in immeasurable contrition. He turned about and entertained the three little Wainwrights until they shrieked with delight, and "played horse" with his pigtail; he brought Mrs. Wainwright at dinner a delectable dainty especially prepared for her by his own hands, and she softened her severity and admitted that even Bridget herself could not excel him in culinary skill. He was invaluable, unendurable, irresistible. He was Heathen.

It was Heathen's special delight to trot to the mine with Mr. Wainwright's lunch, and he feared neither man nor devil on the journey. The latter character began to be unanimously attributed to him by strikers and scabs alike. When Mr. Wainwright went down into the mine Heathen skipped nimbly after him and prowled in the dark underground corridors like an evil spirit, swooping down with frightful clawing gestures upon the scabs, who already had enough to upset their nerves, dodging fairly from under their wrathful fists and standing at a safe distance with derisively wriggling fingers while they cursed him. It had long since been observed that Heathen's thumb had a reprehensible affinity for the end of his nose, which proved conclusively that he was a city-bred Celestial and highly imbued with advanced civilization.

"I shall have to discipline that imp," Mr. Wainwright said thoughtfully. "He is too valuable to send away. I'll just look after his case-as soon as the strike ends." As soon as the strike should end! He frowned as he said it. When would that be?

At home Bridget developed unmistakable symptoms of an unsettled men-She began to talk to herself, muttering the wildest nonsense. member of the family after another would hear from an adjoining room a sudden explosion of malediction rolling out in Bridget's inimitable brogue and stopping as quickly as it had begun. They never quite caught her at it, but hearing was sufficient. Mrs. Wainwright taxed her with it one day and Bridget denied the charge indignantly.

"Indade an' I niver said a wurrud,

vehemently, and Mrs. Wainwright deplored the discovery that Bridget's veracity was no longer to be trusted.

That night Bridget swore. Wainwright heard it and called his wife, glad of any diversion from the strain of the day, and together they descended to the undignified attitude of putting their heads out of the window and listening. From the open kitchen window came a volley of smothered profanity, cautious in tone, but frightfully clear in meaning. Wainwright was horrified. The vigorous roll of expletives continued, and Bridget cursed the "haythen crayther" by all her gods and by every word ever expurgated from a God-fearing dictionary.

"George, will you go down? This must be stopped immediately!"

Wainwright went down. The kitchen was empty and Heathen was just entering the open door, but at the gate he found the reprehensible Bridget standing there with unwrinkled innocence, as though she had just returned from a walk down the road. She met Wainwright's reprimand with a wild burst of tears.

"Indade, Misther Wainwright, an' it's niver a wurrud I've said this half hour. May I die if I did, Misther Wainwright. It's ahl the doin's av that onchristian Chaynee, may th' divil fly away wid him, an' that's as near swearin' as I iver got. It's no human bein' he is, Misther Wainwright; he's th' divil's own imp. Indade an' I didn't say a wurrud!"

Wainwright left her voluble protestations somewhat impatiently, for his temper was getting down to a thin edge of late. In the house he swore a little himself, but laughed neverthless at the absurd accusation that Heathen was responsible for the profanity they had There was only one person in the house with a brogue like that.

But these things were as nothing compared with that other trouble. It was growing worse. Spring had long since gone by and summer had passed into autumn. The winter was close upon them again, but the strike still held. It was The company had lost phenomenal. more in holding out than the desired raise would have cost in several years, but mum, not a wurrud," she declared they held grimly to their decision. Capital



"He balanced a tray as skillfully as an experienced waiter."

loomed high behind them and labor should not down it. It was not the money now, but victory, and they knew they would win. In the mine the closely guarded scabs grew restless and fretful; in the mining town the strikers fought their great battle more wildly and indiscreetly. And so October drew toward its close.

In the heavy stillness of the night two men slipped away from the town and crept toward George Wainwright's house. The night was dark, but they moved where the shadows lay thickest. What

ever of speech might be needed between them on their noiseless errand had been spoken and finished before they had left the little back room in Milligan's saloon, half a mile behind them. Not a word was uttered; not a twig snapped; they knew their road. In front of Wainwright's house they separated. One went to the north side, the other to the south, and each man knelt close to the foundations and worked quietly and carefully with his hands.

A veranda ran on three sides of the house, stopping short of the kitchen quarters, which extended in the rear. On the north side of the house two eyes gleamed inquisitively over the end of the veranda roof watching the man below. They might have belonged to a cat, so intently alert was their gaze. They disappeared and a dark, shapeless figure, feline in every cautious move, crept into an open window. Half a minute later it was out on the roof again, creeping with sure bare feet and carrying a heavy thing.

The man below had almost finished his work. There was now a little hole under the house at the end of the veranda and into this he inserted something very like a short, thick stick.

From out of the black space above him there descended a flood. Kerosene, evilsmelling, saturated hair and clothing, ran into his eyes and mouth and gurgled in his ears. Blindly he jerked himself up and struck out at something clinging with monkey-like agility to a pillar of the veranda. Before the blow fell there was the crack and hiss of a match and a flashing grin out of the darkness.

A hoarse scream rang out as the curling flames leaped in response to the match, a staggering, writhing figure broke away, fell and rolled frantically on the ground, screaming hideous curses. The author of these things wriggled back, unmoved, out of the glare of this man's burning, and slid swiftly to the other side.

The second man's work had not progressed so far. He stopped as one frozen at the first shriek, and listened fearfully. Then they came thick and fast, prayer and malediction, piteous and blood-curdling. He crouched, broke and ran straight into the hands of the enemy.

Down from the veranda roof something dropped upon him before he had gone five paces; lit upon his shoulders and clung there like a panther, swaying with him; fingers of flexible steel closed upon his throat. He staggered a few steps further and fell, but the thing on his shoulders still clung.

Thirty seconds later, when the aroused and terrified household rushed out of doors and rolled the last spark from the man writhing on the lawn, Wainwright dragged the reluctant Heathen from his He was none too soon, for Heathen held not to the foolishness which bids a man free his enemy this side of the turbulent river, and so permit him to rise up and smite again. So they stood around a cowed and sullen foe, one grievously wounded, one just recovering an all but vanished breath. Wainwright held in his hands two grayish sticks of innocent appearance and his face was dark.

"Dynamite," he said slowly. "Simultaneous explosions. So you think me your enemy, boys—in proportion to that?"

Mrs. Wainwright laid a trembling hand on Heathen's shoulder but Heathen would none of her.

"Have velly much fun, allight," he observed simply, and vanished by way of the kitchen, ever hungry, to forage for food. It was useless to make a hero of Heathen. Even had it been judicious he would not have permitted it. Nor did it avail to remonstrate with him upon the ethical obliquity of soaking a fellow being in kerosene and touching a match to him. He had been in the thick of a beautiful fight, and that filled his soul with pleasure and satisfaction.

On the morning of the next day Wainwright received a telegram, terse and stern:

"Smash strike. Yield to nothing. I arrive to-morrow. A. V. MURRAY."

Murray was one of that mighty group behind Wainwright, the rock upon which the strikers had dashed themselves for weeks upon weeks. Wainwright sighed. He had held hopes of Murray, who was his friend and had placed him here. A week before Wainwright had written him, saying in blunt, uncompromising English that the strike was just, even though it might be impolitic and even hopeless, that the denying of these demands was rank brutality to work-sodden men who asked little more than permission to live in return for unremitting toil. When Wainwright did deliver himself of an opinion there was no mistaking his meaning. But this was the end of it. He sighed again, and cleared his throat impatiently.

Late in the afternoon a delegation from the strikers came. They were of his best men, and wnen he saw them file gloomily in, he knew that the strike was broken. Their spirit was broken also.

The spokesman made his announcement mechanically, twisting his shabby cap in his hands. The boys wanted him to tell Mr. Wainwright that it was not because they had changed their views in the matter-oh no, God knew it was hard enough, and meant the ragged edge of starvation, but it was work or die, and they must work. Winter had come and the company had proved the stronger and more relentless. They had been beaten. Only they must have work. The nasty business of the night before had turned the tide of prejudice against them when they most needed to be upheld. would Mr. Wainwright believe that the body of the men had known nothing of the cowardly trick; that even those who hated him most had meant to fight fairly and by daylight, and this was the work of a few?

Wainwright nodded curtly, looking them over with keen eyes. He had something to say to them now. After a fashion these were his rough, sullen children, although he would have denied the charge as foolish sentiment, but they had been needlessly humiliated and he was sorry. Humility may be good for a man, as we are told, but humiliation leaves a sinister scar.

"Take your word for it," he said briefly, referring to the dynamiters. "One thing more. You say the strike is completely off?"

A nod and the faces settled into the sullenness of defeat.

week before Wainwright (had written it ze'lls this official? Is it the expression him, saying in blunt, uncompromising of a few like yourselves, or of the entire



Down from the veranda roof something dropped upon him.

body of men?"

"All of us, sir. The word was passed along this mornin' that we couldn't hold out no longer. We held a meetin' and we was chose to come straight to you."

Wainwright nodded thoughtfully.

"Very well. I had a telegram from the special violence at a ten per cent raise vice-president of the company this morn-on the old rates. You may tell the boys

ing ordering me to smash the strike at all costs. The strike is now broken. Just before you came I received another. It directs me that when the miners have given up I shall then, and not sooner, take back each man who has not resorted to special violence at a ten per cent raise on the old rates. You may tell the boys

that, and report for work to-morrow."

Wainwright arose and they took the hint and turned away, staring unbelievingly. The spokesman cleared his throat and laughed a little, the conscious laugh of inward excitement.

"It'll be good news for the boys, Mr. Wainwright. I s'pose we've felt sort o' hard on ye lately, but I guess most of us know the ten per cent's your work, an' we—we're much obliged."

"Company's orders," said Wainwright concisely, shaking his head. "Thank Mr. Murray."

That night Wainwright slept the good sleep of contentment, and when Murray arrived the next day half the men were already at work and the other half only waiting for the scabs to go. Wainwright was jubilant, but Murray, after he had seen the dynamiters safely packed off to the county jail, thirty miles away, was most entertained by Heathen's escapade.

"Now who would ever have expected a Chinaman to have so much sense?" he asked. "Got them both, did he? And made a bonfire of one? Upon my word, you have him well named."

"Your pagan seems to be useful in a variety of ways," he said at dinner, as Heathen swiftly disappeared with the soup plates. "He waits on the table as though he were born to it."

There came from the kitchen the clatter of falling crockery, one might almost say hurled crockery, so vigorous was the sound of its impact, and then a torrent of vivid Celtic-American. It is not in the nature of woman to find humor in domestic calamity, and horror came into Mrs. Wainwright's face, but Wainwright looked at his guest and laughed. On the heels of these things Heathen pattered in, dish-laden. He breathed deeply as though he had been in haste and in his slant eyes was the gleam of a thousand imps.

"Heathen, what is the disturbance between you and Bridget?" Wainwright queried with sober visage, always willing to exploit these kitchen catastrophes for whatever of humor might be in them.

"Ilish girl allee samee laise hellee," said Heathen simply, but an inaudible chuckle shook his shoulders as he put

down the last plate and took his stand like an old ivory statue all dead but the eyes.

Wainwright hastily passed his napkin over his mouth and stared severely at his plate. The hostess flushed, the three little Wainwrights snickered audibly, and the guest looked back at Wainwright and laughed. This naive remark seemed to arouse some tickling recollection in a far away cranny of his mind.

"It shows that you cannot mix Irish and Chinese without an explosion," he said presently, as the recollection evolved itself into being. "It reminds me of a matrimonial Vesuvius we once had in our house. Funniest thing I ever saw, only it told on our nerves after a while. When we first went to San Francisco we had the reckless combination of a Chinese cook and an Irish chambermaid, both splendid help. Nora was strong and tall, with broad shoulders and a lift to her arm like a steam derrick. When she was angry she used language, but not to us, thank Heaven. Charley Wing, the cook, was a little, slippery, sinewy Chinese, as yellow as jaundice, but he could serve a beautiful dinner. He had buried one wife and wanted another, but one of his enemies had unkindly sliced off his queue one dark night and none of the desirable Chinese maidens would have him, or at least their august fathers would not. So he concluded that Nora would be a profitable speculation. He was a thrifty pagan, that little yellow man, and as he kindly explained to me, Nora could 'do heapee much work, allee same makee cash.' Nora took him, I have never been able to guess why, and then the fun began.

"You have heard about the tyranny of Oriental husbands, and that a Chinese is always a little god in his own household. Well, Charlie thought he was going to shut his lawfully wedded slave up in the kitchen, safe from the violating gaze of mankind, and have her wait upon him and beg for the privilege of putting on his shoes; but he had reckoned without Nora. The first experiment ended in a cyclone, and Charlie fled the house. In a month he was so used up that he dodged involuntarily if she looked at him,

and he gave up all attempts at anything more aggressive than keeping beyond the swing of her terrible arms. I think Nora enjoyed it, and the way she bedeviled-I beg your pardon, Mrs. Wainwrightthe way she bullyragged that little yellow man was a cause for tears. She even invaded his favorite underground opium joint, and dragged him out in the face of half of Chinatown."

"I should think," said Mrs. Wainwright, wonderingly, "that you would all have had nervous prostration."

"Oh, they were kind enough to keep their domestic infelicities in their own sphere of action. It had all the excitement of gambling; we never knew what would happen next. The climax came in the boy. He was six years old the last time I saw him, and looked a full-blooded Chinese. It was hard to tell where the Oriental left off and the untamed Irish began. He was an imp of darkness, and could chatter pidgin English with his father and turn to his mother with a brogue as rich as her own.

"After we came away we learned that Charley pere had inserted a long knife into the man who formerly relieved him of his queue, and had in turn been scientifically carved by the dead man's relatives. Now I hear that Nora has gone to the happy fighting grounds also. Peace to their ashes. She had a lively time while she lived, and he had a lively time while he lived with her."

When Murray started talking he was likely to continue indefinitely. Heathen was removing the plates with his usual deftness, and the vice-President looked lazily into the impassive yellow face.

"My incendiary young friend," he suggested, "when you take unto yourself a wife, be sure that she is not Irish, and larger than you."

A swift grin flashed over Heathen's face and disappeared.

"Me no mally 't all. Have velly much good time," he grunted frankly, and Murray laughed: "The way these Orientals are assimilating our Occidental civilization is something marvelous," he said ruefully to the table at large.

The next morning the pitiless sun showed a new and strange foliage upon

the tall pine in front of the house. In full view of the mining town, half a mile down a straight road, in full view of such of the jeering public as might pass that way to work, hung every pilferable garment in Bridget's wardrobe, high and dry, and flapping dejectedly in the morning breeze. There were only two creatures in the house who could climb that tree. One was the cat, who disliked the job exceedingly. The other was Heathen. They searched for him, but he was not. He had vanished as he had come, silently and without warning, and with him had vanished also-nothing of great value, to be sure, but several transportable articles which had caught his errant fancy.

The Wainwrights' dinners were served no more with machine-like swiftness, the voice of strange profanity was not heard in the kitchen, and the cat came down from the housetop and took her nap in peace. Heathen was gone, and the three little Wainwrights lifted up their voices in unison, and wailed their grief at the departure.

It was some six years later that Mr. Wainwright, on busines in Chicago and rushing for his homebound train, paused uncertainly at the sight of a singularlooking hackman at the station. He was strong of limb and broad of shoulder, in height a little above medium, and he wore his big coat and old plug hat with uncommon jauntiness, but the face beneath the spluttering arc lights was such as never hackman wore before. His stiff black hair dened the brush, if indeed it ever had the opportunity; his skin was yellow, and his slant eyes, gleaming with Celestial guile, flashed over the crowd with a shrewd alertness not to matched among his confreres of the profession. There was something strikingly familiar in that look. His glance fell upon Wainwright, staring curiously at him, and a flickering grin lit up his oldivory face. The next instant a fellow hackman brushed roughly up against him, and he fell upon that man straightway and smote him with ready fist and an unholy eloquence of speech. The catlike spring was Oriental, the comprehensive range of expletive such as grows only Iniv Calit - Digitized by Microsoft ®

on our own free native soil; but in his eyes was the love for devilment for its own sake, and on his tongue rolled the burr of County Claire. He wriggled from sight in the crowd, still heaping objurgations upon his enemy. A warning "All

aboard!" rang in Wainwright's ears. He swung himself regretfully upon the platform, smiling the smile of enlightenment as he remembered Murray's story, and profanity laid to Bridget's account, but maryeling that these things should be.

## THE ZULETA

BY C B. ACHESON.

NTERING the "Zuleta," the visitor crosses the small court-or "patio," to be correct-and ascends the staircase at the far side. Ultimately one comes to the green door at the top, which readily yields to his touch, and he enters the "Monte Carlo of Mexico." At the right monte is king; to the left, the roulette tables rule. Various other gambling devices are at handbaccarat, craps, and the like. explained, as we mounted the stairs, that it was quite proper to visit resorts of this kind in Mexico, provided one was entertaining a guest. "You know, it's the regular thing to take people from the States to look at this. It's typical. It's indicative of Mexico and the Mexican character. These places are wide open. We," (I smiled at the "we")—"We don't have to cover up this sort of thing from the police. It's a national affair. Why, you can't walk a square on San Francisco street without a dozen people at your heels selling lottery tickets! It's in the blood, in the air! But let me tell you, I can't come here alone and play."

"Well, if it's part of the life, in the air, etc., why not?" said I.

"That's just it," he answered.

By this time we were in the room. The hour was early and there were comparatively few players. Hudson lowered his voice.

"You see, I am an American," he went on. "And so many Americans come here to Mexico and go to the devil! There is something—the air, maybe, the women, the drink—anyhow, it's a fact! Dissi-

pation is rife among the Americans right here in the city, and not a few have gone to pieces over that little game there," indicating a roulette board. "So you see, a man in my position cannot afford to let people think he is following so many of the others. It would be disastrous to my career. That's the reason I can't come here alone. But it's all right if I bring Anyone can spot you for a strang-He laughed a little and I realized that I had betrayed a certain degree of annoyance at this. I had been flattering myself that I had acquired an air of residence in the quaint old city. 'People could see, of course, that I was an American-one can never disguise that, nor would I wish to even; but it might be agreeable to have people think of one as rather an old-timer, a man who knew and had known long; the term "tenderfoot" is rarely an attractive appellation.

We turned our attention to the games. "You should see the place about one," said Hudson. It was barely 10:30 then. "They don't run very strong now. I tell you this appeals to me! Guess it's the spirit of that old horse-trading preacher ancestor of mine. The game! The game! Do you know, Crawford, I feel that if my blood was a little more hot—like this fellow here—I'd go crazy over this thing! Really, I have to keep a grip on myself."

At this tame the roulette tables were well-nigh deserted, monte holding every one's attention. This may be noticed frequently in a Mexican gambling house. As a general thing, the monte is played for even money. No great chance for a

"killing," at least not to the extent of the magic wheel. A player stakes his money on the turn of a card; in monte, if he wins and wins time and again, he feels impelled toward the roulette. The chances are infinitely greater there, and one must win on "velvet." Is it not so? Assuredly. The player at the slower game becomes convinced that a chance is what is needed; he will not attempt to force an unfavorable game. Rather, he withdraws and wooes fortune in a new field. Then one turn at the roulette will possibly restore the whole loss. And thus the merry game goes on; monte, the roulette-here a loser, there a winner! The happiness, the despair; the cool winner, the "good loser." Oh, what an object for admiration is the "good loser!" He stakes his last peso on the red, and waits imperturable. The movement of the arrow is slower, slower, it stops; the black wins! The "good loser," the man with nerve, turns away, imperturbable. He is finished unless, perchance, he has some article of value about him- a ring (these Mexicans are fond of diamonds-they are worn more commonly, too, than in the States.) If he has such an article of value, one more chance; if not, well-he is a philosopher; it's all in the game! He becomes a fatalist, if he is not already one. The other day I heard an old drunken soldier remark that a good poker player (and "good" may also be translated "game") invariably made a good soldier. Old drunken soldiers sometimes speak with the wisdom of serpents.

"Let's have a little try at this thing," I ventured cautiously, after a time. Hudson turned and I saw that he was already extracting a bill from his book. "Viente pesos," he said to the dealer, and threw the bill on the table. Deftly, the man-a slight, swarthy Mexican, with an eye like a gimlet, black and birdlike, whose lean hands also reminded one of a bird's claws-handed him twenty of the Mexican "dobe" dollars which lay in regular piles upon the green cloth. Monte here is played mostly with the silver, although one may purchase mother-of-pearl chips. There is something in the touch of the coin, though, for these small gamblers that appeals to one. A chip is a chip:

you lose sight of its value, but a hard silver dollar! It has life-power! It can buy—what not?

Hudson was an old-timer, a thoroughbred. He had worked on the Engineering Corps of the old Santa Fe when the West was wila; had helped to build the Sonora road, and had lived down at Guaymas when there were only thirteen white men in the territory. He had, I presume, been against every game of chance which those conditions produce, from matched coins to lottery tickets. As for me, the adventure was a delight. Although a novice in such matters compared with my friend Hudson, I had had some considerable experience in the Americanthe western American particularly-propensity for gambling. Yet there was a charm about the "Zuleta" I had not before enjoyed. My ignorance of Spanish no doubt contributed to it somewhat. Then, too, the character of the players was worthy of note. Here to my left was a fine-looking Mexican ranchero, erect and stately in his gaudy trappingstopped with a sombrero decorated with gold and silver braid. The man played steadily, winning and losing without change of countenance. He had come in before Hudson and I, and there was absolutely nothing to indicate whether he was ahead or the reverse. Following his play, I continually backed the low card.

Opposite my Mexican friend-for whom, be it confessed, I felt a certain respect—was a short, fat "oily" Spaniard. He had, I remember, a little black moustache which he continually caressed. Next him sat a broad-shouldered, redfaced American-loud-voiced and jovial. He had also been there when I came in, and had for a companion one of the American colony, known to Hudson but recognized only by a short nod. "One of those fellows I mentioned," he whispered to me. "Came here with the Central two years ago, got mixed up in bad shape and rapidly going to the devil." Whether the pair of Americans exhausted their resources or not, I am unable to say. At all events, they left the room before twelve o'clock, and we were the only English speakers left. The Goddess had

been good to us, and I was much elated to observe that my winnings exceeded Hudson's. We had stuck to the monte for over an hour, and my longing to try the roulette table grew stronger. We therefore moved across the room to try our luck in another field.

My attention was at this time drawn towards a young man who was standing opposite the croupier. His age was about twenty-eight or thirty, I should judge. Spanish or Mexican, possibly of Spanish parentage, he looked the aristocrat from his small and neatly-clad feet and shapely hands to his keen, dark face and intelligent eye; tall, for his race, and wellformed, there was something very fascinating in his presence; yet, withal, something to fear-something attractive and compelling, but at the same time menacing and sinister. I felt this man could be cruel and hard; that he was selfish and passionate. One must not stand in his light. All this came to me vaguely, as it were, when I first saw him. Later occurrences confirmed my view.

The play continued, and Hudson and I with it, extracting a large measure of enjoyment from our small ventures. Our winnings waxed and waned, and time flew by unheeded. In my attention to the table, I became oblivious to my surroundings, and had quite forgotten the purpose of my visit to the "Zuleta," viz: of observing the players and learning what I could of this place and of the national character. Hudson touched my arm, and I, following his gaze, saw that the young Spaniard was still with us. As I turned, he had just reached into his pocket and extracted a bill. This he laid on the table ,and said shortly, "Cinco." I saw that it was a five-dollar note, and Hudson murmured in my ear: "Been watching him. This is the last."

The man was stolid, a little too much, so I fancied, to be quite natural. There was no gaiety in his losing, as is the case sometimes when a man is hard pressed. A tense look about the mouth, a brightening of the eye, which seemed to become piercing in its gaze—that was all. Hudson had been watching; he knew that this was the last stake—that it was make or break now. Our Spaniard received his

chips very deliberately, and with firm hand, placed four of the five dollars on the 00; the remaining dollar he laid on the red diamond patch in the center of the table, which denotes a play on the color. The marble whirled; the play resumed, and I turned to the board, my own venture forgotten in this new interest in the outcome of the other bet. Hudson leaned forward a little, and I saw that he, too, was intent. What an admiration I felt for the young man at that time! There was conviction in my mind, somehow, that the resting place of the little marble in this particular turn would mean much to the man; and there he stood, quiet, thoughtful and erect! The wheel stopped. 'Dos-negro," said the croupier, in that monotone peculiar to his class, and the next instant sank back in his seat with a ball in his chest! The noise of the shot seemed to awaken me from a trance. The charm of the room, the game, the hour, and the influence of the spirit of the place dropped from me like a cloak, and I saw only the horror of the affair. My strongest impulse was to run; to get out and away from the tobaccoscented room; to get away from the clatter of ivory and pearl chips and the ring of the silver, and that—that still thing in the chair opposite! The man had disappeared, vanished like the smoke from his own revolver. Inconceivable as it may appear, he must have gotten from the room, down the stairs and into the street before any one made a move to follow him! Hudson took my arm, walked across to the man who had occupied the center chair at the monte table, and spoke a few words in rapid Spanish, to which the man waved his hands coolly, bowed low and said: "Si, Senor."

"The proprietor," said Hudson, and we left the room quietly. "What did you say?" "I suggested to him that we were not at the 'Zuleta' to-night. He hasn't seen us!" "But——" "No, there'll be no trouble. These matters are handled differently here. We'll not be dragged in. And what's more, they'll never get that man! That is, the authorities will not. They both have friends," he added significantly.

break now. Our Spaniard received his IIZ When we reached the outer air, I drew

a long breath. The scene had impressed me much. The coolness, almost indifference of the occupants of the room, including Hudson, almost angered me. The man was shot! Shot! Murdered, perhaps! Possibly dead by this time! Do you hear? Dead! Shot like a dog, without preparation or opportunity of defense! The murderer, this man who had taken human life, was at large! I seemed to see him on every corner. There was no effort to capture him. These people were more than apathetic. They were criminally indifferent! My feelings, if they had not been so full of horror, would have been grotesque. I learned afterward to regard the affair as an incident, nothing more. But it appealed to me then as a horrible, living tragedy-evil pregnant with evil!

I never learned more of the matter, unless, perchance, the following extract

from the "Mexican Herald" two days later, has some bearing on the case. It is at best somewhat obscure:

"Rigoletto will be presented to-night as advertised, at the Teatro Renacamiento, but with a notable change in the tenor part. Sr. Fernandez, whose wonderful voice has been such a factor in the company's success, disappeared quite suddenly yesterday, and his present whereabouts is unknown. It is rumored that a gentleman connected with one of the popular gambling resorts of the city was a rival of Sr. Fernandez for the affections of an American member of the troupe whose stage name is Irene Templeton. Inquiry develops the significant fact that this gentleman is lying very ill at his home on Calle Naranjo, and Miss Templeton's friends report that she has not been seen since Monday evening."

### EN RAPPORT

BY MARGARET SCHENK.

Dear Love, I did not know

That distance could so paltry be,—
I thought that seas would bar

The way of love 'twixt you and me,
I thought the stars of night

Were not so far as you at sea!

But nay, it is not so,—

Love travels with a swifter flight

Than do the whirling worlds,

That hurl through space, with touch so light,

Yet sure, your heart greets mine,

Each knows its mate, and needs no sight!

### The Law of The Medes and Persians

#### BY C. BRYAN TAYLOR.

HE fat sided lighter "Pythoness" snorted noisily out beyond Gant's Light and lay to near the spot where, fifteen fathoms deep, rested the hulk of the "Tnomas Garvin," schooner, bound for 'Frisco with a cargo of rum. Gleason and Craig, divers, stood in the bows of her and prospected as to the difficulties of raising the sunken cargo and the probable value thereof. An air of uneasy constraint hovered over both, hardly attributable to the matter in hand.

"Plenty well worth salving," remarked Craig ruminatively. Craig was a big framed, clean built Northerner, with inscrutably quiet gray eyes and the air of a better past haunting him remotely. His voice, in accent and intonation, was a cut above his station; and many facts may be inferred from the tones of a "Most of the stuff can be man's voice. recovered, I should say. The cargo was being jettisoned when she sounded, they say, but probably-"

"How'd you come to take to the business?" demanded Gleason irrelevantly. Craig flushed darkly.

"Why-you see-after I left-after I left the Point-"

Gleason's jaw set hard and his eyes burned. Craig shuffled uneasily.

"Oh, I say, Gleason!" he ended lamely, "It's no good stirring sleeping dogs, is it? Let the dead past bury its dead, for God's We've met again after all these years-eight, isn't it?-and after all that's happend on both sides the slate's wiped clean-or ought to be."

Gleason's gnarled face wrinkled to an ugly scowl.

"That's where you've missed your reckoning, then! The slate's never wiped clean 'fore the score's paid, by ---! Get your teeth into that, for the sooner you learn it by heart the better 'twill be for you. You, a town bred youngster on it? And there's ranother (yarn about a

liberty, knowin' more than the Lord himself could teach you, so high and mighty you had to get your tile on with a shoe Me, an honest, hard workin' horn. sailor man,-we're talkin' facts, now, mind ye-askin' for naught on earth but to be let alone and to earn a home for I ain't a gentleman, like you used to be, for I wasn't brung up that way, but I never yet made a woman cry. P'raps when we're piped to inspection the last day the Skipper'll let that square off some other things on my list. Mari'rie-God bless her!-knowin' nothing and fearin' nothing, and trusting everything. There's many and many a tale like that, but that don't make it the prettier telling. How can you expect to get off scot free when everyone else is brought to count? Are you so good and holy that you can walk the footstool like a wolf in sheep's clothing-"

Craig stared.

"Got religion?" he inquired succintly, and Gleason flushed to the roots of his grizzled hair. Gleason was not a lovely object at the best of times, and in his clumsy dress of tanned twill and his weighted boots he looked grotesque.

"No, I ain't got religion," he said gruffly. "Nothing but the common sense the Lord gave me, though I've found that a pretty good substituot if its worked right. But I had an old mother who read the Bible and she used to read. me yarns out of it. There was a fine one about two small fishes feedin' a mul-Lordy! I was fishin' then, and titood. I used to study what kind of fishes they might be, and how the devil they divvied 'em up like that. It saved a lot of net hauling that day for fair."

Craig remained discreetly silent. Gleason came back to his grievances with a jerk.

man gettin' an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, and a life for a life. A life for a life-mark ye that, Robert Craig! You took Marj'rie's life as sure as though you'd knifed ner with your own hand, and you'll pay for it with yours before all's said and done. God's law and man's law, and there's no gettin' around it, nor over it, nor under I can see her now as she looked that last winter, growin' whiter and thinner and more peaky every day. She'd set on the cliff and watch and watch-for you-you! And when the spring came she called me one day, bein' pretty nigh gone, and said, 'I waited for him, John-I waited as long as I could, but he stayed too long.' And then-she died." Gleason's deep sea rumble faltered, broke and stopped.

"She never married you, then?" Craig inquired tentatively. He was on thin ice, and he knew it. Gleason turned on him with a roar of mingled pain and rage.

"No she didn't, and that was your I'd loved her-my God!-I'd loved her ever since she was a baby in swaddling clothes, and you-you took her from me-and left her."

Craig's eyes darkened.

"I left her as I found her," he said sternly.

"You killed her!" cried Gleason, lashing himself to futile passion. "If I hadn't promised her never to raise a hand against you I'd kill you, s'help me! You'll pay for it somehow-it's down in black and white and you can't buck against it. A life for a life! That's the law, and the law has got to be obeyed."

Shorter, in charge of the wrecking gang, bustled up to them, and they fell apart, eyeing each other like dogs about to fight.

"What the deuce are you two jawing over? You'd better get harnessed up."

He hurried off as rapidly as he had come, shouting an order to man the pumps, and ran against Overton peering into the depths over the lighter's stern. Overton was part owner of the Garvin; a nervous man, and desperately anxious

"We'll have 'em overboard in ten minutes," Shorter assured him consolingly. "They're good men, both, and know their business to the bottom. Gleason's one of the old breed of sea dogs, hard drinking, hard swearing, as honest as daylight and as superstitious as an old woman, with a streak of religion hidden in him somewhere, as so many of those old fellows have. He'd swear at you if you told him so, but it's truth. Don't know much about Craig; he's not been at it so long, and is a lot younger. They're the pick of the lot, sir."

The pumps were started, and a hand settled the heavy brass helmet over Craig's head and screwed it down to the copper breast-plate on his shoulders. Instantly all sound of the world around him ceased: the throaty chug of the pumps, the strident orders of the captain, the shrilling of escaping steam from the engine room. He heard only the roaring of blood in his ears, like the surge of the ocean, and the grate of the helmet as it settled into place against the edge of the breast-plate. had already gone over the lighter's side, and a rapid succession of bubbles rising to the surface proclaimed his whereabouts. Craig looped his signal line and air pipe loosely over his arm to prevent fouling as he walked, clumped stolidly across the deck with twenty pounds of lead weighting each leg, swung over onto the ladder, and sank down through the blank green depths.

Each time that a man disappears beneath the surface, leaving only the swaying lines and a trail of bubbles behind him to mark his course, he is practically taking his life in his hands. History — and sometimes experience teaches him that if aught goes wrong with his air tube, which more than all else breeds danger, his helmet holds air enough to keep him alive for two minutes and no more. And when two minutes stand between a man and such a death as follows they fly quickly. Eternal vigilance on his own part and the part of the watch on deck is the price of his safety. The rule for the supply of air is to give it so freely that a conabout his property iv Calif - Digitize stant escape of air rises to the surface

in bubbles all the time the diver is under water. The disappearance of the bubbles, for whatever reason, spells caution to those above. But divers are brave men-else would they follow another calling-and get inured to risk and danger as to hardship. A man of steady nerves and sound heart can stand a good deal in the way of pressure. He knows unmistakably how far he may go, and, if he be prudent, which many are not, he goes no farther. For the first ten. fathoms or so there is no discomfort; then a vague, indefinable oppression envelopes him. Follows a numbing pain across the eyes and a roaring as of swollen torrents in the ears. An invinctble sense of buoyancy seems threatening to send him, rocket-like, to the surface; always a deadening, crushing, ever increasing weight bears him remorselessly down.

Craig's twenty pound shoes lit upon the bed of ooze as lightly as a ballet girl poises on the boards. Ahead of him, in the iridescent twilight, loomed the hulk of the Garvin, listed heavily to starboard, displaying a wide expanse of befouled, copper-sheathed bottom. Around her bows peered an uncouth figure, a long stream of bubbles rushing upward from behind its head. It turned solemn goggle eyes towards him, looking absurdly fish-like and exceedingly dignified, and made cabalistic signs with hands that appeared abnormally small and white. Craig made signs also, to show that he did not comprehend, so the solemn-eyed one lay down on the ocean floor upon his face. Craig followed suit. It is one of the tricks of the trade, and enables men to converse as easily as though ashore.

"I've signaled for a crowbar," quoth Gleason. "We'd best pry open the for'rad hatch and break out the casks there first, I reckon. Hatches all seem to have been battened down most careful. Rum crew the Garvin had. Here comes the weepon—stand by from under."

The crowbar came down to them, done; he was sorry, of course, far more gently, and Gleason secured it and signary than he could tell. With regard naled back all right. The two went to Gleason's lex talionis principles—around the bows of the wreck and it Gleason had loved the girl. Which fact

hauled themselves to the deck. They succeeded in raising the hatches, working quickly before the light failed, and Craig descended into the hold, picking his way carefully, mindful for the safety of his life line and air pipe, for the darkness was Stygian. With the opening of the hatches a little light slowly filtered into the hold and Craig's eyes, accustomed by long experience to the glimmering uncertainty, made out the casks he was in search of.

While he worked his mind wandered back to the old days whose memory Gleason's face had resurrected, crossquestioning, accusing, exonerating, was true that he had uone wrong-but he could name half a hundred men who, in like circumstance, would have done worse. Who could have imagined that she would have pined away and died for love of a stranger who had come and gone as a thousand others had come and gone. But Marjorie-poor, weak, pretty little Marjorie-was not like the girls he had known at home. At home! Craig caught himself up with a harsh laugh that rang hollowly in his helmet and beat thunderously against his ears. The word conjured up ghosts that were best laid, since his past was as a sealed book.

"I was a brute," Craig acknowledged bitterly. "I should not have played fast and loose with her, though how could I tell it would have ended so? It was only a flirtation to me and I could have sworn it was no more to her. That is it was that way at first. When I thought I saw trouble brewing I left. So Marjorie's dead!-died loving me, and I never knew it till to-day. \* \* \* Oh, shut up, you fool! What's the use of raking it up all over again?" Whereupon, with the inconsistency of his kind, he raked it up all over again carefully. Mixed with his very real pity for the girl was a wonder that she should have been so completely without stamina, have succumbed without an effort on her part. Verily the ways of women were past finding out. The mischief was done; he was sorry, of course, far more sorry than he could tell. With regard to Gleason's lex talionis principlesexplained everything. And then Craig forgot about Marjorie, about Gleason and his principles, about all things in heaven and earth and the waters under the earth, for that had happened which, in the under-water world, may come to pass at any time. The huge casks were no sooner disturbed than they had floated up from the bottom of the hold, a contingency always to be reckoned with. Craig stepped forward, was brought up with a jerk and discovered, with a shock that started the sweat from every pore in his body, that both airpipe and life line had jammed between a giant cask and the deck beams above. An instant suspicion of foul play on Gleason's part flashed across his mind, and his hand jumped to the sheath knife which every diver carries at his hip, and drew it. Foul play or accident, the danger was the same, and what could be done must be done quickly. The pump on the barge's deck could force no more air to him through the blocked pipe-and two minutes is not a long time to live. such case a man needs all the nerve that heaven has given him. Craig steadied himself with an effort that left him white to the lips and groped fiercely, desperately for the slack of the life line beyond where it was caught by the cask. Let him find that and he could cut both lines and trust to the nimbleness of the watch on desk to haul him to the surface before the end came.

And then Death sat on his shoulder and grinned in his face, for try as he might he could not reach the slack of the rope behind him. With the first uncontrollable instinct that makes men in extremity call upon their fellow men for aid, he shouted aloud for help, knowing even as the cry escaped his lips the utter futility of such attempt. In despair he gave six frantic tugs at the useless rope, the diver's signal that he is foul of the wreck, on the bare chance that those above might note it. No answering taughtening of the line assured him of succor coming as fast as brawny hands could bring it, and he felt himself caught like a rat in a trap. in the grasp of the Inexorable. Gleason's words rose in his mind and kept time to the hot throbbing of his brain: "It is citself into his delirium.

the law-the law-the law-and you can't buck against it." And again, "A life for a life—a life for a life—a life for life"-until the repetition maddened him. His face flushed darkly red; he began to gasp heavily with opened mouth; the pain over his eyes grew insupportable. His head felt as though bursting with blood; red lights danced across his vision and the world reeled beneath his feet. The glass of his helmet fouled and grew dim. The agony became more than he could bear; yet he had to bear it, to the last gasp, because by no power on earth could he get away from it. Beneath the relentless grip of his increasing torture his mind worked automatically, with incredible swiftness. How much of the two minutes had fled . . . . how long must the struggle last-the hopeless, horrible struggle which could end in but one way? . . . . Already he had been prisoned in the hold for ages upon ages, and Marjorie's thin white hands were holding him fast. . . . . . He and she . . . . under the sea . . . . alone together. And the worst was still to come . . . . . God! if he could only die and get it over. . . . .

Coherent thought failed him. His fingers loosened upon the knife, and it dropped at his feet. He reeled helplessly to and fro with the sweep of the water, battling madly, instinctively for breath. His hands clutched at his helmet; he strove flercely, with staring eyes, to tear it from his head. One breath of air Air he must . . . . dear Christ! have . . . . one breath . . . . one little breath of air where there was no air to breathe. His limbs jerked convulsively; only the action of the water kept him from dropping to the ground. He faced death standing, unconscious that he stood, in the horror of a strong man's naked struggle for the life God gave him; the life that half an hour before had been pulsing and impetuous and ardent; the life that resisted the certain end with a strength which made that end more terrible. Voices laughed mockingly in his ears-Gleason's voice-Marjorie's voice. He was giving his life for hers . . . . the thought His heart pounded fast and irregularly against his ribs, shaking him bodily at every sledge hammer stroke. His face was darkly purple; every vein stood out tense as a whipcord. . . . .

He was conscious of being carried many miles with lightning speed-of a sudden jar and iolt. He did not see what had happened. He was past seeing, past hearing, past caring. His hands, with blood bursting under the nails, beat impotently against the merciless walls of his helmet. Then, an effort that sent a thin black stream of blood gushing from his mouth . . . . Something inside his head snapped like an over-strained banjo string. Dense, limitless blackness fell upon him, blackness void of pain, of sound, of feeling. Aeons upon aeons of time passed and he was shrouded in the silent darkness of oblivion. peace was upon him, for he had paid his debt to Marjorie and the slate had been wiped clean. Out of the blackness grew a nebulous haze that resolved itself slowly into a line he had read somewhere long ago-so long that he could not remember when nor where. It took shape and burned itself upon his brain in letters of living fire.

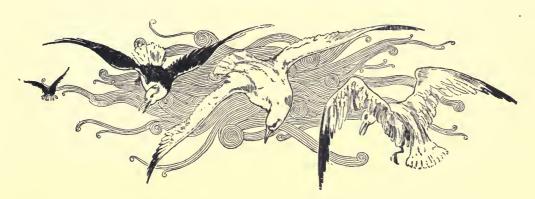
"The law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not."

He knew that it was not his own thought; that some one had planted it in his mind centuries ago, and that it would sear his brain through all Eternity. Craig opened his eyes again sanely

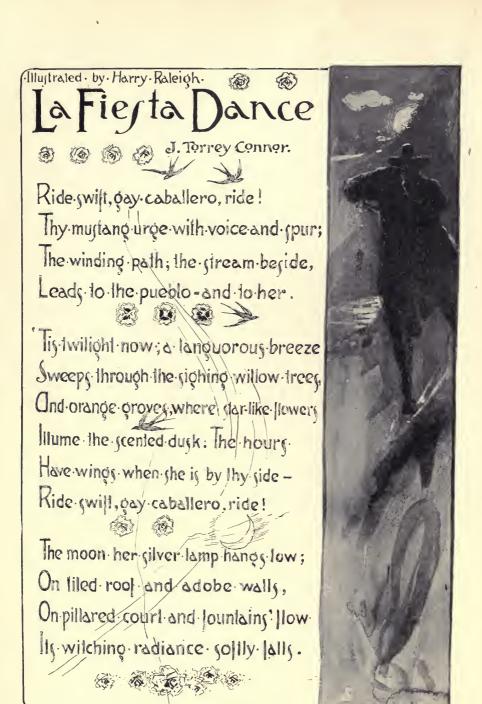
upon a living world. He lay on a ship's sunlit deck, a crowd of palely awed faces about him. A brass helmet lay beside him and some one was holding his head. His first conscious rush of joy that he was alive was followed by agony as dire as he had suffered once before, when he was held fast under the sea by a dead woman's fingers. His hands, black and bruised and bleeding, groping blindly in the Shadow for help, were caught and held in two gnarled, horny ones, and he gripped them in the death agony with cruel strength. If they had been the hands of his bitterest foe he would not have cared. They were warm, human hands, that guided him gently down the path to the Valley-hands that he could cling to in the awful loneliness that was upon him: and that was all he knew or wanted. A face he recognized bent over him-Gleason's face, pale and awed as were the others, with solemn fear written large upon it. Memory returned to him with a rush. He raised himself with convulsive strength, his glazing eyes staring into the face above him. His voice, hoarse and inarticulate, broke the waiting silence.

"It is the Law . . . . that was . . . . obeyed."

Again the thin black tide bubbled to his lips and fell, drop by drop, to his shining breastplate. His hands relaxed limply from Gleason's and he sank gently over on his side.



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



Ride swill, oh caballero; ride!

With Don Felipe at her side,

With Juan and Manuel, even now,

Prone at her feet, what chance hast thou?

On! On! Shrill sound the mandoling.

Thou lagoard one! The dance begins.



As in the wallz's maddening whirls
Their lovelit glances meet and mate,
Felipe's lips press Pancha's curls.
Yea, stand without, and look thy hate!

# THE BIOLOGIST'S QUEST

BY JOHN M. OSKISON.

Author of "Only the Master Shall Praise."

AKE was a collector of small mammal skins for the Smithsonian authorities in Washington and for the British Museum. His work had been done mainly in the mountains of Southern California and on the big stretches of Arizona deserts. In the winter of 1895 there was a good deal of heated discussion between professor McLean of the Pennsylvania Scientific Society and one of the scientists at Washington, over the question of whether or not a certain species of short tailed rat still existed in the Lower California Peninsula. The Smithsonian authority believed that it did, from reports sent in by Aldrich, who had collected in the Southwest until 1893, when he was killed by a superstitious Mexican. The rat, if it existed, was a curious survival, and the scientist who could secure and classify it would earn an enviable reputation. So Lake, in the early spring, received orders to go down into the Lower California region and a thorough make search. Aldrich's lead.

The collector had a free hand in the matter of expense, and when the baggage man dumped his outfit onto the platform at the Yuma station it might have been mistaken for that of a prospector bound for the Yaqui mountains. There were two hundred traps, varying in size from the little, flat ones used for catching a very small brown field mouse, to the yawning iron-jawed kind that a boy must not play with. There were jars of formalin, vials of arsenic, cornmeal, cotton, dried raisins for bait, and a case of delicate, keen-edged skinning tools that Lake would have swallowed to protect. There was food enough to keep three men alive for six months.

At Yuma Lake went to the keeper of the Sandbar Hotel and asked for reliable guides, Indian or Mexican, for the Lower Colorado river, for he intended to float down the river to the Gulf of Lower California and there rig sails to take him farther down the coast. The next day he engaged Kitti Quist, a nut-faced, broad footed old Yuma Indian, and "Joe" Maria, a Mexican desert guide.

The boat which the three set out in was as broad and stable as a giant tub. They rigged for it a stubby mast, put in a kit of repair tools, thumped the bottom for possible imperfections and bolted a water-tight chest to the side in which Lake's precious tools, cotton, arsenic and note books were stored. Then the Mexican, after pushing it out into the big, muddy river, stretched himself in the bottom with a cigarette, and told the others that they were safe in the grip of the steady currents for three days. After that, he said, they must row and steer for a day to reach the open water of the Gulf. Joe had gone up and down in this way with traders who had ideas about the payment of duties that are countenanced by neither the Mexican nor the United States Governments.

While the Mexican dozed in the shade of a propped square of blanket, Kitti Quist told the collector tales of the glory which had been Yuma's years before. He said he had been the most feared medicine man in the Southwest. He had laughed in those days at the timorous Yaquis who danced their snake dance with serpents that were young. He had done that dance with five big rattlesnakes twined on his arms and around his neck. But the Yumas grew poorer, less energetic, and careless of the fame of their great man. He had been compelled to goup to Yuma and do tricks for the tourists when the railroad came crawling in from the plains. Then he had guided prospectors to the mountains, and looked on with a smile when they came back half starved and cursing the day they were born. After that he had cured an

Arizona Governor of the rheumatism by sucking the man's knee-joints and shoulder blades, and he had become a self-important white man's medicine doctor. But he neglected to advertise and business fell off. Now he was going to help the new doctor catch rats—for what he knew not. And next he would be?—well, he dien't know.

By night the boat was tied to the river The Mexican woke and made camp. Lake used the few minutes of daylight in beating the cactus patches for lizards, showing Kitti Quist how to noose them with a horse hair fixed to a slender pole. He tied tags to these lizards with curious markings on them, and soused them into a formalin jar. When Lake told the old Indian that, fixed in this way, the lizards would not decay if kept until the stars came out no more, he was deeply impressed. The collector caught a desert rat once and skinned it. Kitti Quist watched with astonishment the transformation from a limp corpse to a flabby, empty skin, then back again to a cotton-stuffed, perfectly shaped rat, pinned out in a scampering attitude.

"You have showed me strange medicine tricks with the rat and the lizards," said Kitti Quest once, as the two were exploring the river bank. "Now I will show you what I can do as a Yuma medicine man." Immediately the Indian stepped to the side of a loose stone. He knelt at the side, pushed his hand carefully over the top, then made a quick lunge, and, without suspecting what he was about, Lake saw a four-foot, dullstriped rattler writhing in the grasp of the old man. For five minutes the snake writhed and fought, held firmly by the neck. It hissed the venomous battle note that comes after the warning rattle. Its rattles made an unceasing, deafening whirr. The Indian remained calm, letting the snake draw its body through his free hand as it twisted and contracted. He put out his arm to serve as a support for the dangling body when the whippings grew less violent. He twined the snake, always keeping a tight grip of the neck, around his right arm, and pulled his fingers gently back and forth along the of the neck gradually, and slid the fingers of that hand down slowly, imperceptibly. He spread out his hand in three minutes more and extended the snake's head to the finger-tips. Now all motion had ceased; the rattler lay along his hand and arm pliant and quiet as a huge cord; the unwinking eyes were still and the rattling had ceased. Kitti Quist raised the big reptile, shifted a part of its body to his head, then worked it down to the back of the neck, stretching its length along his shoulders until the tail dropped easily over the shoulder blade. snake's head he transferred to an upraised elbow, then drew it back toward his face. Here it lay with its nose held close to the big veins of the old man's neck and moved its tail gently from side to side.

UNIVERSITY

Lake stood as helpless and complaisant as the snake. He felt no surprise when he saw the Indian drop slowly to a sitting position and put his left hand to the sand. Soon the snake glided easily down the extended arm to the earth. Suddenly Kitti Quist sprang to his feet and pounced upon the snake again. But he did not touch it this time. He circled it with a swift moving hand while the snake's head followed in rhythmic movement. Soon it fell, quivering and inert. The Indian's eyes lost the stare that had grown into them. He picked up the body of the rattler with no more concern than he would show in handling a whip. Holding the tail, he whirled it about his head and brought it back with a jerk that separated the head and body, and flung the mutilated trunk away. And when he turned to go back to the camp Lake saw that the sweat was thick on the old man's painted forehead.

that comes after the warning rattle. Its rattles made an unceasing, deafening whirr. The Indian remained calm, letting the snake draw its body through his free hand as it twisted and contracted. He put out his arm to serve as a support for the dangling body when the whippings grew less violent. He twined the snake, always keeping a tight grip of the neck, around his right arm, and pulled his fingers gently back and forth along the smooth sides. Then he relaxed the grip to beat down the Colorado river was accomplished in the manner prophesied by the Mexican. The currents were steady and kept clear of dangerous rocks and cliffsides until near the outlet, where they are broken by spits of sand and whirled by tides and cross currents. Then Joe Maria threw away his cigarette and kept awake. He brought the boat out clear on the smooth waters of the Gulf, set the crude sail and began smooth sides.

Inland stretched a flat expanse of salt marsh, only a few feet above water level when the tide was in, and back of this a range of low, cactus-topped hills. These hills were about five miles from the shore, and, when the boat had gone down the coast for a day, seemed to give promise of a rich trapping ground behind.

Early in the afternoon Lake decided to leave the boat, go inland to the hills, to look the country over, and come back to the shore a few miles farther down. He told the Mexican and Kitti Quist to land where he expected to meet them and get the camp ready. He took a few traps, a pipe and a small pewter flask of water. He set out for the hill-top, skirting a narrow lagoon of sea water that was ten and twenty feet deep as the tide swung in and out. The salt swamp grass was heavy and thick, and Lake was relieved to get out on the hill, though it was but a great sand bar piled and packed by the wind. He went on over the crest, looking for water courses, near which he was likely to find the mammals he wanted. The land was puzzling-where ordinarily a dip would show the trace of a surface stream, there was only an evenly rounded hollow of sand. Yet small brushwood grew in scattered groups along these depress-The streams, Lake decided, were underground, and he started back towards the boat, intending to go down for another day before going inland again.

As the collector came back across the hill he saw the boat going down the coast and noticed that the wind had increased perceptibly. He decided to go down to the shore and walk along the beach to the camping place. But when he reached the shore a quarter of a mile farther down, he came on another of the canallike inlets that he had skirted in going back to the plain. It was impassable, and he began to walk towards its head. This was three miles in-shore and when he had rounded it and reached the shore again the afternoon was almost gone and he was tired.

Less than a quarter of a mile farther down another of the invisible salt water canals met him, and for the first time Lake gave a thought to the formation

tide streams would block his way as long as the flat country was before him. Then he looked at the boat that was, strangely enough, tacking far out in the Gulf, and seemed to be in considerable difficulty. He knew that must get out again to the sandhills and walk down on them until the boat had been brought to shore. He had not spared the half pint of water in the flask, and now, when it flashed upon him that he might spend the night on shore, he grew uncommonly thirsty. But he saved the little that remained, wondering as it splashed and tinkled in the metal if some of it might not be lost by the continual beating and shattering inside.

He was panting when he reached the sandhills again, for he had made nervous haste to get out of that tangle of long salt grass and treacherous tide ditches. He looked eagerly for the boat. What he saw was a scarcely distinguishable flat hull and a slender rectangle of sail which a fierce wind was bellying. Now Lake remembered that this Gulf was swept by little two-day hurricanes that danced in mad fury when they got away from the cactus and hampering sand-hills. He was in the edge of the storm only, yet the flying sand stung his cheek and his dried throat craved the little water that remained in this flask.

The boat would be driven miles out on the Gulf, the watcher knew, and if it survived the hurricane, would land far south of this point. So Lake set out to walk as far as he could towards the possible landing place. Farther down the coast, where the formation changed from the monotone of salt marsh, with its single low relief of yellow sand-hills, it might be possible to find water. But here it would be risking too much to turn inland to seek it. While he was gone the boat might put in unexpectedly, and the two guides, not finding him, sail still farther south.

Unconsciously Lake began to walk fast, and when the darkness closed down he was fairly running toward an invisible boat that sailed in the tail of his eye to an anchorage on the shore directly at his feet. Then he pulled himself up, and of the long flat marsh. He reflected that C walked slowly. Soon lagoons, gulf and

salt marsh were lost in the gloom, and only the jagged cactus clumps stood out like giant, distorted shadows on the horizon. Lake took counsel with himself, and lay determinedly down to sleep through the night. He woke often to feel his jacket where the four spoonfuls of tepid water were. But he would not drink. The screaming wind showered sand on him, forcing him to draw the jacket over his head, giving small promise of an early landing for the boat, and questioning The collector got its mere survival. through to the daylight, sleeping a little and dreaming of the wonderful shorttailed rat, swimming forever from bank to bank of a sluggish salt pool that rose and fell as the tide crept in and out.

As the morning broke, Lake, who had been sitting in the sand for a long time, peering distractedly into the darkness, rose and looked over the Gulf. was no sign of the boat. The wind, its force spent in the night, scarcely ruffled the water. The sun came out big and glowing, and the desert heat soon penetrated the temporary early morning chill. The marooned man was seized with a bitter morning thirst, and raised the flask half way to his lips before he remembered that the little fresh water must be saved for a more dire necessity. He drew off the coat that had begun to weigh him down. He was about to fling it aside when he felt the pewter flask strike against him. He drew it from the coat pocket in a genuine panic. He felt the pipe, a heavy briar, in another pocket, and the thought of smoking with parched throat made him smile. He threw it with all his strength at a clump of cactus, then trembled at the prodigal waste of a failing energy. Jamming the flask into his shirt bosom, he laid the coat aside, and stepped carefully on. For two hours he kept his head, then the swishing and tinkling of the water in the canteen became maddening. There was a too perfect harmony between its music and the rhythm of his steps. He broke this by making longer strides, then stopping suddenly.

Before noon he sat down in the shade of a cactus. He knew that sleep, when the scorching sun and want of water

would drive men crazy, had often saved the sanity of desert travelers. But he could not sleep. He rose when the sun was two hours from the western horizon and tramped doggedly on. For an hour after setting out he tramped slowly, holding his hat clear of his head to protect it from the sun, and to let the faint breeze blow in his hair. To hold it in this way, however, tired him, and soon the eternal rhythm recommenced. A lizard that ' flirted its tail and ran to cover entered the orchestra of his fevered imagination, its tail going up and down like the baton of a conductor. The music grew louder and clearer, and he forgot that the pewter flask held water that might cool the fever. It was the great drum whose beating kept the whole orchestra from turning to a riotous babble of individual performers. So the drum must not quit beating.

Unconsciously Lake increased his speed under the stimulus of the fever. To his mind the orchestra was in breathless chase of a melody that grew faster and faster in time and louder in volume. There would be one final crash, he knew, when the strange new symphony was ended, and he wondered if the drum would be equal to its part. The crash came as the collector, exhausted from a mad scamper down the side of the sand-hills, pitched into the rank salt grass near the edge of a tide inlet.

Lake slept through most of the night from sheer exhaustion. He was conscious when he woke of a slap-slap of sound near. At first he thought it was the lapping of the water against the side of the boat, and wondered if the Mexican had yet cooked the breakfast. Then he rose to seacn the Gulf with his eyes for a sign of his companions.

He though, he was far south of where he had first landed, but in fact he had come only a few miles. He was sure that he had gone past the point where the boat would put in and turned to tramp back up the coast. He went in, unthinking, to the water's edge, and had to tramp back to the sandhills again. He was at the former symphony rehearsal again by this time. Calling up his straying faculties, Lake deliberately chose a low

bit of ground and began to dig with his hands to find water. And he fainted on the edge of an unpromising hole before the sun was in mid-sky. All the while the idea remained fixed in the man's mind that he must not drink the water that he carried.

The shifting of the breeze so that it blew into his face revived Lake early in the afternoon. He sat up and looked at the horizon, where the Gulf met the sky, with an air of calm indifference. thought only that it would be a novel sight to see a little, full-bodied tub of a boat drop out of the sky and bring a nut-faced old Indian and a Mexican with a cigarette up on the salt marsh. it was a bore to watch anything so lacking in variety, and Lake, under the impression that he was only to finish an interrupted siesta, stretched himself on his back to die. The flask he placed at his side, determined to take a full drink when the Mexican roused him for supper.

. . . . . . . . .

All through the first night of Lake's absence, Kitti Quist and the Mexican had been driven by the storm out into the Gulf. They realized that it would be impossible to make the land after the hurricane came upon them. They retained a tiny rectangle of sail on the stumpy mast to keep the craft's head square to the waves that drenched the boat from stern to bow, and the gale had driven them far out. And the next day they had sailed back towards the West without sighting the coast line.

In the middle of the second night the boat had jammed its nose into a mud bank, and the two had tied up and waited for the daylight. When the morning broke neither could tell whether this flat marsh. bordered by low sand hills, was the same through which the new doctor had disappeared, or another, fifty miles down the coast. They decided to sail north on the chance of having passed the collector. All day they sailed, firing a heavily loaded rifle at intervals. Once the Indian had gone ashore to search the tall salt marsh. But he met the sullen tide streams and had to get back to the boat. The possibility that Lake might be without water had not occurred to them, and c they thought only of relieving his anxiety about themselves and the boat.

Near sundown Kitti Quist pointed out a spit of sand, upon which he said the white man had gone ashore. The Mexican doubted, and the boat was pulled in against the bank. The Indian was right -Lake's tracks led off towards the sand He said that they would tie up the boat and follow the tracks. But Joe Maria was lazy, and suggested that they set off a great blast of gunpowder. Lake. he declared, would hear it if he was within reach and come to them. Kitti Quist agreed; and when Lake was about to pass into the long sleep, which he thought, fretfully, he had been wanting for ages, the roar of the blast brought him to his knees.

What he saw was worth looking at—it provided variety. A big column of smoke was going up, and at one side were a nut-faced old Indian staring at him, and a lazy Mexican waving his sombrero frantically. A little, full-bodied tub of a boat was there, trying to climb ashore. He would go and see if supper was ready. But his strength nerve, voice, feelings were gone—he tottered headlong into the grass.

The Mexican had seen the collector rise from the grass like a spectre, and yelled to Kitti Quist to look. They found Lake, his tongue swollen and protruding, his face scorched, holding a flask with four spoonsful of tepid water still in it. They wondered at that, but set it down to the new doctor's curious theories. They used the water to revive Lake, and carried him to the boat. The next day they sailed back for the mouth of the Colorado river. The two guides brought Lake's wandering mind back to the rational world, and restored his parched face and swollen tongue to a comparatively normal state by a wise use of broths and careful watchfulness. Two days before the awkward tub was pulled up at the Yuma landing Lake could talk, but with considerable difficulty, of his experiences.

"The doctor win go back for the rats when he is rested?" inquired Kitti Quist as he bustled about the boat. He accidentally kicked Lake's water flask into view! Microsoft ®

rings. UNIVERSITY

"Go back!" the collector shouted hoarsely. "Kitti Quist," he went on quietly, "the white Medicine Man can no longer do strange medicine tricks with the rats. Not with the short tailed rats," he added under his breath.

Lake gave his outfit, even the delicate, keen-edged skinning tools, to Kitti Quist, and the Mexican guide. Then he took the train for San Francisco. Cooley, who

went down to Yuma'the next spring to catch chipmunks for the new zoological park in New York, bought the traps and cotton from the old Medicine Man. Professor McLean, of the Pennsylvania Scientific Society, published a pamphlet in the fall of 1897 to show that the short-tailed rat described by the Smithsonian authority never existed except in the imagination.

#### BROKEN STRINGS

BY E. R. WYNNE.

Only the strings of a lute, Toss them away.

Only the strings of a lute,
Snapped as you play.
Yet all the song's music lies mute,
Silent for aye.

Only the strings of a heart, Toss them away.

Only the strings of a heart,
Broken to-day.

All music that life could impart,
Once in them lay.

Only the strings of a heart, Toss them away.



Old Carmel Mission before restoration, Los Angeles, Cal.

#### IN THE DAYS OF THE PADRES

BY HARRY R. P. FORBES.

HE dark-eyed Indian girls of the San Diego Mission were visions of radiant beauty as they danced in gay fiesta dresses, keeping time to the soft strains of the guitar and snapping castanets. The valley hummed with suppressed emotion, and the gentle breeze carried the seductive music out to meet the rhythmic clapping of the spurs, as the gay riders rocked to and fro in their saddles, impatient to join the dancers and steal from some bewitching eyes the secret that they longed to know.

Senoretta Flores watched each coming with a shy, restless glance, and it was only the keen, alert Padre de la Peña who detected the reposeful change in the happy face, acompanied by a slight flush of rose in the deep coloring, when Señor Don Sepulveda was hailed. He, the handsomest, the boldest and the gayest of all San Diego cavaliers, leaped his horse within the very dancing ground, making it kneel whilst he dismounted, and then bent low before the enchanted Flores. Many a young man sighed for a glance from those dreamy eyes, but the girl

thought of no one but Don Sepulveda. Their love was plighted and she was happy.

Señoretta Flores danced with the inimitable grace of a Spanish beauty, and her handsome lover swayed and bent rhythmically to the strains of the music as he led the girl through the mazes of the cuna, watching with half-closed eyes the richness of her beauty.

The night had small hours when the neophytes sought the seclusion of the quadrangle.

Many of the maidens were to exchange, upon the following day, the tutelage of the Mission Padres for the influence of their homes on the rancherias.

The ever-watchful de la Peña was glad when the Señorettas had retired, for he had reason to be thoughtful. Late in the evening he had overheard Don Sepulveda and another, one Don Josè del Valle, swear to make a tour from San Diego to the Mission of Salano, San Francisco, and dance with all the beauties of the Missions.

Further still, they boldly made a wager

that each would return with the sacred promise of a dozen of the maidens. The cavaliers arranged to go by the Camino Real, at sunrise, upon the following day but one.

The honest Padre studied well what he should do. These godless youths, these thoughtless men, why could they not appreciate a woman's heart! Should he tell the Flores? No. After a short time he came to a satisfactory conclusion, and it was but a few moments until he rode forth in the moonlight. His face reflected a confident smile, and every now and again he wagged his head and murmured, "we will see, young men; we will see!"

As his well-fed, round little pony trotted along the good road that then stretched between each of the Missions of California, the faithful Padre cogitated upon the sins of the world, and especially upon the sins of men. This good man grieved that the sons of Adam did not love the beauties of the heart, as they did the beauties of the face. He called them flatterers, deceivers, triflers, seducers! He spoke aloud and advised the absent mothers to teach purity to their sons as they did unto their daughters. He shamed the absent father for the neglect of his son. He called the son personified vanity distributing heartache!

Should two young women raid the hearts of all the cavaliers dwelling between San Diego and San Francisco. what would be the comment, the criticism, the verdict cast upon them? Shame, disgrace, and oblivion. Yet here were two young men guilty of seeking to perpetuate this infamy. Would women permit such desecration of their affection, their honor, their home-life? He would test the Indian girl. He would prove her superior to the pale maidens and mothers who frown darkly upon women who trifle away their own honor, yet permit the male participant of that sin to come into the very hearth-stone circle of the home. He fairly shouted: "Mother, why teach purity to your daughter and let your son run wild?"

The sweet call of the Angelus rang out on the evening air as the weary Padre rode up to the hospitable door of San Juan Capistrano upon the following day. The evening meal was livened by his extraordinary recital of the cause of his visit to the Missions. Then he asked the Padres of San Juan to warn the maidens and thus defeat the men. Next day he passed on to San Luis Rey, and from thence to San Gabriel Arcangel. Perhaps the good father enjoyed the part he was taking in the little drama, for occasionally his clear voice was heard singing snatches of gay rhythm, strains from the cavaliers' songs, interspersed with sacred chanting, as he rode along on his way.

Don Sepulveda and Don Josè del Valle were familiar figures along the Camino Real, as, dressed in velvet jackets, gav embroidered scarfs, and broad rich sombreros, they paid visits to the rancherias that lay scattered along the coast of Southern California. They were well known to the Mission Padres, and it was with certain surprise that the young men found only the male neophytes of the Mission ready to entertain them when they arrived at San Juan Capistrano the day after de la Peña's visit. They soon proceeded to San Luis Rey and the neighboring Pala Mission. Here their chagrin was almost shown when told that one fair señoretta after another was absent upon an extended visit or engaged in pursuits that demanded strict attention, or worse still, was seen to be wholly entertained with rival señors. Inclined to be haughty as well as bold, for they had been much petted at home, and cajoled abroad, they timed a short stay and rode on to San Gabriel, designing to again lay seige to the hearts of San Juan and Pala when returning with their northern conquests. What! was Señoretta Josefita away upon a visit, and charming Weenah bethrothed to Don Antonio And Señoretta Mariana, and Abila? Benita, and the gay Loretta? Is not Don Juan to give a welcome and a dance?" they asked of the Captain of Don Juan's rancheria.

"Why, yes, come this evening, and Don Juan will entertain you, for the señorettas are away."

the Angelus rang The following morning found the young as the weary Padre men riding, not so gayly, away toward The Calif Digitized by Wicrosoft

San Fernando Valley, wherein lay the grand and hospitable old olive Mission. Never were flirtatious cavaliers more keenly checked. They could not fathom the quiet reserve with which they were met. At Santa Barbara they learned that Padre de la Peña was but two days ahead of them, and they took notice for the nrst time that the quiet Padre was taking a journey to San Francisco as well as they. Through previous arrangement, they were joined at Santa Barbara by other comrages from San Diego, all anxious to hear of the conquests. Don Sepulveda and del Valle covered their defeat as best they could by wild stories and graceless lies; but soon the friends tantalized them into the confession that, for the most part, the señorettas were away from home, as the young men following them well knew.

Gay Monterey lay before them, and the most charming senorettas on the Coast were there, awaiting the attack. Padre de la Peña also was there before them, but here the maidens had arranged quite a different reception for the daring cav-They prepared a gorgeous fesaliers. tival. They took council with their betrothed and other gallant señors; also with the good Padre who had so graciously apprised them of the wager. The fascinating Señoretta Rubia, whom all knew held charms that all but captivated Don Sepulveda upon his last visit, but who was now the betrothed bride of gay Antonio Florenzo, was to lead the dance. The night was grand, the stars twinkled their aproval, and the soft wind sighed in pity for the men. The patio was a brilliant spectacle when the moon rose and spread her glorious rays over the grand arches, rendering the soft adobe walls into a picture of mellow beauty. The quiet murmur of the trickling water as it played over the ivy grown fountain added allurement to the enticing scene, gay with bright blossoms and ferns. rare roses and strange vines. The handsome señorettas gathered in clusters here and there, each vying with the other in her charms. Don Sepulveda and Don José del Valle appeared early, made reckless by their former defeats and the

fiesta and dance they could expect. Dancing, flattery, love-making, flirting, song and wine made the evening gay. Apparent success made the cavaliers wild. So frequently did they swear the same love away that they almost forgot whom the first señoretta was. Pretty Rubia hung with bewitching grace upon each word of the faithless Sepulveda; he was charmed, he was reckless, he forgot the world and Flores, he forgot everything but the beautiful girl by his side. It was he who was promising, he who was imploring.

"Sweet one, listen. I will break all bonds and live for thee alone. My every sigh, my every breath is but a plea that you may give me hope—that you may give one ray of sunshine to my adoring heart. I promise, I swear, my troth to you. Ah, Rubia, my love, my darling, I vow to Heaven my love is yours."

Rubia listened in silence, but a world of wonder shone in her exquisite face. How could a man be so deceitful? She knew of his wager and believed not a word of his protestations. She did not know that the man had lost his own happiness in his attempt to destroy hers. His heart cried out for her and yet he saw that she believed him not.

"Give me, Señor, the scarf and the band of perfect embroidery that you wear and then will I believe you." Unhesitatingly the false Sepulveda unwound the scarf and band, last gifts from the deserted Flores, and with the grace of a dark Apollo laid them at her feet. As she bent to receive them her soft presence was as wine to the kneeling man, He sprang to his feet and for one precious moment he held her; he crushed her against his fast-beating heart and kissed her lips again and again. She would have screamed aloud but for shame that she had allowed herself to be out-She struggled to free herself, and then, covered with confusion, said:

"To-morrow I shall wear the scarf to the wedding at the church; you will be there, Don Sepulveda, will you not?"

José del Valle appeared early, made reckless by their former defeats and the knowledge that this was the only grand of the Lamburgh with you I would follow over mountains and seas, charming jewel, my love, my own. My life is complete. With knowledge that this was the only grand of the Lamburgh will go to the church."

"No, no, you must follow," and the girl, though well-poised, was subjected to a slight shock, for as she spoke, a mental comparison between Don Sepulveda and her own chosen Don Antonio forced itself upon her, and brought doubts which expressed themselves in the thought: could Antonio be thus untrue? Could Antonio play thus insincerely with the jewel of a woman's love? A sadness cast a shadow. Sepulveda saw and with satisfaction believed that the shadow came because he might not accompany her to the wedding. The wager was forgotten, and he believed the girl's heart was his own. But at the sight of Don José, even at the crisis, love's malady began to mend -a trying explanation would be necessary. He cast about for reasons and for lies whereby to satisfy his friends, and withal was very happy. He would not have been, could he have heard the handsome girl's rippling laugh as she gayly rehearsed the scene a few moments later to the merry and exulting Don Antonio Florenzo.

The diamond dew-drops of the morning yet glistened on the blossoms that were gathered to decorate the grand Mission chapel of Monterey. A great wedding was to take place, and all the señors and señorettas for miles around were to be present. Yet both Don Sepulveda and Don José del Valle were so much engrossed with the happiness of their evening's conquests that they thought not to inquire who the maidens were who were to be led to the altar. They were guests at Monterey, and of course going to the wedding; unknown to them the señorettas had arranged that. The bells rang out gaily, and hundreds flocked to the Mission Carmel to be present at the ceremony.

List! They are coming; the wedding party is arriving! Many are the exclamations and expressions, and some mingled with surprise.

"She is the handsomest girl in Mon-

terey. Nay, the handsomest in all California!" "How glorious!" "How beautiful!" and many other like remarks are heard on all sides.

Don Sepulveda thought and said. "Why no, Señoretta Rubia is the flower of Monterey, the jewel of the land."

All who heard him smilingly gave answer, "Why, yes, so she is."

They were coming down the aisle, this glorious, lovely bride and her attendants. Don Sepulveda turned to look upon this wondrous beauty. He reeled, and his face became an ashy white; within the sanctuary walls a curse hissed through his lips as he saw the glorious Rubia wound in his embroidered scarf, her head poised high, and crowned with a towering comb and exquisite mantilla that partly hid the flaming cheeks and sparkling eyes and arrested the defiant look with which she sought Sepulveda's bewildered gaze. In the expression of her face he read it all; the girl had known of the wager.

He did not hear the service and was first to leave the chapel. After the wedding they sought him, to joke him about the wedding scarf, but he was gone. So also was Don del Valle. They made their way to San Francisco which was searched to replace the scarf and band. But neither man knew the color nor the stitch, and so the search was in vain. Don Sepulveda, with self-assurance, prepared a tale to tell the beautiful Flores; but he might as well have saved himself the trouble, for in San Diego the daring wager was well known. The good Padre de la Peña spoke in the chapel, loudly remonstrating with young men for their disregard of plighted love. Don Sepulveda shrugged his shoulders, and said: "I like not San Diego, and shall go away."

"To Monterey," softly whispered a voice behind him.

He turned quickly, but the speaker was gone. The voice was that of Señoretta Flores.

# Books Cread

MODERN philosophy has simultaneously traveled two paths. Why and how she

A Philosophy of Modern Life.

has appeared to lend herself to this seemingly inconsistent and paradoxical performance, are questions lying too

close to the eternal Mystery of Things to require answers. But after all, modern philosophy, so-called, is ever but ancient philosophy in another garb. Styles change, but the philosophic mode of thought is only up to her old tricks again. She has always boasted two hands. One reaches earthward for things realistic, one skyward for light idealistic. And with one hand she hauled down of late Kipling and his worship of the "God of things as they are," and with the other a very nest of Christian Science (and allied isms) lurches upon her head. Both phases of modernity have hosts of followers in both literature and life. For everyone writes books more or less nowadays, and all that is required is an enthusiasm. A book of sermons may not be literature, in a sense, but it is life. Hence from the point of view of this two-faced modern philosophy—a weary seeress emaciated from the effects of some centuries' hard thinking-it matters little whether she finds her material poetized or sermonized. Boys like stories of adventure, their grandmothers prefer ser-Philosophy listens to them, in time tucks them into their graves-but draws her own conclusions. From our own point of view a sermon may be either diverting or reassuring.

We have here "The Symphony of Life" (a most alluring title) by Henry Wood, who stands at the forefront in Boston among the writers upon "the new philosophy." One cannot gauge the value of the essays and lectures contained by their soothing or uplifting influence upon Mr. Wood's followers and admirers, if one does not know them, but it is plainly

to be seen that the book is not only well written, liberal in tendency, and idealistic, but also interesting. The essay, "From the Pre-Adamic to the Human," with which the book opens, contains a really beautiful study of Biblical symbolism, in which the Flaming Sword is shown to keep us not only from returning to Eden, but from returning back upon the roads or by-paths along which evolution has brought us. "It would be easier for a man to go back to childhood or for the blossom to wrap itself in the bud, than for one to parry the sword and scale the walls of the Garden. But even were it possible, the beauty would have dissolved." In fact, Mr. Wood holds that it is possible for a once-enlightened soul to submerge himself in animalism, but not again to become an animal. His views are certainly in an cases optimistic, and based upon the scientific views generally held by educated people at the present time. In this they are surely built upon a rock foundation, although he is so avowedly an idealist.

But why, then, bother with such very Bostonese questions as "Why was Emerson Emerson?" or such trite remarks as "The world needs more Emersons," "Supply responds to demand, and there is no law more veritable or exact," "Man is a vertebrate, but within closer limits he is a mammal"? Philosophy is never so prone to send her auditors to sleep as when she shies axioms at them.

A central idea in Mr. Wood's very wonderful, thought-out philosophy (which he calls Truth) is, of course, that man "has been distanced from the Deity only in consciousness. In reality he has never left the 'Father's House,' nis seeming journey being only a dream in sensuous matter and material embodiment." Fortunate the intellect which can disentangle even to its own satisfaction the seeming from the real, the phantasmagoria from the adumbration. And how lightly spiced with pleasure/must be the opinion

that "While the phenomenon of war is visible and objective, war itself is entirely within the mind of man. \* \* \* While the idealistic philosophy inculcates only a recognition of the good, war is the dominant recognition of evil." In fact, idealism wrapped in the quiet of the study, refuses to recognize the fact of the dead bodies in the trenches.

Mr. Wood already has a wide circle of readers, his former books, six of them, having passed through many editions; and certainly for literary finish and poetic beauty, they stand high.

(Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.)

That the city is a place "where men The Making of lead a common life for a noble end," (Arisa City. totle's definition) is too often forgotten

in the modern hurry for the spread of municipal possibilities. The sites of cities are naturally chosen for commercial convenience rather than for picturesque beauty, yet this is reason but not excuse for the entire disregard for civicaesthetics, which has been evinced by so many of the growing American towns of the last decade, rushed into existence by booms. There comes a time, however, in the life of every American town as so much more frequently at the very birth of European villages, when this question is considered, and lately an awakening, an enthusiasm for the beautifying of cities, has come about in "the East." Evidences are at hand in the very excellent book, "The Improvement of Towns and Cities," or "The Practical Basis of Civic Aesthetics," by Charles Mulford Robinson, member of the Architectural League of America's National Committee on Municipal Improvements, honorary member of English "Scapa." The author is, consequently, thoroughly conversant with his subject, drawing comparisons from cities all over the world, old and new, and has opinions drawn from much travel and experience. California grows towns with such fertility and has so many emerging cities, that G. A. Putnam's Sons, New York, Pubsuch a book should be found most useful on this Coast. Among the practical sub-

jects treated are: "The Site of the City," "The Street Plan," "The Tree's Importance," "Parks and Drives," "Architectural Development," "Function and Placing of Sculpture," "Squares and Playgrounds," "Works of Individuals and Societies," "The Advertisement Problem," "Popular Education in Art."

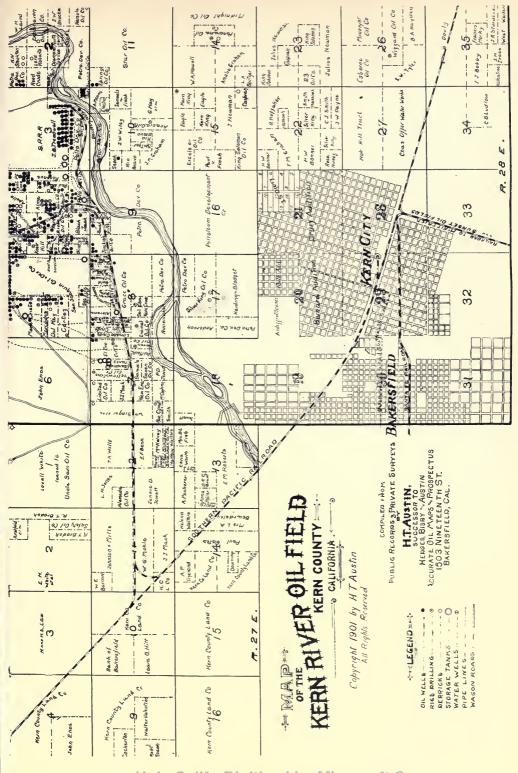
It would have been impossible to indite a treatise of so broad a scope as this, in the seclusion of the study, and the author acknowledges his obligation for suggestions, encouragement and for cordial aid, to active workers, both men and women, throughout the country. As matters stand now, more money is spent in the United States for municipal decoration than is paid out in Europe, but in many cases, especially where an old and ugly city is being improved by isolated works of art, the efforts are misguided, and the effects not nearly so good as in European cities. In many cases the original street plan of a city causes it to be difficult to beautify, and it is too often forgotten that a good monument or statue is like a good building, in that, to realize its full efficiency, it must have a fitting On the choice of the location of a work of art depends its harmonious connection with city beauty. Mr. Robinson speaks in terms of praise of the work done by means of criticism by the Art Association of San Francisco, also of the neighborhood improvement clubs of Oakland. The work of The Merchants' Association of San Francisco, in '97, in cleaning of the streets, etc., is also described.

"Civic art," Mr. Robinson tells us, "is not an outgrowth only of fashion and large gifts. They may do much to make beautiful a village, but in a populous community the roots should reach down to the common people to the people who individually have little money, but who by the force of their numbers stamp the public taste and opinion, to those to whom the city's care is ultimately committed."

("The Improvement of Towns and Cities," by Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson. lishers.)

GRACE LUCE IRWIN.

Such rylid furt. Oil Co Sold Such and Conner or State oil Co Sold Such and Conner of Such	The city
Colorado P Trefesso P Todos Tromas Tr	Thus Off
7,000	Thus Off
1000	Thus Off
3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3	
	3 m 2 m
	Imperial 0.1 Co
9.9.2 3 4 9.0.34	
3 14 G.1.de.  3 14 G.1.de.  5 10 G. 1.de.  5 10 G. 1.de.  6 10 G. 1.de.  6 10 G. 1.de.  7 10 G.	(1) (2) (3) (4) (4) (4) (4) (4) (4) (4) (4) (4) (4
0 8 08 1300 4	100
20 000 000 000 000 000 000 000 000 000	9/19
Service 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	
0 0 0 100 100 100 100 100 100 100 100 1	
South of the board	9
	Hart Crude Oil Ca 36
1 6 1 9/100/10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 1	
O C C S Y	3.5 3.5 3.5 3.5 3.5 3.5 3.5 3.5 3.5 3.5
2010 C. S. Sunday O. C. C. S. Su	· leavell
20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 2	
Syzzym	34
	JE Shafer
(U)	
Lovell White Shows Co	3 H Kimberlin 3 3
Conference of the state of the	3





Southern Pacific Depot, Kern City.

Aston Bros. Photo.

### Kern City and the Kern River Oil Districts

BY O. C. ELLISON.

DISTINGUISHED American traveler who had previously "done" all of European scenery, finally concluded his itinerary by a thousand mile journey along the wonderful coastline of the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

Returning he summed up his impressions by declaring that it would seem as if the "Almighty architect" had experimented in mountain construction elsewhere, and finally embodied all former attempts in one sublime effort, and thus created the majestic Alpine sentinels which guard the front of all Northwestern Europe.

Similarly it might well be said that the architect of North America experimented, as it were, across the continent, but on reaching the Pacific shores all ingredients were ready for one of the noblest mountain structures of the world—and the Sierras were cast.

Such a gift, as history has more than once proven, is sufficient to mould the

character and the destiny of whole races. But the fairies that hovered over the birth of the future California were not satisfied with this opulence of the Gods. To the diadem of grandeur they added nearly every form of treasure-trove within the gift of Vulcan, Flora, and Neptune. Even then there was one dissatisfied. Said Mercury, the goddess of commerce: "Away to the North, on a little island on a narrow strip of sea, you have installed future power and dominion over land and sea in the untold millions of tons of coal. Yet just beyond these coastlines is the mightiest ocean of this terrestrial globe; its shores will teem with countless millions and on its waters the greatest events of human history will Prepare for tnese, their cities and their commerce, a medium of propulsion, at once concentrated, convenient, economical, and abundant." The request was granted, and the underground reservoirs of petroleum were

ground reservoirs of petroleum were stored away and held in abeyance until the wand of time had come to reveal the basic foundation of a new era of the Pacific Slope—i. e., the industrial and manufacturing period, an era destined in its varied ramifications to eclipse all the epoch-making achievements that have preceded it.

Said Mr. M. H. de Young, proprietor of the San Francisco Chronicle, at the Petroleum Congress, Paris Exposition, August 25th, 1900:

"Probably a great many of the delegates here assembled are not very familiar with California as a producer of petroleum. While for many years the production of oil has been considerable in our State, it is only within the last twelve months that a marvelous impetus has been given to it. The adventurous spirit of some of our oil men sought out an entirely different section of our State for exploration, where they soon developed a well producing 800 barrels per day. A second well producing 1,000 barrels was soon followed by a third well. This was enough to attract the attention of a large amount of capital and enterprise. The natural result has been to open and develop new oil districts all over the State. To-day the oil region is said to extend six hundred miles through the State in length and seventy miles in width, equal to 42,000 square miles. If but a part of this is thoroughly developed, California will be a greater producer of petroleum than the famous State of Pennsylvania. The monthly out-put to-day is over 300,000 barrels, amounting to 3,600,000 barrels per year, and I expect to see that doubled within the coming twelve months."\* (This prediction of Mr. M. H. de Young has been more than verified.—Editor.)

\*Since the above was in type Mr. M. H. de Young has been elected President of the Petroleum Miners' Association.

Kern City Pioneer Record. Among the pioneers of this place there are many entitled to distinguished regard for prolonged service in behalf of a public

welfare and the maintenance of responsible business ventures. Space forbids the mention of more than two: The late 20 Hon. A. S. Bernard was treasurer for several forms of kern County, and one of  $\frac{8}{2}$ 



KERN CITY BUILDINGS-1. St. Josephs' Church. 2. High School. 3. Public Library.



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Panoramic view of the Kern River Valley. Looking north from the "SouthSide" Bluffs, two miles from Kern City.



Building, corner of Baker and Railroad Avenue, Kern City. Aston Bros. Photo.

the earliest to discern the future in store for Kern City. Perhaps one of the most active and capable in making this future a certainty is the happily still living and indefatigable Argonaut, Hon. H. F. Williams. While resident of San Francisco, he is as often to be found in his favored spot, Kern City. To him is largely due the incorporation of the town, the construction of the "East-Side" Canal, the water of which redeemed what is now one of the most valuable horticultural areas of the whole County, known locally, curiously enough, as the "Weedpatcn." It comprises thousands of acres that are now covered with productive orchards, peach, apricots, etc., and choice alfalfa meadows. Mr. Williams was also largely instrumental in procuring the construction of the branch line to the asphaltum beds in the west part of the County. This was built before the oil excitement broke out.

Τt is this particular epoch that constitutes the special reason for The Oil Era. this effort. To the credit of the "State Mining Bureau" be it said it officially called attention to this exceptionally rich territory abutting directly on the Kern River

as a most promising oil territory previ-

ous to any other known agency, and

nearly seven years in advance of the present active development. But it was Mr. Jonathan Elwood, who, with his brother, went prospecting on Mr. Means' ranch in May, 1899, who opened the well that is now known as "Discovery." This success, as he tersely put it, speedily induced the presence of a great number of men wearing plug hats, not very common up till that period on the banks of Kern River. From that day to this, dedevelopments have gone on apace. It is this most remarkable progress that has made out of the former way station of Sumner, now Kern City, one of the most important oil shipping centers in the United States.

The vital commercial importance of this shipping point now. as compared with its former somewhat stationary existence, can best be realized from the freight statistics available from Through most reliable sources. courtesy of Mr. Matlock, General Freight Agent of the Southern Pacific at this station, we are furnished an estimate of the merchandise passing here, aggregating \$600,000 a month. The value of the oil alone forwarded during last May was fully \$200,000, making a total of close on to \$1,000,000 a month. If the actual output of the wells had been sent out, even at the then current rates, it would have reached close on to \$500,000.

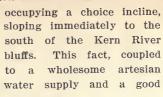


Typical Residences, Kern City.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft (8)

Aston Bros. Photo.

Even these figures are liable to be exceeded any month as soon as the temporary depression of the market is lifted. For it is only temporary. The real estate market, however, as far as Kern City is concerned, has known no depression.





The New First Bank of Kern Building, Kern City.

Buildings-brick and frame-are under construction all over the town, and, from the present outlook, its population of 2,000 is more than liable to be doubled in a couple of years.

Kern City is the eastern terminus of one of the best-paying car lines in the State. It is lighted by electricity and possesses school and church advantages adequate to the present population. Its streets are oiled, and the signal advantage of this method of subduing dust in the interior cities will be commented on hereafter. The town is farther favored by a responsible bank, the "First Bank of Kern," and to the traveler it is valuable to know that it possesses one of the best family hotels in the oil districts.

thoroughly drained area, by virtue of

Advantages.

Perhaps from a residence point of view, Topographical one of its most vital advantages is its topography. Kern City is located on a

sewer system, makes Kern City one of the most desirable residence locations of the entire interior valley basin. The importance of these factors in this climate can scarcely be over-estimated. During the pioneer era, before the value of drainage and pure water was understood, malarial fevers were said to be rife. Whatever truth there was in these early tales, always exaggerated by the man beyond the County line, Kern City never deserved it. Its location and environment are as thoroughly wholesome as were the slopes of Berkeley in their most charming days. The bearing of this on the question of locating homes and factories in this region will be understood by all at a glance. The place possesses all the advantages for a great manufac-What is more, it is turing center. destined to become such. The pioneer stories of unsanitary conditions are being rehearsed, while as a matter of actual experience, these imputations

never had any relevance to this particu-



Cesmat Hotel, Kern City.

Aston Bros. Photo.

lar portion of the County. Furthermore, it has no relevance as a whole to the entire region, provided one uses ordinary precaution. The heat is often spoken of as a forbidden factor. It is in this very connection that the naturaly drained condition of the soil appears in all its importance. Wherever the resident occupies drained areas, the dry heat of the interior is not injurious.

Possibilities.

The discovery of petroleum oil and its The Manufacturing relation to the industrial activity of the State at large is a subject that every

well-wisher of this commonwealth is at present studying most carefully. The latent possibilities in this single resource, which is really a composite of a mechanical force and ingredients chemically and commercially valuable, amounts to an industrial and economic revolution. Like many other revolutions that affect the social structure at large most profoundly, it is being carried through so quietly that seemingly it will be fully upon us before our commonwealth at large realizes the fact. The dynamic factors of modern England are its coal and iron beds, but chiefly the former. Coal at \$2.00 a ton has created modern Chicago. Two dol-

lars worth of oil is the exact equivalent for one ton of coal in effectiveness, with a number of special advantages thrown into the bargain and not charged to the patron. The coal stratas of England made possible the superstructure for which Alfred, Elizabeth, Drake, Nelson, and Wellington laid a foundation. the successive epochs of our own State have awaited the amalgam that should at once complete and revitalize them. Mining, agriculture, horticulture, manufacturing, transportation by land and sea, all were doing their best But the whole were yoked to a carriage, as it were, whose movements in and by itself represented as much or more capital and brains than the loads. This is a fatal disproportion, but nature, rather than man, was the originator of this situation. Then like a curtain on a new stage setting, comes the revelation of the new, yet old, potency locked up so long in nature's lap. All students of events realized at once that it came, too, at an hour that our one and only Henry James is fond of calling the "psychological moment." Neither before or hereafter could this discovery be of such import as now. Jefferson and his Louisiana purchase, Senator Benton, and Fremont and their Alta California, Marshall, Admirals



Typical Kern City residences. No. 3 shows growth of shade trees in six years under the influence of irrigation. Up till period named the land contained nothing but cacti. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft Bu Bros. Photo.



Residence of Mr. V. E. Wilson, Kern City.

Aston Bros. Photo.

Perry and Dewey, all laid the foundation of what is now clearly seen will become the mightiest industrial empire on this Pacific Slope, resting, as it were, in the very shadow of the Sierras. It will not be long before the whole interior basin of the San Joaquin Valley will be covered as with a wreath of manufacturing centers. There will be no dense smoke-stacks to defile vegetation and begrime the worker, for the burning of petroleum oil is alike odorless and smokeless. "A dream from one of Ruskin's or Morris' Utopias," we hear somebody whisper. Fortunately the above is sober reality. This economic revolution is well advanced, and that very insignificant village of a few years back, now Kern City, is the very center, as well as the inaugural point of this new modern era of Central California.

California, however, is not anxious to create another East-side New York nor a West-side Chicago. I She has some yex-

perience of her own in what is implied in packing human beings as so many sardines in a given quarter. If not very extensive it makes up for it in completeness of its object lesson. But a succession of manufacturing villages, with abundance of space for all works established on the ground, an equal abundance therefor of fresh air, with individual cottages occupied by the workers, each surrounded by its own garden, and, for a frame around the picture, the noblest mountain range on the continent, will surely be acceptable to all concerned. And this very era is dawning and fairly under way in Kern City. Located at the north base of the beautiful and suggestive junction with the Sierras and the Coast Range with the Tehachapi, it is also the initiary point as well of the great Santa Fé system as far as Central California is concerned. That the new joint extension of these two railroad systems to the McKittrick, Sunset, and Midway districts will ultimately give Kern City and its great interests a short cut to tide water over the Coast Range to the West can scarcely be doubted. A Santa Fé depot is to be constructed here at an early date.

The S. P. Company Leads the Industrial Revolution.

The following paper constitutes one of the most significent utterances made in regard to the whole subject of

the use of oil, its industrial and economic importance. The Overland Monthly is indebted for the same to the courtesy and painstaking care of the master mechanic of the S. P. R. R. Co., Mr. R. E. French, whose headquarters is at Kern City, and we bespeak for it a most careful perusal:

Southern Pacific Improvements. at Kern City.

It will no doubt interest and surprise the general traveling public to learn that two hundred and

fifty engineers and firemen and about three hundred and fifty shop men are constantly employed by the motive power department of the Southern Pacific on the San Joaquin division, which includes Fresno as a terminus on the north, and Los Angeles and Santa Barbara on the south, a total of over seven hundred miles These men are the best-paid of any mechanics in the country, and the result is the highest efficiency in this most important branch of railroad opera-This small army of men draw a monthly salary of about \$50,000 to \$55,-000, which is one of the mainstays of the business men in the neighborhood of Kern and Bakersfield, where the shops and round house of this division are located. While the company is liberal in the way of salaries and wages, it is at the same time very quick to adopt any system of large economy in the operation of This is no more strikingly shown than in the use of crude oil as a fuel in their locomotives and stationary

OF THE



Residence of Mrs. E. P. Bernard, Kern City of Wicroso Aston Bros. Photo.



Ardizzi & Olcese Building, Kern City.

Aston Bros. Photo.

boilers. About sixty locomotives have been equipped to burn oil, requiring about 5000 barrels of oil per day, which is obtained from the Kern River district. The fuel for these engines was formerly hauled from the Castle Gate and other mines in Utah, a distance of nearly 1500 miles. The burning of fuel in the engines

alone saves the company over \$200,000 a year on this division. Oil finds another important use in generating steam for the stationary boilers, which supply steam for the machine shop engine and the round house. The oil, which is stored in four tanks containing about 50,000 gallons each, located about 1200 feet from



Bath Resort. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft Aston Bros. Photo.

the round house, is conducted through pipes to an auxiliary storage tank, near the two 450 horse-power Scotch boilers. Thence it is conducted to four burners. two under each boiler, where it comes into contact with a jet of live steam from the boilers, which atomizes it and sprays the oil mixed with ogygen into the fire box, where it ignites, creating a heat far more intense than that from coal. The steam jet also serves the purpose of a blower for creating an artificial draught. Everything connected with this plant is of the most modern construction, and in place of a pile of dirty coal in front of the fire door, with a grimy fireman shoveling all day long, there is a row of clean, compact burners, with firing valves and all parts polished like gold and silver: the floor is of concrete without a spot, and the fireman, who is also the engineer, simply has to watch the fire at intervals and turn a polished lever to regulate the flow of oil.

Economy is carried still farther in the way of relieving the boilers of the duty of heating the feed water up to the boiling point, which before had to be done by the boiler. As it requires 772 foot-pounds of energy or work to raise a pound of water one degree of temperature (called the British Themal Unit) it will readily be seen what an important adjunct to the steam boilers the feed water is, when we consider the number of gallons of water that are used every twenty-four hours

in generating steam.

To complete the system of the economy, the company has erected a 65,000 gallon steel water tank, into which about 200,000 gallons of water are pumped every twenty-four hours, which is used for filling tanks of locomotives, washing out locomotive boilers, and in the stationary boilers. The supply of water is pumped from the depth of thirty-five feet below the surface from a well in close proximity to the shops. The water is discharged from this 65,000 gallon tank into the auxiliary heater mentioned above, where it is heated to a temperature of 212 degrees by the exhaust steam from the stationary engine and pumps which circulates through flues in the water, thereby heating the surrounding water. The heated water is then pumped from the heater into the stationary boilers.

Another important improvement has been introduced. Electric lights have been placed throughout the blacksmith shops, boiler and copper shop, machine shop, erecting shop and round house which eliminates all the disagreeable features connected with the use of kerosene torches at night, besides making it possible for the night force to perform



Mr. V. E. Wilson, Manager First Bank of Kern.

effective work on the locomotives requiring various emergency repairs. The importance of this will be appreciated when it is considered that ninety per cent of the business of the division is done at night.

The system of heating water is used to good effect in washing the boilers of locomotives. This is an absolute necessity with every engine coming into the round house nearly every trip. If cold water were used for this purpose, the boilers would have to be cooled thoroughly, otherwise the cold water would have a very damaging effect on the fire box sheets, owing to the violent contraction, and as engines have to be washed out in a hurry, the water is heated by a steam jet to the same temperature as the fire boxes of the engines making the operation of washing out the boilers a speedy and safe operation.

The fine modern round house has twenty-four stalls, a fine concrete floor and a steel roof. Lockers for the use of the men are placed at convenient points throughout the round house, also wash troughs equipped with hot and cold water. These features are in advance of anything else in the country in this line.

All coal burner engines which have not been converted into oil burners are fired up with fuel oil, by means of a portable fire kindler, operated with compressed air, obviating the necessity of keeping a



#### KERN CITY WATER WORKS.

Aston Bros. Photo.

These works are unique in having the motive power operated by oil fuel. This fuel is found at about 1,000 feet depth, some two to three miles from the works. The pumps lift the water from 200 feet below the surface. A navel orange orchard immediately surrounding the grounds of the plant is irrigated from the plant, which also supplies Kern City with water.

large supply of wood on hand for this purpose. The fire kindler is not used to fire up oil burner engines, as the oil contained in the tender of the engine is used for this purpose, in conjunction with the steam from stationary pipes in the round house.

The above statement needs no elucidation on our part. Furthermore, it is due at this time to acknowledge that the Southern Pacific Company is undoubtedly entitled to the credit of inaugurating the first important experiments along this very line. Upwards of fifteen years ago, when the corporation was still known as the "Central Pacific Company," most valuable experiments were under way in San Francisco. The only oil fields available were, of course, the Southern California wells, chiefly in Ventura County. The daily papers of June 9th and 10th, 1901, are just chronicling the substitution of oil for coal on our ferry poats as great news. But

Pacific, under date of October 26, 1887, reported to the late General Manager, Mr. Towne, that the advantages of utilizing oil as compared to coal were for the ferry-boat Transit, 9 per cent; Oakland, 24 per cent; Julia, 22 per cent; Piedmont, 21 per cent in favor of oil.

When such San Francisco establishments as the Union Iron Works, the Market street Railway Company, and the Palace Hotel substitute oil for coal, the question as to whether or not oil is a power in the land answers itself. The Southern Pacific, as well as the Santa Fé, systems are substituting oil burners for coal wherever oil is available as fast as their mechanics can effect the change.

Oil as Dust Destroyer. Those of our readers who have had occasion to travel much during the summer months in the interior valleys know the serious men-

Mr. N. H. Foster, auditor of the Central ace to business and pleasure in the

hitherto unavoidable masses of ever multiplying clouds of dust. Injurious and disagreeaule, they are enough to wish one forever located near the glacial lakes, at the summits instead of the base of the great ranges. This is another pressing problem of domestic economy that is solved by the oil in so satisfactory a manner and so simply and easily that it amazes all travelers that such ready to hand a remedy was not introduced long The poll tax is known to be very obnoxious tribute to all who pay it. But it is believed that if our county authorities will assure these tax-payers that the amount will be applied exclusively to the oiling of roaus and streets, that exceedingly few delinquents will be found on the tax-list.

Smelting Furnaces.

Our mining population will be greatly interested in the remarkable results obtained

from the use of oil in a furnace invented

by Mr. Hjalmar Krusel, and so far chiefly introduced in Germany, where, however, the Imperial Government itself has become one of its principal patrons. The "Pacific Oil Reporter" states that at the State Smelting Works, located at Kolpino, Germany, 1,120 kilograms of coal were necessary to smelt 480 kilograms of brass in the reverberatory furnace, while the same effect would be obtained from 368 kilograms of petroleum, so that one kilogram of the latter proved equal to three of coal for smelting purposes.

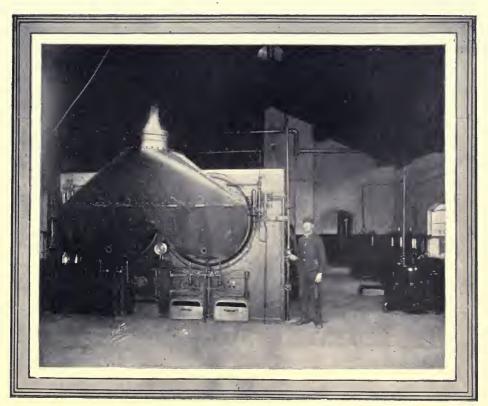
Pacific Ocean

and Oil.

The relation that oil is destined to play in in Pacific Ocean commerce as a commercial product for direct export as well as

a motive power for that very activity, is not yet so transparent as on shore. But its coming power on sea is if possible to be yet greater.

The United States Government somewhat late in the day, has just inaugurated

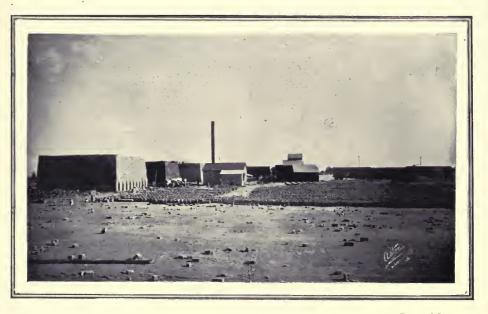


Southern Pacific Company's oil fuel furnace, Kern City.

Aston Bros. Photo.

a series of experiments at Mare Island on behalf of the navy department. Uncle Sam, strange to sav, is about thirty-five years behind the times in this respect. The Russian Government, under the grandfather of the present Czar, and also Napoleon the Third, preceded him. However, if the Oregon makes her next trip around the Horn burning California oil, all will be forgiven. In view of these contingencies, the whole commercial community will be deeply interested in the record made by the English steamer Cowrie, commanded by Captain Davies. The vessel belongs to the Shell Line of Lon-

like it and the better results it gives." The consumption of liquid fuel aboard is put at about twenty-six tons a day, compared with a consumption of from thirty to thirty-two tons of good Welsh coal. In time these figures will be largely improved upon. Two days were saved on the run between Port Said and London. She arrived in fourteen instead of sixteen days, as usual while burning coal. The captain also informed the Review that all the "Dutch line" steamers plying between Batavia and Singapore use oil exclusively.



Kern City Brick Yards.

don, and its epoch-making journey is related in detail in the valuable pages of the London Petroleum Review, October 6, 1900.

The Cowrie is especially built for the carrying of oil. Sne made the long journey of ten thousand miles from the Harbor of Ballick Pappan, on the island of Borneo, Dutch Indies, to London, with oil exclusively as fuel. Her total tonnage capacity is 6,200 tons, subdivided in sixteen tanks. On the Cowrie no motive power is employed but oil is made to produce it. "The longer our engineers use it," says Captain Davies, "the better they

Aston Bros. Photo.

The Scientific Aspect.

No intelligent man of to-day remains willingly in a pursuit which does not afford him some avenue of intellectual diversion

as a means of dignifying his calling and relieving it of being a mere form of drudgery. From this point of view the oil industry in California challenges the brightest men in the commonwealth. Nothing could be seemingly more commonplace than a "forest of derricks" such as at present occupies the irregular quadrangle of over ten miles in extent and over two and a half miles in width,

abutting the north side of the Kern river. Grotesque triangular freaks looming up against the horizon, they appear not unlike a Munchaussen tale embodied, while on the other hand the scientific reason underlying their presence is as fascinating as a fairy tale.

Before yonder "Monte Cristo" well could deliver its one thousand or more barrels a day, as it has done for weeks in succession, and thus enable the San Joaquin Company to store away hundreds of thousands of the same in yonder tanks "against a rainy day" as it were, some sundry things have had to happen right under and over that very derrick. Processes more Titanic than the fabulous strokes of Thor's hammer were under way over the immediate crest of these now so peaceful ranges, and but a few miles distant, craters were boiling, lava and sulphur covered the landscape there, while on the west side where the oil are now "spudding," the Pacific Ocean was quietly lapping this valley, then an arm of the sea, maintaining a sea fauna of unlimited myriads of beings, while at its very bottom from which this oil now bubbles to the top, other processes as delicate as the distillation in the tiniest retort of the chemist's laboratory were under way.

California is singularly favored many ways, but in no instance more so, than by the fact that in her geological evolution she is at once projected on the most magnificent scale, with each step succinct, intelligible, and clearly terminating in the most practical beneficent ends. Before the present oil fields of the San Joaquin Valley were discovered, Professor Lawson, then in charge of the geological explorations at Berkeley Uni-"The recent versity, wrote as follows: evolution of the physiography of the continent has a profound human as well as a scientific interest. In no part of the continent is this interest so intense as in California. Nowhere is the record so legible, nowhere will greater discoveries reward the researches of the enthusiastic \* \* \* We have at the very geologist. doors of the University of California a most wonderful chapter of geological history spread out for our perusal, so that |Z

he who runs may read, all the more wonderful because the effects recorded are occurrences of but yesterday and are still in progress." The Professor then proceeds in detail to present the incontestible evidence of the uplift of the coast ranges from the Golden Gate to San Diego as written in indelible geological handwriting of the coast range valleys Says the Professor, in conand basins. clusion: "The facts adduced in the presa recent uplift of ent paper, establish the continental margin from San Francisco to San Diego, varying from eight hundred to fifteen hundred feet."\*

"The tendency of the coastal uplift was to make the San Joaquin Valley a closed basin.\*\* This, however, has been counteracted by the vigorous trenching of the mountains effected by the Sacramento river at the straits of Carquinez. As a consequence of this, the general uplift of the coast, its geography has been radically changed in the most recent geological times."

Working for different scientific objects, in all probability absolutely unknown to each other, yet abetting each other's labor, while tens of thousands miles apart, were Professor Lawson of Berkeley and Professor Engler, Stutgart University, This latter gentleman occu-Germany. pies the unique scientific distinction of being among the most eminent living authorities on the question of the origin of petroleum. He delivered an address on his favorite theme at the Petroleum Congress, Paris, August, 1900, which we suggest that all investigators of this subject peruse in full. Space forbids anything but the following extracts, quoted on the account of the exceedingly interesting elucidation it affords of the origin of the petroleum bed in the San Joaquin Valley, which the author has evidently never seen. While Professor Lawson, as already seen, described years before exactly the geological conditions that have evolved the San Joaquin Valley, Professor Engler discovered that these factors must have existed in order that petroleum oil should become the inevitable product of sea fauna. Says Prof. Engler:

<sup>\*</sup>See Object Relief Map. \*\*Geological Bulletin, University, 1894.



Oil Seepage, Upper Bluffs.

"One of the main difficulties in the elucidation of the formation of petroleum from animal remains, is the question how accumulation of such enormous masses of such remains as would be required to account for the formation of the existing extensive deposits of petroleum, could be at all possible. This difficulty is, however, overcome by the mere recognition of the circumstance that certain natural processes, which at the present time we can only observe on a small scale, might very well in former times have occurred (and in future may occur) on a very extensive scale; or, again, that we are only able to observe such a small fractional part of many gigantic procasses could have been produced by the for us to form an accurate idea of them in their entirety.

"It has already been repeatedly shown that extensive deposits of animal carcases could have been produced by the isolation of bays from the adjacent sea, owing to the alternate elevation and depression of the coast line, the specific fauna developing-under the altered conditions of the water as regards saline constituents—being afterwards destroyed by fresh irruptions of sea water. Oschenius assumes the flooding of bays or lakes by solutions of saline matter. Again an over-production of animal life in the absence of carrion eaters, might lead to the accumulation of carcasses in bays and inland seas, as might also the dilution of sea water by a new influx, or the occurrence of disease, submarine earthquakes and submarine volcanoes. Mainly, however, one result of the by no means sufficiently-known ocean currents may be the accumulation of the remains of marine animals at certain quiescent spots at the bottom of the sea; in which connection the micra-fauna infesting all the geological portion of the sea may play a still more important part than the macrafauna.

"Furthermore, a special importance in connection with the formation of petroleum is perhaps attributable to the living constituents of the Plankton, floating in the ocean, and consisting in part of organisms visible to the naked eye, together Zeben 1, 1900 rosoft @

with microbial organisms-mostly low forms of animal life, but also diatomswhich infest the sea in countless hordes. These are dispersed by sea and tide, more particularly by ocean currents, and when finally settling down again in favorable situations may furnish the raw material for the formation of bitumen. principally mollusks, non-silicious, and lime-free crustacea, larvae, etc., they leave behind no other residue but fat when decomposed. In addition, deep-sea explorations have led to the discovery of accumulations of the carcases of marine macra-fauna, such as sharks and whales."

(Abundant remains of all of these classes are found in the Kern River District.-Ed.)

Continuing, Professor Engler says:

"Interesting data for the question at issue are afforded by Andrussow's researches during the deep-sea expeditions in the Black and Capian Seas. The Gulf of Karabuga, w'ich covers an area of over 15,000 square kilometers, is connected with the Caspian by a channel-Karabugas Strait-about 100-150 metres wide and 5 kilometres in length. In consequence of rapid evaporation and of a difference in levels, a rapid current of water flows from the sea into the Gulf, the water of which latter is thereby gradually enriched with saline matter, so that its density attains 17 degrees Beau: whereas the specific gravity of the Caspian water is only 1½ degree Beau: Masses of living organisms which are carried along from the Caspian Sea, and are conveyed by the specifically lighter water for some distance within the gulf, are thus brought to destruction and precipitation. Furthermore, large numbers of fish enter the gulf at spawning time, and these also are killed by the exceedingly salt water; and when to this is added the fact that immense quantities of sand and dust are driven into the gulf from surrounding wastes by the high winds blowing over the steppes, the formation of bitumeniferous strata in this place also is easily accounted for."\*

Andrussow also drew attention to the

<sup>\*</sup>Petroleum Review, London, Septem-



San Joaquin Oil and Development Co. The Celebrated Gusher No. 16 Kern River District Jniv Calif - Digitized by Microsoft Aston Bros. Photo.



1,500,000 gallon tank erected by Lacy M anufacturing Co., Los Angeles.

fact that the deepest layers of water, undisturbed by currents, in the Black Sea, are so far \*impregnated with "sulphuretted hydrogen" that all living animals penetrating so far are inevitably killed at once. In such so-called "Axoic" situations, the usual carrion-eaters were of course absent, so that the descending carcases remained unconsumed, and collected, with other sediment, on the sea bottom.

The legitimate inference from the above is the exceedinly practical deductions for which the above "quotations" were merely the unavoidable preliminaries, that in the San Joaquin Valley, and more especially for the time being, in the Kern River delta, we have the exact duplicate geologically of the Baku district on the Caspian sea. That inland salt sea, now 84 feet below sea level. while still possessing seals and shoals of herrings, is now undergoing the exact geological evolution that the San Joaquin is nearly through with.

In further confirmation of this similarity are the statements of Dr. Abichi, a celebrated Russian geologist who affirms that the Caucassian range, which abuts on the west side of the Caspian Sea, as the Sierras do on the east of the Kern valley, belong to the Jurasic formation, while the flanks and underfalls of the mountains on both sides are composed

\*Sulphur springs and gas impregnated with gaseous sulphur abound in Kern of cretacious strata. These again are succeeded by tertiary marls and sandstone extending around the base of the chain and forming its lowest declivities.

Now that is exactly the conclusion that the two great authorities on California mountain structures, Professors Whitney and Le Conte, have reached and almost stated in those very words. Baku is in a cretaceous and tertiary declivity and so is the Kern River delta. The Baku wells have been known for over two thousand years and but last June, a year ago, gave birth to one of the most formidable gushers in the oil history of the world. This is vouched for in the last report of the United States Consul stationed there. So far from declining as is sometimes rumored, they are progressing, new wells taking the place of temporary "dry" ones.

In further evidence of the similarity are the presence of volcanic centers until within comparative recent historical period. One only has to cross the nearest mountain chain from Kern Valley to observe similar evidences.

.. For a comparison, it might be stated that remarkable and equally interesting geological coincidences exist in the extensive and most valuable iron bed found in immediate juxtaposition to the remains of the glacial era of Lake Superior, in Minnesota and Canada, and the Lapland and Delarne North and Central Sweden. The chemical purity and the longitude County.-Editor. Univ Calif - Digitize and latitude of these stratas, so far apart, closely approximate each other.

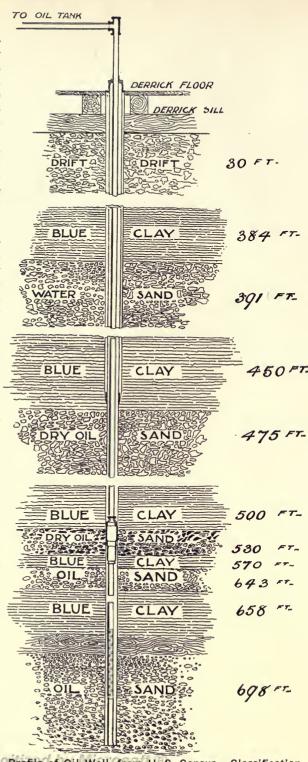
Now then, if the most eminent scientific authorities in the world absolutely agree that the various geological eras of the Sierra Nevada range and the San Joaquin basin at the foot of the same and the Caspian sea with Baku as its central point are identical, what does this similarity apply for California?

The Volga is the Mississippi of Russia, and through this wonderful artery passes the commerce of the Caspian Sea into Central Russia, connecting with navigable affluents to the extent of 14,000 miles. Baku is their New Orleans, with oil instead of cotton as the staple. This oil commerce exclusively demanded for its own transaction 166 steamers propelled by oil fuel. Their total capacity were 4,683,594 cubic feet. Besides these there were employed 1,676 naptha barges and 275 steam tugs, and over one thousand wooden vessels. The money value of the fleet alone is over 36.000.000 roubles. This is a hasty and inadequate glimpse at Baku, but those who believe. or seem to believe, that the oil industry of this State is a mere zig-zag of stocks up and down, we trust will see their mistake. Scientifically profoundly interesting, the deducible facts from the above data is, that a commercial superstructure equal in importance to geological identity will naturally follow.

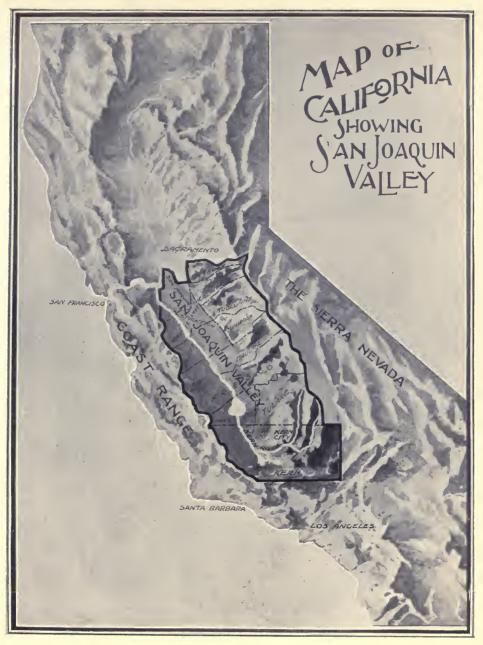
Doctor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the State University, delivered a most eloquent address a year ago at San Diego on the "New Position of California." Undoubtedly California has assumed a new position in many ways, and perhaps one of the most remarkable of all is the fact that her principal city is geologically at the north end of the former Caspian Sea of the Pacific slope, and that commercially the laws of trade have placed within her hands the development of the Pacific Baku oil belt, and who can doubt she will be equal to her opportunities?

A university of the most practical value as well as recognized scholarship owes its existence to oil. California needs a school for the education of petroleum experts.

May we not expect our president of the State University to secure the founding Profile of Oil Well, from U. S. Census. Classification of one in San Francisco?

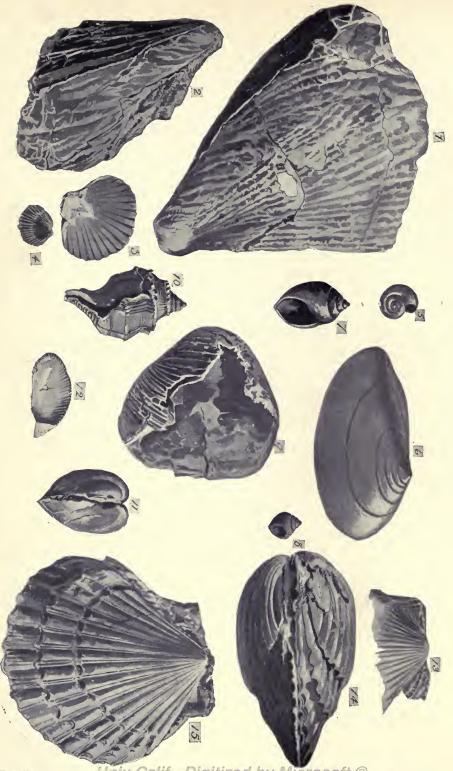


of Kern River strata, by M. W. L. Watts.



The above drawing is intended for a relief map of topographical rather than geographical features. Its main object is to point out the trend of the Coast Range and its relation to the main body of the Sierras, forty to fifty miles to the eastward, with the juncture it forms, constituting a perfect crescent in Kern Valley. Univ Calif - Digitize created licrosoft ®

The scientific authorities have conclusively proven that as the Coast Range rose out of the Pacific the present San Joaquin Valley became an arm of the sea. Professor Engler, in his Paris address, referred to elsewhere, describes exactly the physical conditions under which the oil belt in the Kern Basin was thus



Fossils found in drilling for oil at various depths. Classified by Dr. J. G. Cooper, California State Mining Bureau.

One of the flourishing companies of the Kern River field is the Peerless, owner of the southeast one-quarter section 31, 28-28. Situated in the very heart of this wonderful oil producing region of the State, and surrounded by the sterling Monte Cristo, San Joaquin, and other heavy producing companies, the value of the Peerless ground has already been demonstrated to a degree which assures immense returns upon the capital invested for development purposes.

The enterprise of the management is shown by the progress achieved in a very

ground, and in thoroughly equipping the property in a most substantial manner. Included under the heading of improvements is a storage tank of 12,000 barrels' capacity, and a pipe line 1% miles long to a railroad connection.

The latest report from the company issued to the share holders shows that during the month of May the aggregate receipts from oil sales exceeded the list of production by \$5,121.74, and were \$3,681.96 more than the total expenditures.

The most encouraging feature in discussing the bright future in store for this



Peerless Oil Company's Well.

Aston Bros. Photo.

short space of time. In the month of November, 1899, the first drill began to drop. To-day ten wells are evidence of the zeal with which work has been pushed. Five of these wells have been carried down to the depth of 1000 feet. Four more finished at 750 feet, and one ended in a flow of water used to supply the requirements of the company in this respect.

The shipments of oil began in August last, and the proceeds of sales have been devoted to extending the plant on the

progressive and prosperous company is the fine quality of the oil produced, which is lighter than any other in the district. This insures a ready demand and a better price than can be obtained for the poorer grades.

The affairs of the Peerless Oil Company are directed by the following board of directors, composed of well-known and reliable business men: Mr. John M. Wright, President; Mr. Jacob H. Neff, Vice-President; Judge James G. Maguire, Mr. E. S. Cather, and Mr. H. C. Park, Secretary.



Colonel L. P. Crane.

Pacific Coast Petroleum Miners' Association, whose portrait is presented hererecently with, Pacific Coast Petroleum stated that Eastern capital to Miners' Association. the extent of over forty millions of dollars has already been invested in the oil fields of California. Recent statistics of the value of the oil lands of the State, including the plants which are comprised in boring outfits, tankage systems, pipe lines, etc., reaches the sum of \$200,000,000. Association, recognizing the commercial importance and the growing magnitude of the petroleum industry and desiring to promote and advance the same, organized a corporation under the laws of California. It is now in a position to render the fullest aid possible consistent with honorable lines, to all interested in promoting and developing the petroleum industry of the coast. This Association does not enter the field as a competitor, but rather as a help and aid to other institutions having similar purposes.

Colonel L. P. Crane, President of the

The objects are to maintain a first-class bureau of information to secure investment of capital in the development of the oil industry of the Pacific Coast; to provide in the East a market for oil properties developed and undeveloped; to arrange

for direct communication between the producer and the consumer, thus securing ready market. With this object in view correspondence has been opened with domestic and foreign consumers; to keep the public informed through the press of all matters pertaining to the oil industry on the Coast; to aid in securing State and National legislation, that will protect the petroleum industry; to aid in securing more economical and advantageous transportation rates for all oil products; to establish a Land Department, where on lands of proven and prospective value may be listed, showing location, character and price of such holdings; the compilation of responsible statistics, defining the fiscal value of oil properties and their respective products; to maintain an exhibit of the various oils of the Pacific Coast, accompanied with a chemical analysis of every grade; to establish a law department, to protect all legitimate rights of those who are engaged in the industry and members of this Association; to issue monthly, or more frequently, authentic news-bulletins, giving a full list of oil properties accepted and indorsed by this Association.

In pursuance of these objects the Association invites and expects the co-operation of all the oil industries on the Pacific Coast. The Association is in direct communication with thousands of Eastern investors, all of whom will be regularly furnished with bulletins giving description and principal characteristics of prop-It will aid in the honest promotion of legitimate companies, and to this end will be alert for the protection of the investing public. It is the intention of the Pacific Coast Petroleum Miners' Association to render unto the oil industry of this coast the same invaluable services that Dun and Bradstreet's Agencies now render all other commercial interests of the country. The officers of the association are: L. P. Crane, President; General W. H. H. Hart, Vice-President: Will D. Jenkins, Secretary; W. M. Smith, Treasurer. The San Francisco office is in the Parrott Building, with branch offices in Kansas City, Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, New Orleans and Seattle. Professor P. E. Donnels is the mineralogist and official lecturer. COSOft B

# "GOLD SEAL"

### Rubber Hose



#### IS THE BEST MADE

Rubber Belting and Packing Boots and Shoes

Mackintoshes and Raglans

ALL KINDS OF RUBBER GOODS

#### GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.

R. H. Pease, President.

F. M. Shepard Jr., Treas, C. F. Runyon, Sec'y,

73-75 FIRST ST.

SAN FRANCISCO 573-5-7-9 MARKET ST.



### Only on the PRESIDENT Suspender

No other suspender has the com-fort giving arrangement that has made the President famous. Every pair guaranteed. If "President" is on the buckles it's genuine. Trimmings can not rust. Sold everywhere. Price 50c, or by mail. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.,

Box 242, Shirley, Mass.

THE UNION PHOTO ENGRAVING CO., now located at 142-144-146 Union Square avenue, San Francisco, make printing plates and make a specialty of making them right. Plant modern, machinery the best; employes competent and experienced. FINE ENGRAVINGS.

#### FAMOUS Gilroy Hot Springs

Santa Clara Co.

Known by all California people to be unsurpassed by any springs in the State in quality and climate. Thor-oughly renovated. Table first class Rates reasonable. Private carriage meets all trains. For illustrated pamphlets and terms address

R. ROBERTSON, Box 2, GILROY SPRINGS, CAL

#### BUY

# Oil or Mining Stocks!

but do not buy any stock until you have prices

 $\bigcirc \mathsf{F}$ 

# Porter & Cheney

530 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

They will duplicate or discount quotations made by any broker or company, Digitized by Micro

# EMPEROR OIL C

Capital Stock, 350,000 shares. Par Value, \$1.00 each.

SUNSET DISTRICT, KERN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

A. C. LIEBENDORFER, Pres. E. H. LOVELAND, Sec., BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

Office of Company, 1910 CHESTER AVE., BAKERSFIELD.



This Company owns 340 acres of land in the Sunset and Midway Oil Districts. On the 20 acres of their Sunset hold ings they have completed ONE well, which is now producing 150 barrels of oil per day, and have the second well under way.

The company has not been offering any stock for sale, preferring to first demonstrate and prove that they own OIL BEARING TERRITORY, which they have now done with their own money.

To further develop their property and increase the production the company has decided to offer a limited amount of TREASURY STOCK for sale at 45 CENTS per share. This stock will have to be taken immediately to be procured at this figure, for with the further development and increase of production the price of stock will be advanced.

The company now expects to begin paying dividends in the near future. Any one wishing to buy stock which has MERIT can not do better than to invest in

### ....EMPEROR..

All information given; inquiries promptly answered and prospectus furnished by addressing, E. H. LOVELAND, Secretary, 1910 Chester Avenue, Bakersfield, California. Reference: The Bank of Bakersfield.



Forty-eight years of constant and healthful progress and growth has put this institution at the head (both in size and standing) of musical institutions in America. Comprehensive in plan, moderate in price, thorough in practice and famous for results.

GEO. W. CHADWICK, Musical Director. Send for music and elocution catalogues.

PRANK W. HALE, General Manager, Boston, Mass

**HEADQUARTERS** 

### Telegraphic Codes

All the Standard Codes and Ciphers Kept in Stock

### JOHN PARTRIDGE

Importing and Manufacturing Stationer

Printer, Lithographer and Bookbinder

306 California St., bet. Battery & Sansome San Francisco, Cal. Calif - Digi

to have them Bound Telephone Main 614

THE SPICIEST MAGAZINE OF THE CENTURY

### The Bohemian

A UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF SHORT STORIES

Nothing like it published. Unique in style and unique in contents. short stories you cannot find elsewhere. Clean as a whistle, yet spicy as pepper. If you have never read it, get a copy; 10 cents the copy, \$1.00 the year. Read "WHEN RIVALS MEET," and "NUM-BER 19" in June No. The July No. out June 20th., will be a treat to lovers of short unique stories.

#### SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS

Ask them for it, and if you fail to get it, enclose 10 cents in stamps for copy June number to

> THE BOHEMIAN. BOSTON, MASS.

#### SHORTHAND

Sentences written in an hour by the PERNIN, non-shad-

ing, non-position, connective vowel method. Highest World's Fair award. Taught by mail, Instructor, \$2.00. FREE LESSON and circulars.

Write H. M. PERNIN, Author, Detroit, Mich.

1875

#### CALIFORNIA

1901

## Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

COR. CALIFORNIA AND MONTCOMERY STS.

PHONE BUSH 165.

Safe-Deposit Boxes from \$5.00 per Year Up. Trunks and Valuables of Every Description Stored in Fire and Burglar-Proof Vaults at \$1.00 per Month.

Office Hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

# Dr. Lyon's

## **Tooth Powder**

AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

#### **TYPEWRITERS** GREAT BARGAINS



We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast.

Send for Catalogue.

Supplies of standard guality always on hand.

#### The Typewriter Exchange,

536 California St., San Francisco. Tel. Main 2

HAVE YOUR OVERLAND BOUND Magazines and Fine Bindings

Blank Books Made to Order

PHILLIPS BROS. BOOKBINDERS 505 CLAY ST. Iniv CSAN FRANCISCO

#### IRVING INSTITUTE

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

#### 2126 CALIFORNIA STREET

Accredited to the Universities. Conservatory of Music Art, and Elocution.

For Catalogue address the Principal. Reopens Aug. 5

REV. EDWARD CHURCH, A. M.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1900. E. & S. CALIFORNIA.

Stands without a peer in point of purity and deliciousness.

Sold by all first-class druggists and grocers

50c. and \$1.00 a bottle.

EKMAN-STOW CO., No. 1 Montgomery street.

OROVILLE

CALIFORNIA

#### DIVIDEND NOTICE. California Safe Deposit and Trust Company.

For the six months ending June 30, 1901, dividend have been declared on deposits in the savings depart ment of this company as follows: On term deposits a ment of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent, per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent, per annum, free o taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901 Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal and after July 1, 1901.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager-Office-Corner California and Montgomery streets San Francisco, Cal.

#### D'VIDEND NOTICE. San Francisco Savings Union.

For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1901 a dividend has been ded red at the rate per annun of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent- on tem deposits and three (3) per cent- on ordinary deposits free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1 1901.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

Office-532 California St., cor. Webb, San Francisco

#### DIVIDEND NOTICE. Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco.

For the half year ending June 30, 1901, a dividend habeen declared at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901. GEORGE A. StORY, Cashier. Office—33 Post street, San Francisco, Cal.

#### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending with June 30, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one eighth (3%) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday July 1, 1901.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary, Office-526 California street. San Francisco, Cal.

#### DIVIDEND NOTICE: Savings and Loan Society.

The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the the Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1901, at the rate of three and one-eighth (3%) per cent. per annum on all deposits free of taxes, and pay able on and after July 1, 1901, Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1901.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

Office-101 Montgomery St., cor. Sutter, San Francisco.



## KNOX'S GELATINE

makes the dessert the children love. Look after their digestions and the spelling of K-N-O-X and you will get the best.

Beware of concerns that try to imitate my name and package.

#### It will give me pleasure to Mail FREE

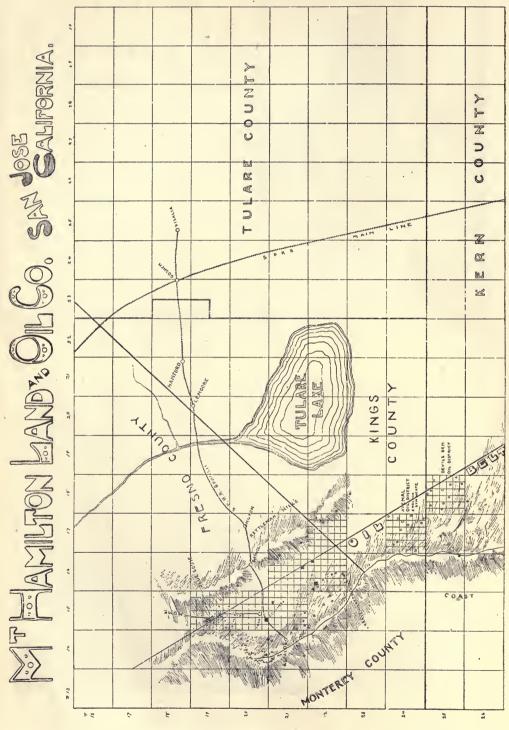
my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," if you will send the name of your grocer. If you can't do this, send a two-cent stamp. For 5c. in stamps the book and full pint sample. For 15c. the book and full two-quart package (two for 25c.)

Pink color for fancy desserts in every large package. A package of Knox's Gelatine will make two quarts (half gallon) of jelly.

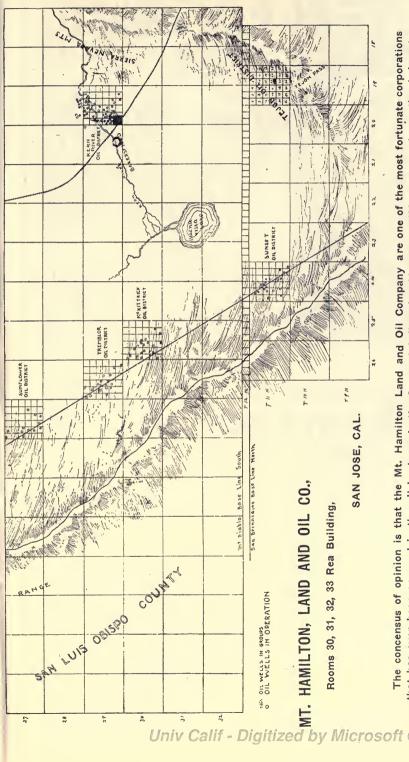
CHAS. B. KNOX, 21 Knox Av., Johnstown, N.Y.



WEBSTER IRON WORKS, BAKERSFIELD, KERN COUNTY, CAL. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



20

27

88

36

that has ever been engaged in the oil business in the State of California. They own 480 acres on the mother-lode arte-They are now erecting their derrick and necessary buildings, and getting their machinery in line, and expect to have oil within 60 days. Their lands adjoin Alcalde, the terminus of a branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad. They are on the same channel, and only a short distance from one of the biggest dividend paying oil wells in the State. Have contracted their oil for sian oil belt, which has an oil channel 100 feet in width of the very grade known in the State. two years at a handsome dividend price...14 rigs now going up at Alcalde.

...Reliable agents wanted. Stock is non-assessable and fully paid up. 15 cents a share until July 1st. Stocks will be \$1.00 per share, or par value, as soon as oil is struck. They ask both small and large investors to come in at once; it Each and every subscriber own his or her pro rata of all the lands of this company. It is good real estate security. Investigate. Be quick-you will never regret it. MT. HAMILTON LAND AND OIL COMPANY, Rooms They are selling stock for development purposes, and will put down three wells. will pay you.

Rea Bullding, San Jose, Cal.

31, 32, 33

I 9 0

## STATEMENT \* \* \* \* THE TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life, Accident and Employers Liability Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President

PAID-UP \$1,000,000.00

IN ASSETS, \$3,167,819.96
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only), 8,685,297.06
INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Departments), (3 basis) 2,484,392.52
PREMIUMS COLLECTED, 6,890,888.55

Sylvester C. Dunham, Vice-President

John E. Morris, Secretary J. B. Lewis, M. D., Medical Director and Adjuster Edward V. Preston, Superintendent of Agencies Hiram J. Messenger, Actuary

## WAWONA

The Beauty Spot of the Sierras

Mariposa Big Tree Grove

Nearest Resort to the Yotemite

THIS HOTEL OFFERS THE FINEST ACCOMMODATIONS OF ANY MOUNTAIN RESORT IN CALIFORNIA. . . . .

TERMS REASONABLE

WASHBURN BROS. Proprietors,

Wawona, Cal.

PAINLESS AND PERMANENT HOME CURE
A Trial Treatment Free. Sent to anyone addicted to the use of
Morphine, Opium or other drug habit. Contains Vital Principle heretoconfidential correspondence invited from all.

ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, 46 c. Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
308-312 POST ST., S. F.
WATTANIED FOR YEARS—SOHMER AGENCY

#### A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

#### R. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTFIER.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Frec-kles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseas'es, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 52 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is pro-perly made. Accept no coun-terfeit of simi-

lar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton lar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them. I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One b tile will last six months, using it every day. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE removés superfluous hair without injury to the Skin. FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y. For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canadas and Eu, ope.

#### SEPH B. TOPLITZ

Member Producers' Oil Exchange

330 PINE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

Oil Stoces bought and sold, Reliable information on oil stocks furnished gratis. Unlist distocks a specialty. Lowest prices guaranteed. Send for catalogue. Correspondence invited.

The

## Murdock Press

C, A, Murdock & Co.

PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS

532 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal.







## Buswell Company Bookbinders

Binding and Mailing Weekly Papers and Peri-odicals of Every Description. Mail Lists Corrected without Extra Cost than Regular Weekly Charge

Newspaper and Catalogue Folding and Stitching on Latest improved Machinery

536 Clay Street wicrosoft ® Tel. Red 1461

## San Joaquin Oil and Development Co.

CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000

JOHN A. BUNTING, President O. S. SCRIBNER, Vice-President

J. F. DAVIS, Secretary

#### **OFFICES:**

Bakersfield and Room 38 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco

OWNS FOUR HUNDRED ACRES OF PATENTED LAND.

LOCATED SECTION 5, T. 29, S. R. 28 E. IN THE HEART OF THE KERN RIVER DISTRICT. IT POSSESSES TWENTY-THREE COMPLETE WELLS.

IT PRODUCES OVER ONE MILLION TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOU-SAND BARRELS A YEAR. IT OWNS 50 OIL TANK CARS.

THE BEST-EQUIPPED, ONE OF THE VERY LARGEST PRODUCERS, STATE OF CALIFORNIA, AS AMPLY ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF THE NOW FAMOUS MONTE CRISTO AND THE GREAT "GUSHER" "NO. 16." THE MONTE CRISTO NOW AND FOR WEEKS PAST HAS FLOWED THOUSAND BARRELS A DAY.

SEE ILLUSTRATIONS KERN RIVER ARTICLE.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®





All bright housewives say

## ELECTRO SILICON

is best in every way-Grocers.

THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., NEW YORK.

Redington & Co., San Francisco, Cal., Wholesale Agents for Pacific Coast.

## California

CREATEST SUMMER AND WINTER RE-SORT IN THE WORLD

Best reached via the

VARIOUS ROUTES

of the

#### Southern Pacific

Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of reutes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

Southern Pacific

Write to

4 Montgomery St., 349 Broadway, San Francisco. New York. 238 Clark St., Chicago. Calif - Dio.



## Rolling Inn

Swift and splendid rolling on the California Limited San Francisco to Chicago in 75 hours

Santa Fe

Ticket Office, 641 Market St.

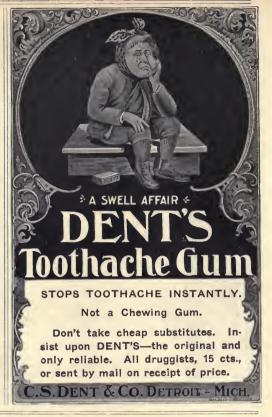
YOU can buy a chimney to fit your lamp that will last till some accident happens to it.

Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass" is that chimney.

You can have it—your dealer will get it—if you insist on it. He may tell you it costs him three times as much as some others. That is true. He may say they are just as good. Don't you believe it—they may be better for him; he may like the breaking.

Our "Index" describes all lamps and their proper chimneys. With it you can always order the right size and shape of chimney for any lamp. We mail it FREE to any one who writes for it. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh, Pa.



## THE CESMAT HOTEL

Leading Family and Commercial Hotel

KERN COUNTY OIL DISTRICTS

CUISINE AND SERVICE UNEXCELLED \* \* \* \*

RATES REASONABLE

Address

H. HAMPSHIRE, Proprietor,

KERN CITY, CAL.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



KOH-I-NOOR TRACING CLOTH

. . . WE RECOMMEND . . .

## KOH-I-NOOR PENCILS

They can be had of every High-Class Stationer and Art Material Dealer in America

PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.,

San Francisco

H. S. CROCKER & CO.,

San Francisco and Sacramento

SANBORN, VAIL & CO.,

San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland

LE COUNT BROS..

San Francisco

CUNNINGHAM, CURTISS & WELCH.

San Francisco

KOH-I-NOOR TRACING CLOTH



Like the Koh-i-noor Pencils, the Finest ever Produced, and will be appreciated by every Architect and Draughtsman.

L. & C. HARDTMUTH

Vienna and London.

American Representative:

IRVING P. FAVOR

409 Barclay street, New York





which will restore the hearing of any one not BORN deaf. Invisible in the ear, causing no discomfort. Send for Pamphlet, mailed Free. Address F. F. FINLAY, 529 Francisco.



Sewing Machines

STANDARD PATTERNS SHighest Perfection Lowest Price Catalogues Free

J. W. EVANS

1021 Market St., near 6th, South Side



## MODERN ELOQUENCE

### TEN VOLUMES

A LIBRARY OF FAMOUS AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES, CLASSIC AND POPULAR LECTURES, THE BEST OCCAS-IONAL ADDRESSES, ANECDOTES, REMINISCENCE AND REPARTEE.

### The Publication of Modern Eloquence

HON. THO . B. REED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Associate Editors

Hon. Justin McCarthy, M. P.

Rossiter Johnson

Albert Ellery Bergh

Jonathan P. Dolliver

**Edward Everett Hale** 

Nathan Haskell Dole

John B. Gordon

James B. Pond

George McLean Harper

Lorenzo Sears

Edwin M. Bacon

Champ Clark

Truman A. DeWeese

Clark Howell

IS AN EVENT OF PREMIER IMPORTANCE. For the first time the best After-Dinner speeches, Lectures, Addresses, Anecdotes, Reminiscences, and Repartee of America's and England's most brilliant men have been selected—edited—arranged—by an editorial board of men themselves eloquent with word and pen—men who have achieved eminence in varied fields of activity.

THESE GEMS OF SPOKEN THOUGHT were fugitive from lack of proper preservative means, until the Hon. Thomas B. Reed, upon voluntarily retiring from the Speakership of the House of Representatives, gathered about him these men of mark and experience in literature, his friends and co-workers in other fields, and began the task of preparing this great work.

NORTH, EAST, SOUTH, AND WEST, and the Mother country as well, have been searched for gems in every field of eloquence.

HERE WAS A LECTURE that had wrought upon the very souls of great audiences; there an after-dinner speech, which "between the lines" was freighted with the destinies of nations. Here was an eulogy expressing in few but virile words the love, the honor and the tears of millions, and there an address pregnant with the fruits of a strenuous life's work. Or, perchance, a reminiscence, keen, scintillant repartee, or a story, potent in significance, and aflame with human interest.

WHATEVER THE VIEWPOINT, this work is without precedent. It has no predecessor, no competitor. Speeches that have been flashed across continents, lectures that have been repeated over and over again to never-tiring audiences (but never published), addresses that have made famous the man, the time, and the place—these are brought together for the first time, and with them a large number of the wittiest sayings of the wittiest men of the nineteenth century.

"MODERN ELOQUENCE" is sumptuously published, but moderately priced. To properly present this eclectic library, Portfolios comprising Table of Contents, fine photogravures, chromatic plates, sample pages and other interesting material, have been prepared. One of these Portfollos, with full particulars regarding bindings, prices, terms, etc., will be mailed on receipt of annexed inquiry coupon containing name and address

SAN	F	RA	NCI	sco	NEWS	LE	TTE	R			51/2	Kea	rny	Street	, S	F.	
					FOR	UN	IVER	RSIT	Y S	OC	ETY	<b>'</b> .					
Pleas	se	let	me	have	furth	er i	nforn	natio	n r	ega	rding	"M	oder	n Eloc	quen	ce."	
		(	NAR	(E)										/			
														1			• •
•		(	ADI	DRES	S)					B 6						• • • • •	
				L. Frida	5 2001	4	2010	7 × × × ×			F 10 C		60	1 (1)			

The

Brit-

A REMARKABLE OFFER TO OVERLAND MONTHLY SUBSCRIBERS.

#### NEW 20TH

## Century Encyclopaedia Britannica

#### 31 VOLUMES

Our circulation department has arranged with the publishers to advertise and distribute for them, on the Pacific Coast, the first edition of this work and at the same time increase our own circulation. With this end in view we have set aside, with the compliments of the publishers, for distribution, while they last,

#### **OLUTELY FREE**

each alternate book throughout the entire set together with one year's subscription to the OVERLAND MONTHLY.

#### IT CONTAINS

16,509 separate articles.

3,399 articles written and signed by specialists, or 142 per volume.

16,255 pages compiled by special contributors, forming four-fifths of the entire work.

338 full-page engraved plates, containing over 900 separate illustrations.

675 maps and plans, including 237 colored maps.

Nearly 12,000 illustrations, exclusive of

maps and plans.

12,000,000 More Words

REVISED

AMERICAN

than the largest English diction ary extant. It

has been prepared at a cost of

about

\$3,000,000

annica
is a library so complete that it
covers the entire
range of human
knowledge and is
so reliable that it has
become the standard of
all English speaking countries. It means for you the
help of the world's greatest
specialists in every depart-

Can you afford to be without it?

Cut out the attached inquiry blank and mail it to us, or send a postal giving name and address; on receipt of same a brief resume of the plan of distribution concisely set forth will be promptly forwarded.

#### OVERLAND MONTHLY

ment.

SUBSCRIPTION CLUB.

206 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal.

I am interested in your proposition relative to the distribution of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and I should be pleased to have you forward sample pages and other information.

Name

Street

Town State State



O save the colors have your laundress use only Ivory Soap; furnish it yourself if necessary to make certain that she does use it. A quarter's worth of Ivory Soap will do a lot of washing and may save from ruination the coloring of more than one fine garment.

Un IVORY SOAP #99 1960 PER CENT. PURE.

## AUTOMOBILES

#### WE BUILD TO ORDER



# Gasoline Automobiles Steam Automobiles and Automobile Parts



All Automobiles Built by this Company are Guaranteed for One Year. Automobiles cared for, repaired, and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on Monthly Payment Plan.

## California Automobile Co.,

FACTORY: 346 McAllister St., Tel. Jessie 366. MAIN OFFICE: 222 Sansome S W. L. H. GELDERT, AGENT, 6 North 2nd St., San Jose, Cal.

## Cypress Lawn Cemetery

LYING AMIDST THE SAN BRUNO HILLS OF SAN MATEO COUNTY IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BURIAL PLACE IN THE PACIFIC COAST. ITS LAWN EFFECTS, ITS ORNAMENTAL GARDENING AND ITS BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS GIVE IT THAT PARK-LIKE APPEARANCE NO OTHER CEMETERY HAS YET ATTAINED. EASILY REACHED FROM POINTS ADJACENT TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Superintendent at Cemetery.

City Office:
1504 Market St., San Francisco.

### Bordeaux 550 Miles to Belgium

Mons. Chas. Duerinck, St. Gilles lez Termonde, Belgium,

Winner of more than 400 prizes, diplomas, and gold medals, offers guaranteed Homers rung with Federation rings, flown Bordeaux in the day stamped by the liberator; 4 pairs \$10, 8 pairs \$20, carriage paid to New York. PHEASANTS, golden and silver, \$7 per pair, Reeves, \$14; Swinhoes. \$15. Versicolor, \$14; Melanottes, \$14; Elliots, \$15; Lady Amherst. \$15: Bohemia, \$9; Reynaud, \$14. English ring-neck Pheasants. \$7, all per pair. BELGIAN HARES, first prize winners at Paris, Brussels, Termonde, \$12 per pair at my risk, and carriage paid to New York.

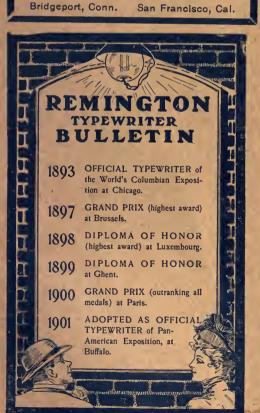


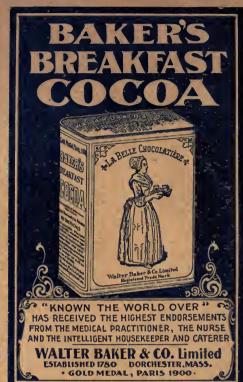
Send for complete catalogue of

For sale by the trade.

Primers, Caps, etc.

UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.







SAN FRANCISCO: 211 Montgomery St. LOS ANGELES: 7 South Broadway. PORTLAND: 249 Stark St.

# Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST







Univ Calit - Digitized by Mic OSOT B

## Arlington Hotel



#### SANTA BARBARA

The finest summer climate in the State. Sea bathing every day in the year. The best green turf golf links in California; Five minutes' street car ride from the hotel. Special low rates during the summer.

E. P. DUNN, Proprietor.

#### Prints

directly from the face of the type like a Printing Press.



The "Beautiful Work" of the

Yost

Typewriter

has made it famous.

United Typewriter and Supplies Co., 327 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## Round the World Tours

30th SEASON, 1901

#### **DEPARTURES:**

From San Francisco....September 4
From Vancouver.....September 9
From San Francisco......October 15

From San Francisco....October 31

Illustrated descriptive programmes on application to

Thos. Cook & Son. 621 Market St., San Francisco.

## HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA.



The society resort, winter and summer, of California; fifty minutes from San Francisco; sixteen trains daily each way; Otis passenger and baggage elevators; electric lights; service, tables, and appointments not excelled by any hotel; dark room for amateur or professional photographers. Average thermometer in the winter months 64 degrees, excelling the temperature of Mentone, the famous health resort of Southern France. Open all the year. The climate will give im-asthma, and seldom fails to permanently

There is no more handsome, comfortable or desirable hotel in the United States than the Hotel Rafael, with its beautiful grounds, handsome cottages, elegant drives, magnificent scenery, and all forms of amusements. No finer tennis courts, bowling alleys and club house can be found.

#### Rates:

By the day.....\$2.50 upward (According to Room.)

Special rates by the month.



## California

CREATEST SUMMER AND WINTER RE-SORT IN THE WORLD

Best reached via the

VARIOUS ROUTES

of the

#### Southern Pacific

Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of routes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

Southern Pacific

Write to

4 Montgomery St., 349 Broadway, San Francisco. New York. 238 Clark St., Chicago alif - Digiti

<del>00000000000000000000000000000</del>



# Rolling Inn

Swiftland splendid rolling on the California Limited San Francisco to Chicago in 75 hours

## Santa Fe

Ticket Office, 641 Market St.

#### STATEMENT TRAVELE INSURANCE COMPANY. of Hartford, Conn.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life, Accident and Employers Liability Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President

PAID-UP CAPITAL

I,000,000.00

JANUARY I, 1901.

Total Assets. \$30,861,030.06 (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)
TOTAL LIABILITIES (Including Reserves), 26,317,903.25 EXCESS SECURITY to Policy-holders, \$4,543,126.81 3,543,126.81 SURPLUS, \$42,643,384.92 Paid to Policy-holders since 1864. . Paid to Policy-holders in 1900, Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life), 2,908,464.03 1,586,652.20 109,019,851.00

Life Insurance in Force,

GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900:

\$3,167,819.96 8,685,297.06 2,484,392.52 6,890,888.55 IN ASSETS, IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only), INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Departments), (3½ basis) PREMIUMS COLLECTED,

Sylvester C. Dunham, Vice-President

John E. Morris, Secretary J. B. Lewis, M. D., Medical Director and Adjuster Edward V. Preston, Superintendent of Agencies Hiram J. Messenger, Actuary

## WAWONA

The Beauty Spot of the Sierras

Mariposa Big Tree Grove

Nearest Resort to the Yotemite

THIS HOTEL OFFERS THE FINEST ACCOMMODATIONS OF ANY MOUNTAIN RESORT IN CALIFORNIA.

TERMS REASONABLE

WASHBURN BROS. Proprietors,

Wawona, Cal.

PAINLESS AND PERMANENT HOME , CURE ORPHILLS A Trial Treatment Free. Sent to anyone addicted to the use of Morphine, Opium or other drug habit. Contains Vital Principle heretofore unknown and lacking in all others. We restore the nervous and physical systems and thus remove the cause. Confidential correspondence invited from all. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, 46 P. Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

#### BYRON MAUZY PAGE 308-31 308-312 POST ST., S. F. Warranted for Ten Years-SOHMER AGENCY

## Overland Monthly

#### AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

#### AUGUST, 1901

#### CONTENTS:

	Portrait of Miss P
	Dr. Arnold Genthe 93
Illustrated by the author.  When the Snows Drift	John G. Neihardt103
	Mrs. L. M. Terry
For Gold. Poem	Walter Shea 112
The Canadian Boatman	Pearllita C. Stadelmen 114
Labor Organizations	Charles A. Murdock
Maneuvers of the California Guard Illustrated by the author and by	James F. J. Archibald 125 portraits.
Liolah	Clyde Scott Chase 138
Johnson's Regeneration A soldier sketch.	Robert V. Carr 147
The Hike	Robert V. Carr148
Rooms to Let	May C. Ringwalt143
Current Books	Grace Luce Irwin
Joseph Le Conte	Wallace Irwin 149
About Santa Barbara County Illustrated.	C. M. Gidney 157
From San Francisco to Monterey	Illustrated 173

FREDERICK MARRIOTT, Publisher, 5½ Kearny St., San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY will be sent postpaid for one year to any part of the United States, Canada. or Mexico, for one dollar; single numbers, 10c. For back numbers more than 3 months old. for additional for each month. Postage to foreign countries is 60c per annum. Money may be sent by express order, P. O. money order, bank draft, or registered letter. Money sent in letters is at senders' risk. When change of address is desired always give former address.

## Eames Tricycles



An Ideal Machine that brings the pleasures of cycling within the reach of all; any one that can walk can ride one of these wheels.

We have also Tricycles for those who require something to propel with the hands, and easy Pneumatic-tired Rolling Chairs for Invalids.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

#### EAMES TRICYCLE CO.

2100 Market Street San Francisco . . .



All bright housewives say

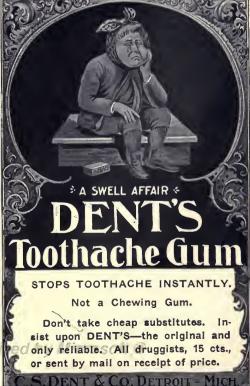
## ELECTRO SILICON

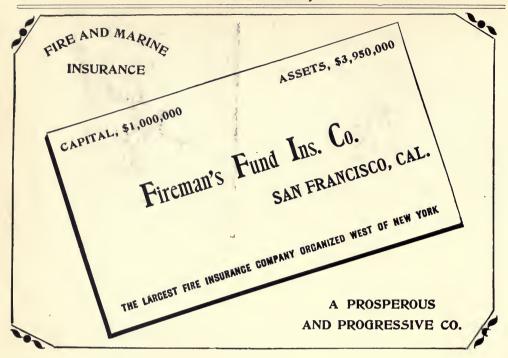
is best in every way-Grocers.

THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., NEW YORK.

Redington & Co., San Francisco, Cal., Wholesale Agents for Pacific Coast.









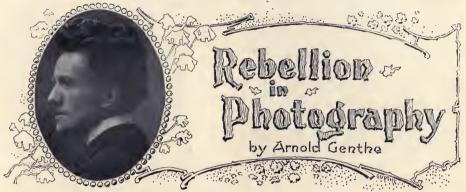




# Overland Monthly August, 1901.

Vol.xxxxIII

No 2.



N the early days of photog.aphy, "the art that made nature reproduce itself," the accurate rendering of minute detail constituted the chief excellence of a portrait photograph. It was

natural that the pictorial possibilities of the new invention were not realized at once. (though some workers. notably Mr. D. O. Hill and Mrs. Cameron produced some highly artistic photographs), and that microscopical raththan pictorial beauty was the principal aim. The primitive apparatus, necessitating a very long exposure and the absence of a suitable printing medium, were sufficient excuse for

this. But strange it must seem that later on the picture makers did not realize the great artistic possibilities which the introduction of rapid dry plates, quick; working lenses, and mat-surface papers placed in their hands. Even to-day the work of the average professional portrait photographer, whose main object is to photograph as many people as possible,

> is just as commonplace, lifeless and photographic as it was twenty thirty years ago. To be sure, his pictures are not always printed on the shiny, smooth paper. They are frequently technically perfect prints on platinum, caror bromide. His negatives, however, have the crudeness. same the same falseness of values. which distinguished work of his predecessors. All that was undesirable in



Study of a child.

their work and methods seems to have been faithfully preserved by most professional studios of to-day.

The following will show how portraits

Vol. xxxviii—No. 2—f 6.



Peter Robinson.

are being made in a typical up-to-date gallery, which is doing such an extensive business that it has branches in severalcities. Just as in the old days, the roof and arc side of the "operating room" (the name is perhaps not quite inappropriate), are made of glass, letting in an immense amount of light, which on the other side is reflected by white screens, so that the sitter is fairly flooded with light. Thronelike posing chairs, elaborately carved or made of papier-maché, wicker chairs, twisted in fanciful arabesques, broken columns, imitation rocks and marble balustrades, make up the furniture. On one side is a large collection of painted backgrounds, representing some picturesque subject, as: towering mountains, a library, a castle, an immense spider-web, a garden gate, the "sad sea waves," peaceful meadows, a staircase, the base of some massive columns, or simply dark clouds grouped around a light circular spot. To enable the sitter to "select his own background" without trouble, a small photograph of all the different scenes is hung on the wall. When the person to be photographed emerges from one of the dressing-rooms. which it must be said are very elaborococo style, and has stated whether he wants a "cabinet" or "Paris panel," or a "boudoir" picture, he is put in front of the background of his choice and "posed"-that is, he is twisted into one of the twelve standard poses-more or less theatrical and grotesque—which the operator has in stock, and his head being securely fastened in a vise (head-rest), that makes any motion impossible, is told to look at a small picture of a lady that is fastened on a stick (eye-rest). The enthusiastic pnotographer disappears then for some time behind his camera under the black focusing cloth, goes back to his securely fastened victim, pulls him a little here and there, turns the head a little more to the left, and pronounces finally race and expression excellent. The sitter is asked to kindly moisten his lips, look pleasant, and "keep just like that, please," and a rather long exposure is made.

The plates thus taken in one day are



rately furnished in Turkish, Japanese, or Zeo Madam Melba. of ®



Miss B---.

developed, not separately, but a dozen at a time, and when dry sent to the retouching room, where a number of young girls, who have never seen the sitter, and who have only a faint idea of drawing and a rather hazy knowledge of facial anatomy, proceed to smooth up the face by conscientiously removing, with pencil and steel etcher, every wrinkle or unevenness, so that the resulting picture, though perhaps something of a likeness, must necessarily be devoid of any individual expression, and cannot claim any artistic merit, even if it should be printed on platinum or bromide paper. To disguise the poor quality of the negative and to attract attention by the "very latest," unusual means in printing are frequently resorted to: the picture is printed "en bas relief," without, of course, succeeding in giving · any idea of the true surface; a few crossed lines are painted in the background with a brush and the print called a "carbon sketch." The face alone is printed and pasted on a large sheet and

colors, imparting the decorative effect of the Sunday supplement front page, and called a "portograph"; a carbon print is colored in pinkish tones and called "tinbretto"; the photograph is mounted on a piece of cardboard half an inch thick, evidently to inspire confidence by the solidity of its support, or some other extraordinary method is employed to impress the astonished public with the "artistic" quality of the picture. Yet all this (even if it were a technically flawless print) cannot deceive the seeing eye about the inferiority of the original nega-The commercial photographers claim that the public demands such pictures. Well, the public may accept them as long as they don't get anything better, but since the experiment has been made it was found that they do accept pictures that vastly differ from what the regular photographer used to give them.

Owing to the absolute independence and iconoclastic energy of some enthusiastic amateur photographers, men and women, a fundamental change was brought about in professional portrait



the rest painted in with bright water Portrait of Miss Only Caul - Digitized by Wilcrosoft &

photography. In the first place, they fully recognized the immense advantage the improved apparatus put into their hands by enabling them to make instantaneous exposures even in a moderately lighted room, and thus to secure an unstudied pose and a natural expression; and they further felt that if they wanted to obtain results of really artistic merit,

they had not to work for the praise of photothe fragraphic but ternity chiefly for the approval of the painter and sculptor; that conformity with the laws laid down bv these artists was, together with absolute simplicity, the main need in photographic work. A full knowledge of the technicalities of photography, especially of its complicat e d chemistry, was of course absolutely indispensable, but all the cherished artistic traditions of the

old-time pho-



Portrait of Miss M---.

tographer were ruthlessly discarded, with the result that there are now quite a number of serious workers, who make pictures for money (and they charge rather high prices) that not only please the artists, even those who for years blindly maintained that a photograph could never be a work of art, but also the intelligent public, that is sensitive

to subtleties and originality of treatment.

To know how these "rebel" phototographers of to-day obtain their results may be interesting even to those who do not take an active interest in photography. Though the first aim must of course be to obtain a good likeness, these modern workers are by no means satisfied with a faithful reproduction of the

features or the microscopic rendering of detail. want They more: something of the soul, the individuality of their sitter, must be expressed in the picture. and furthermore the arrangement of lines and the distribut i o n of lights and shades 'must be managed in such a way as to make a picture of fine artistic merit.

The reform was begun by transforming the studio into a simply furnished, dignified sitting room, with a modererately bright single slant

light. The impressive photographs from line, the head-rests, reflectors and painted backgrounds have gone forever. If the walls of the room cannot be used for a background, a plain light and dark ground or a simple portiere will be all that is necessary. That and the camera, which unfortunately cannot be made invisible, constitute the only things that

will remind one of the photographic studio.

The sitter will be allowed to assume any position that pleases him, although, of course, not every pose which "feels natural" can be used for a picture. As the photographic lens gives a different foreshortening of lines than our eye perceives, a slight modification of a pose is often necessary. And since the outline of a figure has to fit into the space which

the photographer has in mind for the photograph, care must be taken to have the lines fill space harmoniously. juickly deterwhich mine pose will produce satisrefactory sults and which will not, requires a great sensitiveness of the eye, partly inborn, partly acquired by solid artistic training. There may not be fixed formulas and rules for c omposition, but there are certain fundamental

rules, which Mrs. W--- and daughter. painter,

be it Holbein or Whistler, observes, and which the photographer cannot afford to neglect. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary for him to seriously study the works of the great portrait painters, not to imitate them, but to learn how they disposed lines in a given space. If the photographer can draw or paint, so much the better. He may not be able to do

its aid acquire quicker that sensitiveness of the eye without which the most versatile inventiveness of the man behind the camera is valueless.

Also in the handling of the light the photograph worker will be guided by the principles that are laid down by the portrait painters. Lights and shadesand he realizes that we don't always see people in a bright glaring light, that evenly illuminates the face from all

points — are

his only means of giving the idea of body a with surfaces in different planes. The must light. therefore be arranged as to render all the fine modeling the various surfaces, and such manner that only the desirable and characteristic features are e m phasized. What is not wanted or not essential is subdued in tone. Lights and shades are also the photographer's sole means o f suggesting color.



render the true t ne values of the different colors correctly is especially difficult for the photographer, on account of its being color-blind, so to speak. It is very sensitive for blues, but yellow and red seem to it almost as dark as black; so that, for instance, a person with deep blue eyes and light reddish hair will appear like one with rather pale eyes and good work with the brush, but he will by yery dark hair. This deficiency can be



Portrait of Miss C----

overcome (not by powdering the hair and darkening the eyelashes), partly by the use of chromatic plates, but chiefly by the judicious management of the light.

To focus with microscopic sharpness is superfluous. One can very well, without the aid of the procuring cloth or magnifying glass, adjust the camera properly in a second or two. For it must be borne in mind that our eye does not see all the amount of detail, which the photographic lens picks up, and besides, we can focus our eye sharply only on one George Bromley.

point and not on several, that lie in different planes. The lens, therefore, ought to be made to see things as the human eye does. By avoiding absolute sharpness is not meant that fuzzy indistinctness which some experimenting artists affect. But it is merely logical to try to represent in a photograph unimportant details with less sharpness than the main features of the face. To the grouping of light and shade that same principle must be observed. The white collar of a man. for instance, or a white bow in a lady's hat, ought not to be the most prominent feature of a picture, a thing that is almost invariably the case in those brilliantly lighted photographs with glaring whites and impenetrable shadows ("Rembrandt lighting"), that make the figure appear more like a primitive woodcarving in a calcium light than like a human being in ordinary daylight.

A natural pose and effective lighting would not make a good picture without a good expression. Now, everybody without exception assumes in front of the camera an expression which is not natural. The very desire to appear natural produces a stiffening of the facial mus-





Master M----.

cles, which is disastrous. There is only one way of avoiding the perpetuating of the photograph expression: to take the picture while the sitter is not yet ready. That can be done only by making an instantaneous exposure, while the sitter is talking or interested in something that is not connected with the camera. With a modern rapid lens and a noiseless shutter it is possible to expose a number of negatives, before even a very observing person is aware of what is going on.

The conscientious photographer will develop all the plates personally, trying to control them so that they will give the best possible printing qualities. To obtain this in the development is not always pos-

sible. It will often be necessary to intensify weak parts or reduce too dense portions of the negative, a tedious, but rather necessary manipulation.

With regard to retouching, as little as possible will be done. The aim of the retouch ought to be, besides removing flaws in the film, simply to modify what the lens and plate have exaggerated: wrinkles that appear too prominent, freckles, which our eye does not see as dark spots, etc. But the removing of characteristic lines, the "modeling" of the face with the retouching pencil, is something a photographer with any artistic conscience will not do.

If a negative made in this fashion were printed on the ordinary shiny paper, it would present quite an acceptable appearance, but there would be a certain prominence of unnecessary detail, a lack of harmony in tone, which would offend the sensitive eye. The photographer, therefore, chooses a mat paper (platinum, bromide, carbon, etc.) which not only has a better surface, but permits also of a certain control over the print. such a printing medium he has it in his power to subdue a harsh line, to lighten up a too massive shadow, to bring out more detail in the high-lights. In a



Portrait of Miss J---.



Margaret Anglin.



Portrait of Miss F----

word, he can in a most complete manner give expression to his individual taste (especially in a glycerine-developed platinum and the gum-bichromate print.) And the resulting picture, harmonious in tone, full of atmospheric depth, giving a correct idea of the firm modeling of the surface and quietly emphasizing only what is really important, will be some-

thing diametrically opposite to the billiard-ball-like smoothness of the ordinary crude photograph, with its unbalanced blacks and whites.

The tendency towards the achievement of really artistic results is also noticeable in landscape photography. And here it was again the amateur who broke away from the commonplace and purely



Portrait of Miss P----.



P—. Mrs. H—. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

mechanical method of photographing scenerv. He was not satisfied with getting on plate, in his heautiful. even sharpness, complete but solutely uninteresting record of the facts before him: he recognized that negative showed which with microscopsharpness "everything in sight"---an absolutely necessary requirement for a good picture the old of school - might perhaps be a phowonderful tographic feat. and yet not relabear any art. tion Other things than accuracy are more essential to the modlandscape photographer. His first object is to select his point of view, and very carefully. for on that depends the success of the picture as a composition, and though he has to learn to see things with the eye of the camera—the optical lens gives, as we know. quite a different perspective



Portrait of Mr. J ......



Portrait of Marjorie S——. as the more sub-Univ Calit - Digitized by Microsoft  ${\mathcal B}$ 

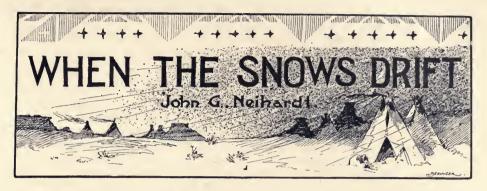
than the human will eve - he otherwise he guided in this the same bv principles the landscape painter. While the latter has the great advantage of being able to eliminate or at least modify on his canvas any diseleturbing ments that might mar the harmony of composition or the tone of a picture (a thing the photographer may do only in a very limitway), the ed man with the camera, on the other hand, can the brief space of a second and under almost any condition of light and weather, record the impression of a scene passing or a mood of nature, which he could never perhaps get again, and which, naturally, the painter with brush and pencil could not jot down completely in a moments. few It is not so much the obvious picturesqueness of a scene that attracts the photographer



Nance O'Neil.

tle effects of light and atmosphere; the opportunity for an unusual and interesting treatment of a simple subject will have a greater fascination for him than the most celebrated view; so that, taken all in all, the photograph may really have the individuality and suggestive charm of a fine painting.

It is, of course, not to the ordinary amateur that this complete abandonment of the old photographic standard is due. It is, rather, just as in portrait-photography, the merit of a comparatively small number of earnest workers, who were really filled with love for their work-the only "amateurs"-and true whose artistic ability and training enabled them to obtain picturesque results of real value with an instrument that up to then had been a mere recording machine. But nowadays, when pictorial photography is established on a firm and artistic basis, even the ever present button-presser cannot help being benefited by these new tendencies. He is gradually learning what constitutes the elements of a picture, and is no longer satisfied with simply getting "something" on his film. He actually tries to make pictures. He discovers something beautiful in things he did not even notice in his camera-less days, and he tries to represent what he sees in a way that shows some evidence of artistic feeling. Herein lies the great educational value of the modern hand cam-Hardly larger than sketch-book, ready for use at a moment's notice, it accompanies us in our walks and travels and teaches us how to really see and enjoy the beautiful things in nature. It is to be hoped that the time is not far when the use of that little black box will be taught in the public schools.



LL through the "month of the bellowing of the bulls" the war with the Sioux had raged; all through the dry hot "month of the sunflowers" the sound of the hurrying battle had swept the broad brown plains like the angry voice of a prairie fire, when the Southwest booms. But now the fight was ended; the beaten Sioux had carried their wrath and defeat with them into the North; and the Pawnees, allies of the Omahas, had taken their way into the South, to build their village in the wooded bottoms of the broad and shallow stream.

On the banks of a creek the Omahas had built their winter village. The tepees were constructed by driving trimmed willow boughs into the ground in the shape of a cone, about which buffalo hides and bark were securely fastened, leaving an opening at the top, through which the smoke of the winter fire might pass.

In accordance with an ancient custom, the village was built in a great circle with an opening to the east. standing in this opening and facing the west would divide the tribe with his line of vision into two bands, the one to his right would be the Hunga Band, the duty of which is to defend the holy relics. The one to his left would be the Ishta Sunda band, or the "thunder men." To the right, within the circle and near the opening, would stand the lodge of the council, consisting of seven chiefs, and the great tepee where the totem pole and the holy relics are kept. This has ever been the village of the Omaha.

The tribe was happy, for its inveterate

enemy, the Sioux, had been driven with broken bows against the blowing of the north wind.

The tribe was glad; but none so glad as Mun-chpe (Cloud.) As he sat in his tepee with the thunder men, he was thinking of how proudly he would ride his pony before the old chiefs, when the pow-wow was held over the recent victory. Yes, he would ride swiftly past the smoking council, and they would call him to them and place the eagle feather in his hair, for had he not touched and slain a big Sioux chief, fighting so closely that he breathed the breath of his foe? "Hi-Hi!" his heart cried within him as he thought. Would not the whole tribe shout? Would not the old men say "Mun-chpe is a brave youth?" Perhaps the big medicine man, Wa-zhing-a-Saba (Blackbird) himself, would praise him, as he dashed around the circle on his fleet pony, with the shout on his lips and the eagle feather in his hair! Yes. and she would see him: Wa-te-na would see him, and then she would be proud to be his squaw. "Hi hi!" he shouted with his great gladness; for he was a young man and the world was very beautiful and glorious.

Then he arose and went to where the seven big chiefs sat before their tepees, smoking their long red pipes in profound silence; for they were men who saw far. Then he raised his voice and spoke to the chiefs.

"Fathers, give Mun-chpe the eagle feather to wear; for has he not touched and slain a big chief, fighting so closely that he breathed the breath of his enemy?"

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

A swift light passed into the stolid faces of the council, then died out, and stern justice made their faces cold. Again the youth spoke.

"Fathers, give Mun-chpe the eagle feather that men may know him as a brave man."

Then the big medicine man, Wa-zhing-a-Sa-ba himself, laid down his pipe and spoke.

"Wa-sa-ba Tun-ga says he killed the big chief; many times he has seen the Hunga Mubli, when the snows drift against the Hungas; he is an old man; Mun-chpe is a young man."

With a grunt of suspicion he ceased speaking. Then Mun-chpe spoke, impetuously, after the manner of youth.

"Fathers, may the thunder strike Munchpe; may the buffalo bulls horn him in the hunt; may the wolves devour his bones if he lies! Munchpe killed the big chief; give him the eagle feather that men may know he is brave!"

Then Wa-zhing-a Sa-ba spoke: "Wakunda is a wise god; Wakunda will help the truthful. Bring the otter skin, and summon Wa-sa-ba Tun-ga that we may know who lies."

The otter skin was brought. It was a hide, down the back of which a piece of grooved wood was fastened. This was considered a holy relic and was used in deciding the truthfulness of disputants. Each of the disputants was to hold an arrow above his head at arm's length, dropping it at the groove. If Wakunda caused the arrow to fall in the groove, then he who dropped it was truthful.

Wa-sa-ba Tun-ga and Mun-chpe took places before the holy relic, and the second, raising the arrow high over his head, prayed aloud: "Wakunda pity Mun-chpe. Wakunda, help Mun-chpe!" Then he dropped e arrow. With a cry, he fled from the sight. The arrow had fallen away from the groove. Rushing into his tepee he buried his face in a buffalo robe and wept, moaning "Wakunda lies; who will tell the truth?" The thought drove him mad. What! Wakunda who moulded the glorious brown prairies! Wakunda who made the great bright sun! Wakunda who put the song in the bird's throat! Wakunda lie! The

thought was terrible, for Mun-chpe was a young man.

Now, Wa-te-na would not be his squaw! Maybe she would go to the lodge of Wa-sa-ba Tun-ga! The thought bit him like a poisoned arrow shot by a strong man.

All night he wept in his lodge, moaning, "Wah-hoo-ha-a, Wah-hoo-ha-a," the exclamation of sorrow. And the thunder men, awakened from their sleep by the moaning of Mun-chpe, trembled as they crept closer under their blankets, saying, "Wakunda is punishing Mun-chpe; it is a bad thing to lie." Then they shut out the sound with their blankets, and slept again.

But Mun-chpe did not sleep. No! He would not sleep until he had seen the blood of Wa-sa-ba Tun-ga's breast. Until then he would not sleep. And till the dawn crept in through the chinks in his tepee he moaned and cried for revenge.

Some hours later he was roused from his brooding by shouting and the gallop of ponies. Creeping to the door of his lodge he pushed back the flap and looked out. There was a long line of braves, decked in their brightest colors, with eagle feathers in their hair, urging their ponies about the circle of the village, shouting their war cries.

A tall cottonwood pole had been placed erect in front of the lodge of the council, where the seven chiefs sat glorying in the prowess of the young men. As the braves rode at full gallop past the pole, they discharged their arrows and spears at a dead eagle which was fastened to the top. In all possible manners they rode, hanging by their bare legs to the pony and shooting under his belly and beneath his neck, combining feats of marksmanship with feats of riding. Munchpe noted the applause of the old men when an arrow quivered in the breast of the eagle; and oh, how he longed to try his skill!

But, ah! There rode Wa-sa-ba Tung-a, mounted upon a fleeter pony than the rest, dashing at a full run! As he drew near to the pole he stood up on the back of his plunging steed and hurled three arrows in swift succession into the breast of the eagle. The beholders went mad with delight, but Mun-chpe crept

back into his tepee, for his heart was fierce within him; he had seen his eagle feather on the head of Wa-sa-ba Tung-a!

The day passed; but Mun-chpe did not appear. As the evening came on, the southeast grew black with storm clouds, and with the fall of the night the wind and rain burst howling upon the village. The thunder shouted and the lightning glared like the eyes of an angry man, but it was sweet to the heart of Mun-chpe, for it seemed that the elements were angry with him. He laughed when the fierce light leaped into the lodge; and he was glad to hear the groaning of the poles; it was like the voice of a brother!

When the night was late he took his knife and went out into the storm. He knew where Wa-sa-ba slept among the Hungas; and thither he ran. Raising the flap of his enemy's tepee, he saw, by the glare of the lightning, Wa-sa-ba sleeping. With the step of a mountain lion he crept to the side of his foe. He knew where to strike. Wa-sa-ba would not cry out. Carefully he pulled the robe from the bare breast, and waited for the lightning. The knife found his enemy's heart. The dying man groaned.

"Hi hi," Mun-chpe cried to himself. "Wa-sa-ba will not need the eagle feather now. Mun-chpe will wear his eagle feather now!"

He snatched the coveted trophy from the dead man's head, and rushed out into the storm, shouting "Hia, hia!" back at the thunder. Then he went into his tepee, and wrapping himself in his blankets, slept. It was so sweet to kill!

But at that time of the morning when scarcely the flight of an arrow could be discerned, a spirit came into Munchpe's dream. Its eyes were like two cold flames that dance in a swamp; but its face was Wa-sa-ba Tung-a's, drawn with the last pang of death! Dolefully the spirit moaned, putting its clammy face against the face of Mun-chpe-its blue lips against the lips of Mun-chpe! It seemed to be drinking his breath. And Gasping, the dreamer oh, the eyes! shrieked and leaped to his feet; and there, outside his lodge, in the glad light of the morning, he beheld the seven stern chiefs of the council, peering in at him. for it was forbidden to a murderer that he remain within the circle of the village. Proudly he threw back his head and folded his arms.

"Fathers, Mun-chpe is ready," he said. and he followed them to the council lodge.

When the dusk of the evening came, the village was out to witness the ejection of the murderer. Wrapped in a buffalo robe, so that his face alone was visible, Mun-chpe was driven with the lash about the circle of his people for the last time. But suddenly his eyes lit up with a wild glory, as he saw, standing with her father and mother before their oldge, Wa-te-na!

As he passed her he cried softly, "Wate-na, Wa-te-na," and as he was driven on by his guards, he heard a low plaintive sob, and his heart grew lighter within him.

Mun-chpe was driven out of the opening to the east, and there the jeering crowd stopped; but he could not stop; he must go out into the night—out on the desolate prairie alone!

The shouting of the crowd died out, and the night was very dark and lonely. When the night was old he grew weary, and climbing to the top of a hill, he lifted his voice and cried, "O Wakunda, pity Mun-chpe!" He listened as though ex pecting to hear an answer. He could hear a far-away pack of coyotes yelp among the hills, ending in a long, dirgelike howl. The sound terrified him, for it seemed the dying groan of Wa-sa-ba Tung-a! Mad with fright he looked behind him into the darkness. There were the two flaming eyes and the drawn, set face of the dead man, with parted lips that jeered at him while they moaned! Wildly shrieking, he turned and dashed down the hill, running, running, running from that hateful face behind him. He ran, until with exhaustion he fell: and there in his delirious dream he could hear the moan and see the terrible glowing eyes, until the big fair dawn leaped above the hills and wakened him. Then he arose and wandered on toward the sunrise.

the morning, he beheld the seven stern A sense of terrible loneliness seized diefs of the council, peering in at him. The limitless prairies were desormed what they had come to say, plate and brown, for it was near on to

the time when "the elk break their antlers" (October), and he shivered as he thought of the nearness of "Hunga Mubli," (December), the time when the snows drift from the north. As the day passed he grew very hungry, and he looked lovingly at his bow, the one thing dear left him in his loneliness.

The night came down, and the wolves velped and howled in the darkness. But Mun-chpe was hungry, and hunger is fearless. He stealthily hurried toward the sound of the wolves; and creeping on hands and knees down a ravine skirted with plum thickets he could see their glaring eyes and hear the gnashing of their teeth. Fitting an arrow to his bow, he aimed it between the lurid eyes of a beast as it sat upon its haunches, howling. The bow string twanged; the arrow shrieked like the voice of a dying squaw. The wolf, with a mournful howl, leaped in the air and fell back moaning; and as Mun-chpe looked and listened, the moan was the dying moan of Wasa-ba Tung-a, and there arose from the quivering carcass that terrible pair of eyes-that drawn, set face with its frozen leer!

Mun-chpe fell on his face in terror. When he looked again, the vision was gone, and he ran to the dead animal, hurriedly tearing away the skin and devouring the meat ravenously. Then he lay down and slept a heavy sleep. In his dream Wa-te-na came to him with outstretched arms, weeping, "Come back, Mun-chpe, come back to Wa-te-na," she moaned. He awoke, and the pale dawn was on the hills.

Many suns passed and Mun-chpe wandered alone on the prairies, longing for his home and Wa-te-na, and he said to himself, "I will go closer to the village, that I may hear the braves sing, as they dance about the fires!"

But the north wind awoke, and the snow scurried through the short buffalo grass,

and Mun-chpe was weak from hunger. The sharp gusts crept under his buffalo robe and stung his bare legs. When he came in sight of the village it was evening. He waited for the night, and then crept close to the tepees and heard the old men talk. Oh, if he could sit with them by the crackling logs and hear their stories. Never, never, could he do this again. He was as the coyote that howls for loneliness among the frozen hills and dies of hunger.

With a sigh he turned away from the sight and set his face against the storm, for he wished to die.

"Wa-hoo-ha-a, wa-hoo-ha-a," he cried. The old men heard the cry blown upon the storm, and they told weird tales that made the staring youths shudder.

That night Wa-te-na, sleeping in the lodge of her father, had a dream. It seemed to her that Mun-chpe came to her and his body was gaunt and weak, and his eyes were wild and fierce like a hungry wolf's. "Wa-te-na," she heard him say, imploringly, "Wa-te-na." She awoke, and wrapping her blankets about her went out into the storm.

She could hear the faint cry of anguish in the distance, and she hurried toward the cry.

"Wah-hoo-ha-a-a, wah-hoo-ha-a-a," tremulously came the wail through the storm, and soon Wa-te-na stumbled upon the form of Mun-chpe.

She rubbed his face and hands, striving to warm them; but the body grew colder. Then she covered him with her blanket and pressed her body close to his, her lips close to the frozen lips.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Some time afterward, a party searching for the lost Wa-te-na, found her frozen body outstretched upon the cold form of Mun-chpe. And to this day the old women tell their daughters of the devotion of Wa-te-na. But the name of Mun-chpe is not spoken.



F from the great Zocalo of the City of Mexico, you make your way to the old church of Santo Domingo of the Inquisition, passing along its broken western walls to the street of Leandro Valle, you will eventually find yourself confronted at the end of the street by a crumbling Spanish-built house bearing the number three. Above the number, and set firmly into the wall, is a broken figure of one of the saints, all vellowed and crumbling and moss-grown in spots, which is known as "La Santa de la Calle de la Puerta Falso de Santa Domingo."

It is a very pious looking Saint, with clasped hands and eyes directed devoutly heavenwards; its presence should of a certainty keep away all evil influences and spirits. But in spite of "la Santa" and all the exorcising that has been done, the full benefits of bell, book and candle never having been spared, number three of the Calle Puerta Falsa is haunted. In vain have Archbishops and priests and acolytes prayed, and sprinkled holy water and wafted incense high and low in efforts to oust the ghost. In spite of everything it still remains. By her obstinacy you may know her to be a woman: a woman whose muffled and tapaloed face has never yet been seen by mortal

For this reason the different generations of people who have lived in this street, and got from the fathers and grandfathers the legend of this restless spirit, knew her as "The Iron-Shod Woman." So she was called by people who once knew her as a living, beautiful woman, and so she is known to-day by the people who live in Calle Puerta Falsa, any one of whom will tell you about her and the different circumstances under which he or she may have seen "la espanta." For, of course, everybody has seen her at one time or another, with the solitary exception of a stolid old gendarme at the corner, who grunts disdainfully at the thought of a ghost. "No, Senor: es una mentira! Aqui no hay nada de espantos." ("It is a falsehood; there are no ghosts here!")

As he is plainly a doubting Thomas, you will of course refuse to believe him, making instead a full personal investigation of house number three, with entire belief in "La Mujer Herrada," who is well known (by all but the gendarme) to haunt it.

In or about the year 1600 this same house was occupied by a certain priest -young, handsome, and fond of the good things of this life—who so far forgot his vows as to fall desperately in love with a beautiful Indian woman of the name of Juana. Now, for a priest, this was bad enough. But worse followed, for Juana returned his love, and would not and could not give him up, even though in loving her the priest was sinning his soul into purgatory. And, on his part, though he prayed night and day, scourged himself, and abased himself at the feet of all the saints and prelates, there was no help; he could not give up his beautiful Juana. Death itself would be easier. And so it happened that after months of unavailing efforts and prayers, the priest took Juana home with him to the house number three, which her spirit now haunts. He had offered to give up his vows and holy office for her sake, but in those days matters were often left largely to a priest's own conscience. So the bishop said sadly, "Go in peace, my son," and the alliance was therefore countenanced. In some quarters, that is to sav!

In other quarters, among the priest's heretofore devoted flock of worshipers there was direst dismay and dissatisfaction; no one wished to confess to a padre who, as they thought, was living in sin. What better was he than the lowest drunkard and sinner, and what would his intercession amount to with Most Holy Mary and the Saints? Women would not allow him to baptize their little babies; young people would not permit him to perform their marriage ceremonies, and the dead were buried without his absolution. Verily, the poor padre was paying heavily for his transgression, and those who had loved him soon deserted him. Of all his friends there soon remained faithful to him but one man-Tomas the blacksmith. Him no words could turn from the priest, for together they had been taught by good Fray Anselmo, and together they had grown into men, faithful comrades always. Tomas the smith yet loved his friend, and swore that the powers of earth and Hell combined could never kill that love.

Not that Tomas neglected to remonstrate with his friend the priest—far from it. On the contrary, he had labored over and over with him, praying with tears that the woman Juana be sent away and atonement be offered for the sin that had been committed. He in vain pointed out the final result; the discredit

with both God and man; the scandal that hourly grew larger, and at the end of all, the unmentionable punishment that would be visited upon him for the breaking of holy vows and a life of sin. But it was all as water poured into a lake and the priest would not listen or hear; wedded, like Ephram, to his idols, there was no hope. So Tomas the smith left off in dispair, committing the soul of his unhappy friend to Holy Mary and the Saints and praying that they visit the punishment, when rendered, upon the woman—not upon the head of the wretched man whom she had bewitched.

Tomas the smith, being a bachelor, and without any womankind to care for him, lived all alone in house number five of the Calle Rejas de Belvanera. It was a very plain house, for Tomas was a simple and unpretending man, and the only carving or decoration that his house boasted was the trade sign: paring knife and pincers, carved up over the great door. (After the death of this good man a rich hacendado bought the house, and destroyed this bit of carving, which is a pity.)

One stormy night the smith went late to bed. Even then, though worn out from a long day's work he could not rest or sleep and tossed restlessly until midnight. He heard the great bells of the cathedral chime out one hour after the other, and at last, when the stroke of twelve died away, there came another sound that filled him, for some strange reason, with the utmost terror. He was a brave man, for he lived an upright life, and had cheated no human being, so that he should not have felt terrified because of a mere knocking at his own door. Yet it was all that he could do to summon up enough resolution to go to the door, where the knocking was waxing louder and louder as time went on, and no one answered the summons.

At the entrance Tomas found two black men, leading a very frightened and victious black mule, which they belabored wickedly from time to time as she backed and trembled and lashed out her heels. The smith remonstrated at their cruelty, but the men paid on attention to him, merely saying that they wished the mule shod at once for the use of the Padre,

who had just then been called for by them, to go to a distant point.

Knowing full well that the priest owned no such mule, the smith questioned the black men still further, asking whence the mule came and to what point the padre had to go. To all his questions the men returned such plausible answers, stating that they themselves had brought the mule with them for El Padre's use.

held down the struggling, screaming mule, while Tomas the smith hammered at her hoofs, marveling the while at the extraordinary terror displayed by her, and the horrible humanness of her screams. Also, it eemed to him strange that a mule of apparently five or six years of age had never before been shod, for her small dainty hoofs showed no sign or trace of shoes or nails.



"A sound that filled him with terror."

that the smith could no longer delay, but at once set about preparations for shoeing the black mule.

After much delay and difficulty, the animal was dragged into the shop, and bound so tightly that she could not move, the negroes beating her cruelly all the while, and lavishing many dreadful curses and expressions upon her.

Soon the fires were glowing brilliantly; sparks flew from the forge and hammer, and iron shoes were ready. The negroes

At last, after two hours of hard work, the mule's shoeing was accomplished, and the smith, wiping his tired, heated face, aided the negroes to lead out of his shop a kicking, trembling, and seemingly bewitched animal, whose almost human cries and groans struck a chill to the smith's heart. How could his friend the priest dream of riding that vicious creature? She would be the death of any man, he thought, and, following the black men to the door, he remonstrated

with them, praying that the substitute another mule in the place of this wild one; or at any event, advise the Padre of her extraordinary behavior and viciousness.

To this the negroes returned only sardonic laughter and jeers, and, the door opened, vanished suddenly into the outer darkness of the street, the black mule still kicking and struggling.

A flash of lightning suddenly zigzagged across the blackness of the night; there arose a horrid fume of brimstone, and, as

asked to perform priestly duties of whatever description. Truly, his good friend Tomas must have been either bewitched or dreaming.

Strangely uneasy still, and not to be persuaded that he had been bewitched or dreaming, Tomas proposed that they have the morning coffee together, so that this very mysterious matter could be further inquired into. This the priest gladly agreed to, saying that he would call Juana, and have her hurry preparation



"As she glides about at the dead of night."

the smith watched from his door, he heard suddenly a loud and bitter wail, like the last cry of a tortured soul; his hair rose on his head, and his heart froze in his body as black men and mule disappeared from view. Too frightened to look again, Tomas hurriedly barred his door and fled to his own room, where, after devout prayer, he finally became tranquil. For that he had been visited by devils, he could not doubt.

Early next morning Tomas hastened to the house of his friend, for he could not rest until the mysteries of the past night had been explained. What was his surprise to learn from the lips of the priest nimself that he had never heard of or seen any such black mule or black men, and that he had known of no call to visit any one during the night. As a matter of fact, he added sadly, it had been many weeks since he had been

of the pan and coffee. Together the two men went to the kitchen, but the woman was not there. Then they went to her room, and Tomas waited sadly outside, while his friend went hastily in, to find out what was the matter. Scarcely had the door closed behind him before Tomas heard a cry that again froze the blood in his veins; and, knowing that something had happened to Juana, he stumbled into the room after the priest, whom he found at Juana's bedside, gazing with maddenad eyes at what lay therein.

After his unhappy friend had been bound down in bed, and physicians called to minister to him, Tomas repaired again to the miserable Juana's room.

of or seen any such black mule or black men, and that he had known of no call to visit any one during the night. As a matter of fact, he added sadly, it had been many weeks since he had been many weeks since he had been below the had been below to be a sight to craze one, and Tomas hast-been many weeks since he had been below to be a sight to craze one, and Tomas hast-been many weeks since he had been below to be a sight to craze one, and Tomas hast-been many weeks since he had been below to be a sight to craze one, and Tomas hast-been many weeks since he had been below to be a sight to craze one, and Tomas hast-been many weeks since he had been below to be a sight to craze one, and Tomas hast-been many weeks since he had been below to be a sight to craze one, and Tomas hast-been many weeks since he had been below to be a sight to craze one, and Tomas hast-been many weeks since he had been below to be a sight to craze one, and Tomas hast-been many weeks since he had been below to be a sight to craze one, and Tomas hast-been many weeks since he had been below to be a sight to craze one, and Tomas hast-been many weeks since he had been below to be a sight to craze one, and the bed, her beautiful form cruelly torn and distorted.

earnestly as he did so.

One limp cord hand caught his attention, as it dangled helplessly, and, placing it pityingly across the dead woman's bosom, he happened to see, evidently nailed into her palm, a glittering new horseshoe! Almost paralyzed with horror, he looked again, and saw that it was one of the same shoes that he had nailed on the black mule last night—marked with his own name, and hammered cruelly into the tender flesh with his own sharp shoeing nails.

When he had rallied sufficiently to look again, the smith found that the other hand and both feet of the dead woman had been shod, and that her mouth had been subjected to a particularly cruel bit, which had cut through her tongue. Her body had been literally flayed to pieces, and her once long and beautiful hair had been torn out by the roots.

Priests were hastily called in, and they said masses and distributed incense and holy water, and otherwise endeavored to exorcise the evil spirits. The dead woman could not, of course, be buried in holy ground; therefore, a corner of the patio or courtyard was dug up, and she was interred there, with no prayers or candles or mass. For, in the case of such a sinner, these ceremonies would have been both wicked and unavailing.

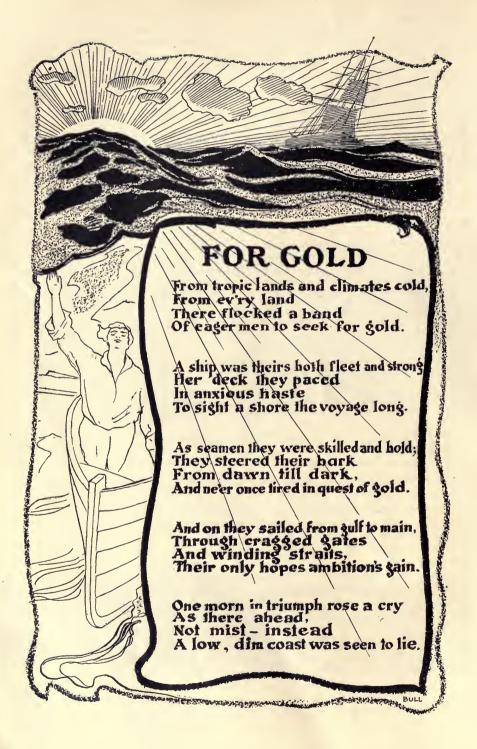
That same night she rose from her grave, and wandered, wailing and moan-

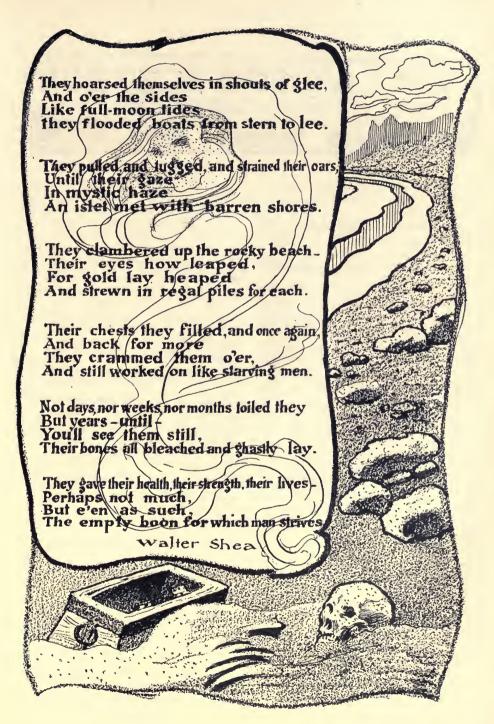
ing, about the house and patio, with such blood-curdling groans and cries that it became necessary to remove the priest, even on his bed of delirium, to a neighboring monastery. There he was nursed back to life and health, a saddened and consecrated priest, whose every breathing moment from that time on was devoted to his Church and good works. He died at the age of seventy, beloved by all who knew him and to this day there remains many tablets and memorials erected in his honor and praise.

As for the "Iron-shod Woman," on whom fell all the punishment for a sin committed by two (as is sometimes the case, even in these enlightened days) her soul has never been laid to rest in all these years. Even though her poor tortured body was taken up, blessed, incensed and holy-watered, it has never been able to rest again in peace. And, for nearly three hundred years, she has wandered, wailing through the deserted old house, with her ghastly face hidden in a shawl, so that no man might look upon it, and her iron-shod feet, clacking against the stone floors.

And so she will continue to wander, the Mexicans of Calle Puerto Falsa tell you, throughout all the ages to come. Because—Maria Sanctissima nos perdone!—there can be no rest or peace for women who have sinned as did Juana of the Iron Shoes!









There was time on this fair continent When all things throve in spacious peacefulness.

The prosperous forest unmolested stood, For where the stalwart oak grew there it lived

Long ages, and then died among its kind.

There was a time when the pathless forest was untrodden by all save the moccasined red man, and the curling smoke from his unpretentious wigwam marked the only habitation until the relentless axe of the settler awakened echoes that broke the solmen silence of nature, which for centuries had ruled supreme. A new era dawned, old things passed away. Fields were cultivated, homes were built, commerce was advanced, and a nation was born.

The bold, adventurous fur-traders, discovering the rich fields for their industry, were the first to push out into the vast unknown. They were not slow to take advantage of their opportunities, and established trading posts for the purpose of bartering with the Indians for the rich furs and hides.

As the fur trade grew is was necessary at last to extend it far up the rivers and lakes. The trading posts then became the rendezvous of the voyageurs at the end of their hazardous trips, and of the merchants who shipped the furs and hides to England.

Such were the conditions from which were born the Canadian boatmen or voyageurs. They were a hardy class of men, trained from boyhood to the use of the paddle. Many of them were Iroquois Indians, but, as a rule, they were for French descent. Their lives were passed in wild extensive rovings in the service

of the fur-traders and early French merchants in their trading expeditions through the labyrinth of rivers and lakes of the boundless interior.

As night dropped her curtain and buttoned it with a star, the last crimson rays of departing day, mingling with the somber hues, filled that land with mystic beauty. Out from the shadows, across the beautiful lake scintillating in the mellow light, into the brilliant splendor of fair Luna's golden path, glided the quaint batteaux of the gay voyageurs, the primeval monarchs of the lakes. On the gentle evening breezes was wafted the sweet melody of song, and the voluptuous harmony of the glad chansons of the light-hearted, song-loving boatmen, mingled with the musical rhythm of the paddles as they kissed the dancing waters. But now the beautiful days for which the soft zephyrs of a century and a half have murmured their requiem live only in the poet's dream.

Progress and commerce, with relentless hand, have shorn the voyageurs of their glory, and like flowers robbed of their fragrance they have faded away. voyageurs with all their wild energy are gone forever, and the rippling lakes and purling streams, once vocal with their songs, ever sigh for their return. The singer has passed away and may be forgotten, but his song will ever live. The hymns to their patron Saint Anna, that to-day are so popular with the Breton fishermen, all owe their origin to these The boat songs of the Canadian boatman are almost as celebrated as the sailors' songs of England and those of the Venetian gondoliers.

Indians, but, as a rule, they were to ed. The Canadian boatmen were a light-French descent. Their lives were passed hearted, song-loving people. Even the in wild extensive rovings in the service very poorest among them had an instinc-

tive taste for music. Being full of anecdote and song they were ever ready for the dance. Much of their gayety and lightness of heart was inherited from their French ancestors, and from them they also inherited the civility and complaisance which made them mutually Their readiness to kind and obliging. lend aid or give assistance and comfort in every emergency was shown by the familiarity with which they addressed each other as "cousin" or "brother" where, in fact, no relaionship existed save that of mutual good will heightened by the common bond of peril and hardship that so united their lives of adventure. 1,0 men were more submissive to their employers, more capable of enduring hardships, or so good natured under privations.

The dress of the voyageur was strikingly characteristic, being generally half savage and half civilized. A striped cotton shirt, cloth trowsers, or leather leggins, deer skin moccasins, a capot or surcoat of a blanket and a varicolored belt of worsted, from which dangled the knife and tobacco pouch, constituted his gay attire. Those of the governor's or chief factor's brigade each wore feather in his cap, and whenever the wind permitted it, a British ensign was hoisted on each light canoe.

The canoes were marvels of durability. Being made of thin, tough sheets of birch bark, securely gummed along the seams with pitch, they were very strong, yet so light that they were regarded with wonder by the Indians, who said they were the gift of Manitore. The freight canoes were heavy and each built to carry about four tons of merchandise. The light cargoes, sometimes manned with ten or twelve men, would glide through the water at great speed.

The character of the voyageur is the same as that which lay behind all the early French enterprises. It implies those roving qualities which made the French pioneers in the fisheries and the fur trade, and which even after the arrival of the Jesuit missionaries, prevailed under the blessing of the church. The best early type of the voyageur temperament, combined with the courage of that old hero, Samuel de Champlain.

An instance of the buoyant temperament and professional pride of the voyageur was shown by the gay and braggart style in which a party of thirteen who had enlisted with "The Pacific Fur Company," of which Mr. Astor was the head, arrived in New York to join the expedition.

Having determined to astonish the "natives" of the "States" with the sight of a Canadian boat and its Canadian crew, they fitted up a large canoe which they transported from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the shores of Lake Champlain in a wagon. After traversing this lake from end to end they again placed the canoe on a wagon and took it to Lansinburg, where it was launched upon the waters of the Hudson. It was a beautiful summer's day as merrily, in tune with nature, they plied their course down the river; making the welkin ring for the first time with their charming old French boat songs. They passed the villages with a whoop and halio, in order to make the sturdy Dutch farmers mistake them for a crew of savages. At last on a still summer evening they swept around New York, in full swing and regular flourish of the paddle, to the admiration and wonder of the inhabitants, who had never before witnessed such a nautical apparition on their waters.

Never so happy were the Canadian boatmen as when on some long voyage or rough expedition, diligently toiling up the rivers, portaging their canoes up the steep cliffs, gliding over the lakes and encamping at night on the shores. Gathered around the cheery campfire they forgot all care in the merry gossip and cheery song.

Like sailors, they looked upon the day of their departure as the day of fate. And not unlike the sailors they thought to drown their sorrows in the flowing bowl. As this often delayed the departure the commanders frequently resorted to the trick of keeping secret the exact time he intended to leave port. He would keep the voyageurs busy and then leave on very short notice. However, when the cargoes of the small crafts were nearly loaded the wives, children and even the church militant, is to be found in sweethearts or voyageurs would gather about the quay to bid sad farewell and wish them "bon voyage."

Farewells were soon over, and as the brigade of canoes shot out from Lachine, which was then the port for those going on long journeys up the Ottawa, those who were left behind rent the air with their cheers. No sooner would Le Maitre, after having found his cargo afloat, his officers and visitors safely seated, give the cheery word to start, than the men, all excited with the prospect of the voyage, would strike the paddles with the accustomed dash, and break out with a "Chanson de Voyage."

But as soon as the brigade was fairly off and the party had settled down to the motion, the priest, should one be of the party, would reverently remove his hat and pour forth a loud invocation to the Deity, and to a long list of male and female saints, to which at the end of each versicle all the men made response, "Qu'il me benisse." After this he called for a song. Of all the French songs the one most surely to be sung at this stage was the favorite and most beloved of all, "A La Claire Fontaine:"

"A la claire fontaine, M'en allant promener, J'ai trouve l'eau si belle, Que je m'y suis baigne."

> (Unto the crystal fountain, For pleasure did I stray; So fair I found the waters, My limbs in them I lay.)

"Chantez, rossignol, chantez, Toi qui as le coeur gai; Tu as le couer a rire, Moi, je l'ai-t-a Pleurer."

(Sing, nightingale, keep singing, Thou hast a heart so gay; Thou hast a heart so merry, While mine is sorrow's prey.)

"Long is it I have loved thee,
Thee shall I love alway,
My dearest;
Long is it I have loved thee,
Thee shall I love alway."

The steersman would often sing some old traditionary French song, with a regu-

lar burden in which all would join, keeping time with their oars. Should their spirits relax in exertion at any time, it was but necessary to start some gay song to put them all in fresh spirits and activity. Their paddles kept time to the music and they had songs for all occasions. Gliding quietly down the lakes their song would flow into some low sweet harmony. But when nearing the swift-flowing, foaming waters of the rapids their melody would be changed into a quick, courage-inspiring songs into which they threw all their spirit, as they went - boldly forward to meet and conquer all dangers. Charles Sangster, in his poem, "The Rapid," has very beautifully portraved their character:

"Fast downward they're dashing,
Each fearless eye flashing,
Though danger awaits them on every
side:

Yon rock—see it frowning!

They strike—they are drowning!

But downward they speed with the merciless tide:

No voice cheers the rapid, that angrily, angrily

Shivers their bark in its maddening play;

Gaily they enter it—heedlessly, recklessly,

Mingling their lives with its treacherous spray!"

Superstitious voyageurs used to relate how Pere Breboeuf, who had gone as a priest with some early French explorers, had been badly injured at the portage by some falling earth and stones. There was very little hope for him and he had lain down to die, on the spot where the church now stands. He prayed to Ste. Anna, the patroness of sailors, to whom he promised, on her appearing to him, to build a church in her honor on the spot, should he survive. The church is evidence that he recovered and kept his yow.

It may be that the native charms combined with gentleness, unfailing sweetness, patience and courage, something entirely new to the Indian philosophy of life, did much to inspire devotion. It is true that when Breboeuf died in 1649,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

UNIVERSE 1117

by torture, he so conducted himself that the Indians drank his blood and the chief devoured his heart in hope that they might become as heroic as he was.

Among all the resting places along the route of the fur-trader, Ste. Anne enjoyed high distinction. Religion and sentiment for a hundred years have consecrated it. A short distance above it, on an eminence overlooking the narrows, is a venerable ruin, a castle speaking of border foray and Indian warfare generations ago, but now overgrown with young trees and the ivy of peace.

There are now many Ste. Annes founded in honor of this saint, whom tradition says was the mother of the Virgin Mary. She was born of one of the family of David, and her mother, it is claimed, predicted the birth of the Savior through her. Upon her death at Jerusalem, she was placed in the family vault. However, at the shrine in Canada, to-day there is a little glass case which contains a confused mass of dried and broken bones, which are believed to be those of this saint.

In the time of Marcus Aurelius the Infidels destroyed all the monuments in the Holy Land, but according to tradition, one coffin could be neither burned nor opened, and being thrown into the sea floated off to the town of Apt, in Provence, where it lay for a long time buried in the sand. One day some fishermen caught in their net an enormous fish, which showed clearly by its actions that fish have instinct and reason, and that St. Anthony knew more than they gave him credit for when he preached to them. This fish struggled so hard that it made a deep hole in the sand on the shore, and when the fishermen dragged it out the coffin of Ste. Anne appeared in the hole. No one in Apt could open the coffin. The bishop Aurelius placed it in a crypt, put a burning lamp before it, and had it hermetically walled up. Seven hundred years later Charlemagne, moved by the appeal of a deaf and dumb boy, caused a certain wall to be destroyed in which the coffin was found.

Many wonderful miracles were performed at this shrine. It became, in later days, a regular custom for vessels ascending the St. Laurence to the n broadside salute when passing.

It was at the shrine of "Le Bonne Ste. Anne," a village twenty-one miles from Montreal, on the Ottawa, now a flourishing suburban resort of Montreal, that the voyageur made his vow of devotion and asked for protection on his voyage and made such gifts as he could to the patron saint.

As the voyageurs ascended the river they encountered many dangerous and embarrassing rapids or rifts, as they were then called. The most dangerous and exciting part of the great voyage, however, was the well-known section where two long islands, the lower Calumet and the Allumette, blocked the stream. There were fierce rapids. Many crosses are erected along the stream telling of those who have lost their life in the boiling surge.

The Hudson's Bay Company founded Fort Coulongue, on the north side of the river between the two islands as a refuge in case of accident. Many are the stories clustering around the boiling flood of the Calumet.

It is said that as early as the time of Champlaine, Cadieux, an educated and daring Frenchman, settled there with his dusky Ottawa wife. The prowling Iroquois attacked their dwelling, but Cadieux and one Indian held the enemy at bay while his wife and a few Indians launched their canoe and boldly pushed out into the boiling waters. From pool to pool the light canoe was whirled, but before them the Indians saw, in misty robes, a figure which led them on. The Christian spouse said it was "Bonne Ste. Anne" who had led them safely through their danger. The tradition also says the Iroquois gave up the siege, and Cadieux's companion having been killed, he died from exhaustion in the forest. Beside him was found the "Lament de Cadieux," his death song, which, with its touching and attractive strains, the vovageurs sing as they near the dangers of the foaming currents of the Upper Ottawa.

The voyageurs were often filled with dread as they sat around their campfires on the edge of some shadowy forest and told stories of the dangers of the route. So alarming was the story of Wendigo that no crew would push out after sunset for fear they would see this apparition. By some Wendigo was supposed to be a spirit who, on account of the crimes he had committed was condemned to wander to and fro on the earth. Others believed him to be a desperate outcast, who had tasted human flesh and now prowled about at night seeking some victim. Tales were told of unfortunate traders being lost in the forest and never being heard of again, all of which more firmly established the belief in this mysterious ogre.

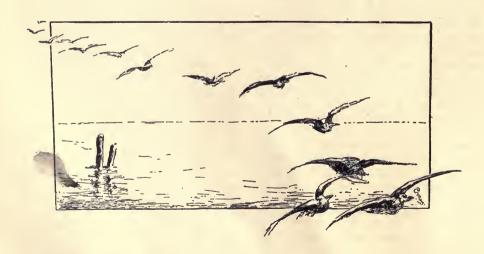
After many weary days of toil, Fort William, the goal of the Montreal voyageur, was reached. Here met in rivalry the wild cureurs de bois of the West and the gay patient voyageur of the East. Here the great council hall, an immense wooden buildings, decorated with Indiantrophies and accouterments, was used as the banqueting chamber. During the days of unloading and loading many were the grave and weighty councils alternated by huge feasts and revels. "The tables in

the great banqueting room groaned under the weight of game of all kinds; of venison from the woods, and fish from the lakes, with hunters' delicacies, such as buffalos' tongues and beavers' tails, and various luxuries from Montreal, all served up by experienced cooks brought for the purpose.

The wine flowed freely, for it was a hard drinking period, a time of loyal toasts, gay songs and brimming bumpers.

But at last, when the cargoes were loaded, the feasting and bibulous contests ended, and the voyageurs turned their faces homeward. As they merrily unfurled their flags to the breeze, with renewed courage to meet the hardships, they glided down the river singing a favorite song, "V'La L'bon Vent."

"There's a good wind,
There's a Line wind,
There's a good wind,
And my love is calling me.
There's a good wind,
There's a fine wind,
There's a good wind,
And my love is awaiting me."



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

## LABOR ORGANIZATIONS

## BY. CHARLES A. MURDOCK

HERE is a deep significance in the name of the human animal: Manus, the hand, Man the animal with a hand. As Buffon puts it, "Reason and the hand make man man." The capacity for economic labor is closely associated with the wonderful articulation of the human hand. Labor is the foundation of man's progress, and the estimation in which it is held is the best test of a civilization.

The incentive to labor is not our love for it as such, but the satisfying of wants. We work because it is only by labor that we can get that which will procure for us those things that we either need or want. And so from time immemorial the question of wages has been of first importance to the laborer: how much he should receive for so many hours work, or how many hours he should be obliged to give for the money required to supply his necessities. In determining the price there is generally a purpose on the part of the laborer to furnish the least possible amount for a given sum, or to receive the largest possible sum for a given amount. This is met by the desire, or the enforced necessity, on the part of the employer to get the largest amount possible for a given sum, or to pay the smallest sum for a given amount. There is thus a natural antagonism that must be borne, and that always threatens. There is a mutual dependence and interdependence that in a sense forms a common interest, but in the division of the proceeds of combined labor and capital, complete satisfaction can never be expected. Discontent may be good and it may be bad. It is commonly both.

One of the greatest misfortunes or mistakes of modern civilization is the too sharp division of men into classes, and the lack of true sympathy between them. The difference in lot or condition between any two men is a small circumstance as compared with their likeness

as members of the same human family. It is not just to feel disdain and disrespect for any human being who from limited endowment or stress of misfortune has been compelled to remain a manual laborer. While in America class distinctions are incongruous, there is too apt a disposition to consign those who work for wages to an inferior caste. They are spoken of as the "wage-earning class," and is it somehow assumed that their rights are few.

That they should want more wages or shorter hours is considered ungrateful, and that they should do anything to gain them is an infringement of the rights of their betters and an outrage on society.

But the bulk of men labor, and being men they have ambition. They have found that through organization betterment is possible. They have made many mistakes and will make more. They have wronged others and wronged themselves. They are not so very wise and are often arbitrary and unjust, but they are learning, and may be expected to learn much more. They have been at this effort to better themselves a long time. We read of strikes in Italy in 1381, and in Germany and France in the same century.

We are impressed to-day with the extension of unions to all trades and occupations, scavengers, assistant undertakers, bottlers and packers, but in Paris in 1789 there were unions of lackeys and apothecaries' clerks.

The great growth and power of the unions, however, is comparatively recent, and for better or worse organizations are becoming stronger, and, through more complete alliance between the various trades, are exercising an increased influence in industrial affairs. There are aspects of trade unionism that are very threatening, and there is likely to be a call for great wisdom and absolute justice in meeting the crisis. It is well

for us to gain an elevation in surveying so great a question. We are too much in the thick of it to see clearly. We must disabuse our minds of prejudice and judge it largely.

Organization is the distinguishing feature of modern industrial life. As a recent writer on trusts has admitted, "the remarkable concentration of industry, and growth of corporate organizations, is, in the main, a logical, irresistible consequence of the economic forces of the century." So labor organizations are one feature of industrial evolution. They are one expression of a universal law. We may like them or not-they are here, and they will stay as long as they have a true function to perform in promoting equity in industrial life. A trade union is an association of wage-earners for the purpose of maintaining and improving the conditions of their own employment.

That laboring men have the right to organize for bettering their conditions is no longer questioned, but society holds them responsible for the way in which they use the power they gain through organization. So long as they confine their efforts to caring for their sick, burying their dead and educating their members, no protest is made; but any substantial gain as regards better pay or lessened hours can be achieved only through antagonizing the actual or fancied rights of others, and the element of warfare is introduced. It is a continuation in a modified form of the old struggle for human rights in a political sense. commercial and industrial life brought new issues, and the respective rights and claims of capital and labor are being fought out. Upon the equitable solution of the problem involved rests social welfare as well as individual rights. Now, no warfare is pleasant, and we need not expect it will be. Business men are apt to feel much aggrieved when any one interferes with the management or control of their business, and infringes on what they esteem their rights. It is true that trade unions are often unreasonable and needlessly exasperating. They are frequently controlled by men who are ignorant and do things that are both foolish and indefensible. is very helpful and fortunate when a pro- the initiative in increasing wages when

prietor is blest with imagination and sympathy, and can put himself in the place of his striking employee. It makes him philosophical and patient and inclined to be conciliatory. It is the part of wisdom to deal with things as they are. An organization of employees insisting on that which one thinks one ought not to be called upon to grant, or that one is quite sure he cannot grant, is very trying, but one must accept the fact. Whether he will yield, or refuse and take the consequences, is a matter that he must determine from his best judgment. but in which he ought not to be influenced by passion or prejudice. Any one who has had the experience can but be . impressed by the sacrifices that workmen make for what they consider the They may be mistaken general good. in judgment, but they do what they feel honor and loyalty to their fellows demand. Three years ago my employees walked out on a strike for shorter hours. Many of them had come as small boys and went with bald heads. 'They all shook hands with me as they left, but they did not flinch. They gave up probably life positions because the majority of their organization determined that the cause of labor demanded it. Men who had bought stock went and left it, sacrificing their earnings in preference to their standing with their fellows. Personally I was in sympathy with the end they sought. I believed in shorter hours, and did all I could to effect a compromise. The strike was unsuccessful, but it was expensive to both sides. prietors found that the best workmen were in the ranks of the union, and the places of skilled workmen were filled with great difficulty, but they were filled, and when the strike was declared off many workmen remained unemployed or were forced to seek new positions. Although the strike was a disastrous defeat it remains to be admitted that the object for which it was waged, an hour decrease of time without loss of pay, has since been voluntarily established. This has been the general result in the history of English strikes. The point which the strike failed to gain has been afterwards conceded. If employers would take

profitable trade makes it not only possible but just, there would be little necessity for either labor organizations or strikes to better conditions. But how rarely we hear of increased pay or decreased hours except upon compulsion? If business yields unusually large profits the excess is added to dividends, but rarely does any portion of it go to the workman. The fact that trades unions exist is presumptive proof of their necessity. The equitable division of the joint product of capital and labor is of first importance socially. Upon it is based individual content and the well-being of the community. The just proportion may not be easy to get at. Each partner may feel that the other is receiving too much. There is much ignorance and crude judgment on the part of those whose sympathy with the laborer is greater than their discretion. The laborer is very apt to minimize the effect of ability in the direction of industrial affairs. The constantly increasing amount of wealth that results from the labor of the same number of men is due to the constantly increasing skill or ability of business managers, inventors, and discoverers of processes. These exceptional men deserve and must have what seems a large proportion of the wealth produced, but the fact remains that the laborer fails to receive what must be considered a fair proportion. As an individual he is powerless to assert his rights or redress his grievances, and organization is forced upon him. The employer of labor who wants to pay good wages is helped by a well conducted trades union, if it has the power to compel his selfish competitor to do likewise, for whatever may be his desire he cannot pay much more than his competitor.

Capital and labor are both almost crimnally oblivious of the rights of the public when a fight is on. Under present social conditions we are so mutually interdependent that no great suffering can be confined to those directly engaged. The innocent suffer with the guilty. When business stagnates the whole community is involved. If the Pullman Company squeezes its workmen to add to its dividends, and the railroads are tied up to compel fair treatment, the shipper of

fruit suffers more in the rotting carloads than any brakeman or car-builder. The public is an interested party, and has rights that cannot be ignored. means must be found of enforcing these rights. The experiments in the matter of compulsory arbitration in the English Colonies are of great interest and are significant of what the whole community has a right to insist on. What limitations will finally be found necessary cannot be predicted, but the American people, though long-suffering, are not to be permanently imposed upon. As between the parties there must be eventually accorded equal rights. Legal rights are apparently equal now. If there is any advantage shown toward either in the matter of judicial decisions, it seems to be in favor of labor, the distinction being made that labor organizations are for the protection of the members and make for social welfare, while the trusts are for the promotion of interests of their members at the expense of the public weal.

Moral rights rest upon invariable principles of justice, but public opinion registers the interpretation arrived at at any given time. Commonly the success or the failure of a strike depends upon the sympathy of the community. It virtually sits in judgment, and if it decides a strike is just it wins; if it finds it unreasonable it fails. Its judgments are not always right, the press is often prejudiced, and represents the facts in a manner to justify its position, but a cause must command the general approval of a community, or it cannot hope to succeed. There can be no doubt that aside from those whose interests influence their feelings, there is on the part of society, as a whole, a strong feeling in favor of good pay for laborers, and for a shortening of hours. It is felt that while the toilers are not truly typified in Markham's Hoe-man, and that Henry George's dictum that the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer, is not true, there is yet too great a discrepancy in social conditions, and that, while the manual laborer lives more comfortably than ever before, and has a better chance to improve his condition, he has not shared proportionally with the owners of capital in the enormous accumulation

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

that has marked recent years.

It is not well for a community that a portion of its members (those who are its toilers, who put forth their utmost efforts for the privilege of living and rearing a family), should be denied a reward that will enable them to live in comparative comfort, while a favored few shall roll in luxury.

It is an unworthy answer that more wages means more beer, and that shorter hours will leave more time for degrading idleness. It is an insult to humanity, for a majority of the men and a large minority of the women in a progressive comunity are wage-earners, and the individuality and intelligence that society demands for its health and progress cannot be maintained unless the hours of labor leave it possible for those who choose to do so, to lift themselves and lift one another.

In the matter of pay it cannot be denied by labor that the way is not open for practically unlimited return, when a penniless Scotch boy can, by his own exertions, become a capitalist with an income of \$15,000,000 a year; and a youth who worked for a dollar a day a few years ago is President of a billion dollar trust, giving up a \$100,000 yearly salary and getting no one knows how much, besides the dividends on his \$15,000,000 of stock, but Carnegies and Schwabs are the exceptions. There are many worthy men, as good citizens, as high-minded, clean-lived and honorable as either of these, who are ambitious for their children if not for themselves, who are utterly unable to do more than earn living wages. They are the majority, the common average men, and it is in them that the commun-Ity is interested, for them that a fair return and enlarged opportunity asked.

Considerable speculation has lately been indulged in as to the effect on the future of-labor organization of the enormous consolidation of capital in trusts and transportation monopolies. Mr. Arthur Brisbane is an alarmist, and looks upon the leader of the hosts of labor yet to arise as the virtual head of the steel trust. He regards the problem presented by the possibilities of a labor trust as more dangerous and aggressive than any

other. On the otner hand, the editor of the Review of Reviews finds in the ease with which threatened strikes on the part of the anthracite coal miners, the employees of the New Jersey Central Railroad, and the American Sheet Steel Company have lately been settled, strong hope for more harmonious conditions. He writes: "To our mind, of course, it is guite clear that labor has the same right as capital to organize and combine. and that there should be no more need of strikes in the iron and steel industry than of a civil war in the carrying on of a modern government. The steel corporation will be so placed, as respects competition, that it need not fear to treat all its employed men both justly and liberally, and it can hardly be supposed to have any other motive."

Of the two writers the latter seems to be the wiser, and he has the facts up to date on his side. One great advantage in the very large combinations is that they bring large men to the front, and the larger a man is the more likely he is to see both sides, the more likely he is to feel that peace is preferable to war, and that the true, long-run interest of both sides is peace resting on a basis of equity. Small, fiery spirits, self-willed, ignorant, and obstinate, are ready to fight on small provocation. Cool, calculating, far-seeing men are conciliatory and willing to give and take. The magnitude of the interests involved, the serious results of open war if it be once declared, will incline the leaders likely to be intrusted with the responsibility, to be conservative and fair.

Discussion, mutual concessions, arbitration—every resource will be exhausted before war, the last resort, is declared. Great wisdom, great patience, and truly great leadership are called for. If a modicum of good will and mutual respect can be preserved and maintained, peace is rendered probable.

There are signs of a new feeling among the leaders. Such a meeting as that held in New York on May 7th is suggestive and hopeful. It was held at the Chamber of Commerce, having been arranged by the industrial department of the National Civic Federation. It was an effort to promote conciliation as a means of maintaining industrial peace, and was

joined in by leaders of unionism and of finance, such men as Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell sympathizing with labor. Charles R. Flint, President of the American Rubber Company, a prominent capitalist, and Bishop Potter, everybody's friend, joined in the praiseworthy purpose.

This is sensible and hopeful. It is out of the question to think of crushing labor organizations. They must be endured and they ought to be used. They necessitate like organizations on the part of business interests and then fair dealing. Strength, and its firm, but rational, use breed respect, and there ought to be no more reason for warfare than there is for a fist fight between two reasonable men who have differences of opinion upon their respective rights.

A trades union is a good thing or a bad thing in accordance with the way it is managed. If the power it represents be used with discretion and in accordance with equity and a high sense of duty and responsibility, it is a means of helpfulness in many directions. If it be used bitrarily and unjustly, if it attempts the impossible or unreasonable, if it is selfish and unscrupulous, it is a source of danger and of actual injury. It may harm its members, ruin their source of support, sow bitterness and hatred, and be a serious detriment to the whole community.

The part the capitalists are called upon to play is not an easy one, but if they manage to be just, patient and goodnatured, better understanding will follow, and more friendly relations will be maintained.

The element of selfishness is still strong and generally controls. One easy way of avoiding disappointment with our fellow men is to modify our expectations.

I am satisfied that employers make a serious mistake when they refuse to recognize trades unions. The representative of the employers association of this city says that under no circumstances tive of the Employers' Association of this labor councils. Employers often express themselves as willing to listen to their employees as individuals, but decline to treat with the representatives of the organization to which they belong. In the first place the ignoring of something that

really exists is folly. An ostrich hides his head in the sand, but he doesn't blot out the world of which he is a part. Experience teaches that conferences often remove misunderstandings, bring out facts that modify demands, and when reason and sympathy prevail, often avert threatened warfare. Again, the refusing to recognize a union is virtually an assumption that it is wholly bad, a conspiracy against the rights of capital, and an enemy to be spurned—not a legitimate, though self-constituted representative of a large body of reputable citizens.

This placing beyond the pale of rational treatment men organized for what they consider the welfare of their members, has a marked effect on their attitude and methous. Failing to be accorded the opportunity for presenting their purpose in a spirit of respectful protest, they feel justified in falling back upon the power that organization gives, and in enforcing what they feel to be their rights.

As to the methods pursued by trades unions, it is not my purpose to appear as an apologist. From my point of view they seem often unwise and unwarrantable. The boycot seems to me a dangerous weapon as likely to injure the party who wields it as him against whom it is directed. I do not deny that members of a union have a right to withhold their patronage, but in doing so they are almost sure to overstep the bounds of justice, and in making the person attacked a martyr, arouse sympathy for his independence which often is not justified on other grounds.

The use of the label is often unjust. It is a guarantee that union labor has been employed, but is not a guarantee that fair wages are not paid except when it is used. To deny it to a manufacturer who pays union wages, but declines to exclusively employ union men, I think is unfair.

The refusal of union men to work beside non-union is the occasion of much ill-feeling and prejudice. It is very galling, and to some men unbearable, to feel that they may not employ whom they will. Whether it is good policy upon the part of the unionist I am not sure. It is a claim that they often waive, and I

think they gain strength when they forego from a policy that they feel to be their right.

One must see their side to find any excuse for a course that seems arbitrary One must remember and humiliating. that they have certain ends, that to them have almost the sacredness of a religious They are bound together in a brotherhood that seeks the common good. They make great personal sacrifices for what they believe to be the uplifting of their class. No one who has not come in contact with it can understand their sense of loyalty to their union and the cause for which it stands, nor the distrust and often contempt they feel for a fellow workman who declines to join their organization. He stands in the way of their purpose for fair wages and just treatment. He often accepts wages below their scale, and displaces one of their members, who contributes to the funds with which they care for their sick, support their aged, bury their dead and fight for their rights, real or imagined. The non-union man is to them a traitor to the cause they hold dearest. By refusing to work with him they often compel him to join their ranks. If they consent to work by his side they allow an element of weakness in case of a strike. If an employer works a divided force he is comparatively independent. A man has a right to refuse work if he chooses, on any grounds, and if he feels that his own best interests or those of his class, demand that he shan refuse to work unless all who are employed with him belong to a union, or have red hair, or are six feet... high, he has the abstract right to do so. Whether it is wise or in the largest sense just for him to do so, is another question. As I walked along the street to-day I saw a bold placard by a small non-union restaurant keeper. He said he treated his, help right, he paid union wages, but he proposed to manage his own business. That represents the attitude of many employers, perhaps of most. It is what we all like, but a little thought must convince anyone that there are two parties in interest. The man who works has equal rights with the man who hires him. He has the right to work or not to work, the right to accept certain wages

if offered or to decline to part with his services at less than a sum that he, or his associates fix, the right to say how many hours he is willing to work for a given sum. The right to strike he also has. He often makes a mistake in exercising it. It is a weapon he does not enjoy using, which he is disposed to use with decreasing frequency.

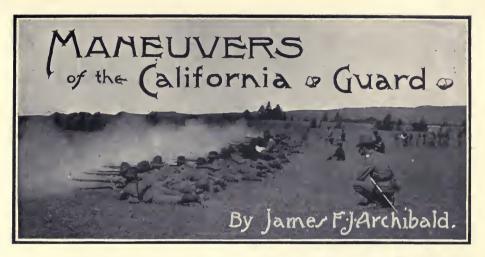
In judging the workingman we must bear in mind that he seeks an end that to him is good, and he uses such methods as he feels obliged to or finds will work. If he could get what he feels to be his rights by moral suasion he would never use force. But i practice he finds he gets mighty little that he does not fight for, and fight hard for. He does many things that we do not like, and that he doesn't like. The more intelligent a union is the more reasonable are its methods. Strikes are in great disfavor among the best unions. They are willing to specifically agree to submit to arbitration any differences that may arise. I believe that much will be gained when manufacturers and business men accept the facts, recognize the right of organization, and are willing to confer freely with the representatives of the labor unions.

A question like this that deals with a condition that is at the fore-front of civilization can only be justly considered from a height that enables us to look backward over the course that mankind has trodden and forward in the direction of his progress.

Do trades unions make for progress? Has labor been elevated through them? Has man by them or through their aid bettered his condition? Do they foster healthy manhood and earnest desire? Is their motive good—do their mistakes and wrongs outweigh their acknowledged benefit? These are the questions to be answered.

To my mind the trades union deserves charitable judgment if for no other reason than because it represents aspiration. We may be patient with its crude methods, its offenses against individual liberty, and we may have faith in a better future when education shall have added intelligence and experience shall have increased wisdom.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



OR the first time in the history of California her troops have been gathered on a single tented field, have been instructed under one

head, and have participated in evolutions worthy of the name of maneuvres. The people of the State have every reason to be proud of their troops, and should do all in the power of legislation to promote the welfare of the various organizations. But. few States are better equipped with material for a State military body, and that body should, therefore, be fostered and encouraged, until it stands at the head of our great The militia force. National Guard of California seems to be under good guidance, and this first

Major-General John H. Dickinson, Commanding. Photo by Taber.

general encampment will do a great deal towards building up the organization to a desired point of efficiency. The State military reservation on the heights above Santa Cruz was given to the State Government by the city of Santa Cruz to be held as a permanent reserve for the use of the State National Guard each

year. The tract has been known as "De Laveaga Heights," and was left by the will of one of the old citizens of Santa Cruz to the city to be used as a park by the municipal authorities. As a part of their plan they gave the State a part of it for the military encampment. There are six hundred acres in the entire tract, and the city of Santa Cruz offered as much as the commission appointed by Governor Gage, saw fit to accept. Unfortunately the commission only asked 130 acres, and owing to the fact that much of it is of steep

grade and therefore unfit for tentage ground, the only first brigade encampment has been rather crowded. Fortunately the troops are allowed to maneu-

Vol. xxxviii—No. 2—f 87 iv Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



ver on the entire tract, and so the pressure will be relieved even with the greater growth of the various organizations. The city of Santa Cruz furnishes all the water for the reservation free of cost, and originally laid the pipes at its own expense. It has built a road leading to the reserve, and binds itself to furnish a certain amount of light during the encampment, and unofficially pledges the construction and maintainance of a permanent barracks, store house, or armory in which the camp equipage may be stored, thereby saving the cost of transportation each year.

This reserve will undoubtedly become one of the best institutions of the State; it will directly affect the thousands of men of the Guard and will be a great source of true pride to all persons interested in the welfare of the State. The reservation of the New York National Guard on the Hudson River has become one of the most profitable institutions the State has ever formed, and there is no reason why this one on De Laveaga Heights should not be equally successful.

Just outside of London the great "camp" at Aldershot holds, in times of peace, about eighty-five thousand men in permanent barracks. On this reservation are the most approved and modern buildings of permanent character, yet that great camp started in a modest way as an actual camp, and although it has grown to the present size it is still called a camp. Naturally the camp at Santa Cruz will never rival even the one on the Hudson, but with the auspicious start the movement has received it should be one of the best in this country.

As soon as the people of California become better acquainted with their National Guard they will realize how good it is even at the present time. They will look up to those men who spend money and time to serve the State. This permanent camp will do more to prove the real worth of the State troops than anything else that could be done. It will give the people an opportunity to see what they can do and allow them to see that they have long since ceased to be a subject of jest.

The proximity to the sea will allow the Naval Reserve to have trainings in

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

their branch of the service as it will be an easy matter, under ordinary circumstances, to arrange with the Navy Department for a battle-ship or a cruiser to be stationed in the bay during the maneuvers. The Southern Pacific Company has pledged itself to give an exceptionally low rate of passage to all members of the military force during the time of the annual encampment. This company has had, during the last three years, considerable experience in the transportation of troops, and has proven itself both capable and obliging. Not a complaint came to my notice either from the Quartermaster's department or from individual source, against the service rendered by the railroad in the matter of transportation, and yet one brigade came from the southernmost part of the State. Neither the Government at Washington nor the Governments of the various

States have ever paid sufficient attention to the plans of mobilization of the national forces. It is no small matter for a railroad to transport a large body of troops, and to do it with dispatch and comfort to the men needs a considerable amount of practice. In all continental countries of Europe each railway goods carriage is marked on the door with figures showing the exact number of men and horses the carriage will acommodate. The heads of the railway systems turn into the general Government each day reports received from division superintendents showing the number of passenger - and - goods - carriages available for military purposes. Regiments, brigades and divisions are moved about the country merely to give practical training to the railways. I do not believe there is a railway on the American continent better equipped and trained for the trans-



Warfield's Brigade in Bivouac.

portation of troops than the Scuthern Pacific system, simply thev because have had the Three practice. years ago they really knew but little about the work, and a troop train moving from the Oakland mole to New Orcaused leans inconvenmuch venience to the themm.e n selves and also to the traveling public. We were given cars unsuited to the work, and the transportation was slow. But to-day's efficiency shows what experience has done. One thing is certain.



Brigadier-General W. H. Seamans, Adjutant-General.

and that is, that every bit of knowledge gathered by the practice in rapid mobilization of troops at Santa Cruz may sometime be of untold value. Should this country ever be at war with a nation

powerful enough to land an invading force to attempt the taking of San Francisco. that landing would necessarily be made in Monterey bay. The great batteries now placed and being placed on the sea frontage flanking the Golden Gate, are powerful against any fleet. There are not enough ships afloat under any one flag to destrov these modern batteries. simply because their guns could not receive the required elevation. To operate successfully, the enemy would

be compelled to land his mobile force below or above the city and invest the surrounding country. Monterey bay would be the most natural objective point, and in consequence the training



General Muller Salutes the Colors.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



Governor Gage, General Shafter

ly that of driving tent-pegs, walking post or drilling. They should be shown that these exercises are maneuvers done with a great object of instruction in view, and not merely an encampment and an outing. Above all, the rank and tile of the militia force should be made to feel that they are not demeaning themselves as men by showing absolute subservience to their officers; that they are playing the part of a game when they are serving in the citizen soldiery; and that they should play that game to the best of their knowledge. The most ludicrous object I saw at the Santa Cruz encampment was an orderly on duty with the Governor's staff. He was attired in the faultless uniform of a sergent-major of cavalry. He was evidently a man of some position and means, and unfortunately he could not forget it. He was not a keen sport in the game he was playing. He had his valet at his elbow to run errands he was ordered to do by the officers, and his horse was a beautiful thorough-bred, but with a park equipment. When an officer spoke to him he stood with spraddling legs and a cheery smile,

now being given the Nationa. this Guard Ωf State has the same importance that the great German maneuvers have when. each year. the Kaiser and his Field Marshals play at the great problem of the Rhine. Year afvear thev study each move of attack and defense, looking to that day when a French army will make their play real.

The Guardsmen of this State should be taught to feel that their work is not mere-



General Warfield and Staff d by Microsoft ®



Colonel Henry I. Seymour, 2d Infantry.

and his salute was more like a fond papa shaking da-da to a school child than anything I ever saw done by a man in soldier blue. Once when a brigadier-general ordered him to do some service I heard him call out easily, "All right, General, just as soon as I get through here." And he was instrucing his valet about his own mount. When the Governor of the State and the Major-General commanding the regular army in this department were riding to the review escorted by a number of staff officers, he rode past the commissioned staff, and cantered along beside the carriage, chatting with the Governor. What a soldier of forty years in the regular army thought of it is hard to imagine. I do not tell all this because of the man-I do not even know who he was-but merely to give it as an example of what a citizen soldier should not do. When I saw this man slapping officers on the



Major George Filmer,

he would at home. I could not but think of how I saw brave Willie Tiffany drop a spade he was using in a trench and stand rigid attention when Colonel John Jacob Astor happened to be the officer inspecting. At their clubs in New York and Newport those men were comrades. bound by close ties. In the field they were officer and man, and both had the sand to "play the part." I could not but think of an instance at Old Point Comfort when a volunteer sailor was busily scrubbing the deck, and a regular officer, who was escorting some ladies about the ship, called to him and said: "You man, there, you belong near here, don't you? Whose yacnt is that?" The volunteer

back in the same familiar manner that



Commander G. W. Bauer, Naval Reserve.

looked out over the rail, brought his hand to his cap in sharp salute, and said quietly: "That's mine, sir." It was that spirit that made the Rough Riders under Colonel Roosevelt the greatest regiment of volunteers this country has ever seen. It is that spirit that made the City Troop of Philadelphia what it is. They are true sportsmen and not afraid to play the game. Nothing can be done to bring the National Guard nearer the efficiency of the regular army than for the men to feel a pride in knocking their heels together, saluting sharply and standing rigid attention when the regulations require. The entire system of electing 1st Infantry lif - Digitized popular officers is wrong, and I trust will

be done away with, as I have reason to believe it will. But as long as it remains let the men take pride in treating their officers as though they were in the regular establishment.

It has been advocated for some time. and I think will be accomplished, that the Federal Government give actual as well as moral backing to the State troops, and join the two bodies in the annual maneuvers, thereby giving the State troops the advantage of the regulars' example. We are the most military nation in the world to-day, and the volunteer principles are the strength of the republic. Our cadet corps, private military schools, and volunteer regiments are almost unknown except in England, and even there the pri-



Lieut.-Col. E. A. Forbes, 2d Infantry.

vate military school system is quite unheard of. In Brigadier-General W. H. Seamans, the Adjutant-General of the State, the troops have a capable and energetic friend, who has the welfare of the service well at heart, and who shows a personal pride in the work. The commander of the troops, Major-General John H. Dickinson, has done much to bring the organization to its present efficiency, and fortunately politics have been kept out of the appointments. The various brigade commanders, as well as the division commander, have received their stars through merit. The line officers have had in many cases actual service during the Spanish war, and consequently the work they are able to do is of a high grade. The list Infan



Lieutenant Thomas Rutledge, 2d Infantry.

staff officers have, in most cases, been chosen for their knowledge of the particular duty they are called upon to perform. I have never seen, even among the regulars, an army officer who performed the duties of Quartermaster of a division better than Major John W. A. Off of General Last's staff, who was made acting Division Quartermaster by General Dickinson. No regular engineer officer could have handled the planning of the camp site better that the Division Engineer, Lieutenant-Colonel T. Waln-Morgan Draper. It is not surprising, however, that Colonel Draper should do his



Colonel Thomas F. O'Neill,



Governor Gage, Generals Shafter, Seam ans, and Dickinson, and Staff Officers.

work in a creditable manner, as he has been in military life for many years, and was in the United States service as captain of engineers. These are merely instances of what may be expected of the men who hold the commissions in the Guard. After all there is a great deal of



Colonel F. E. Beck, gives proof of his abiguity and property of the State Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

everything in real war except fighting. Clever business or professional men make the best of soldiers even on active campaign.

The hospital corps of the division merits more than a passing mention, for it showed more than ordinary excellence during the few days of encampment. The medical corps is one of few divisions of the Guard service that has actual practice and real work during a campaign of make-believe war. Limbs are broken, fevers contracted, and there are gun-shot wounds as real as though the command were actually in the field. The splendid service must be due to the men in it, and therefore those at its head cannot receive too much praise.

The Surgeon-General of the State is Colonel Winslow Anderson, A. M., M. D., M. R. C. P., the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Dr. Anderson's record of success in his profession gives proof of his ability to guide the work of the State military medical

corps. He graduated from the University of California medical department in 1884, but even before his graduation he was made assistant to the Chair of Materia Medica and Medical Chemistry. Even after his graduation he continued the position for several years. After extensive European travel on the continent in 1890, Dr. Anderson entered the St. Bartholomew's Hospital College for practical training. After a year's work he took the degree from the Society of Apothecaries of London, and three months later qualified in the examinations for the degrees of L. R. C. P. of London and M. R. C. S. of England. Later, before the Royal College of Physicians, he received the degree of M. R. C. P. of London. After a year spent in traveling he again settled in San Francisco, and continued his practice. Dr. Anderson is now the owner of St. Winifred's Hospital, and was formerly interested in the Waldeck, St. Andrew's, and McNutt Hospitals. He has been the prime



Colonel Winslow Anderson, Surgeon-General.

mover in the success of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and much of its



Major W. J. Hanna Captain H. H. Look.

Univ Canitary Corps, 2d Regiment.

Univ Calli - Digital Corps of the Corps of the Corps of the Carlot o

success is due directly to his endeavors. He is a specialist on gynecology and abdominal surgery, and is a prominent member of the State Board of Health.

The Sanitary Corps of the encampment was under the direct supervision of Col. William D. McCarthy, the Division Surgeon, and to him is due the major share of the credit of the excellent work performed. I have never seen a more perfectly-appointed field hospital than the one at Camp Gage. At no Eastern encampment have I ever seen one nearly so well appointed. The field operating tent would be a credit to any metropolitan hospital. The corps of women nurses in their uniform-gray and white dressespresented a charming picture, but their work was reality. The division hospital occupied two large tents, and under this covering were about fifty beds. In one



The Regulars.

Maj. Young. Capt. Clark. Col. Wilhelm.
Univ Calif - Digitized by N



Colonel Draper.

tent the doctors gathered all surgical cases, while in the other were the medical cases. The medical and surgical supplies occupied an adjoining tent, and this canvas covered a perfect and modern drug store ready to supply any needful drug or surgical supply. The division hospital occupied an excellent and healthful site near division headquarters; a little too near, perhaps, as the bustle and hurry of the headquarters business could not but annoy a sick man. The hospital should be placed in a more quiet spot during other encampments for this reason.

The commissary department seemed to be well managed, and there were few complaints of the quality of the food issued to the men. I accompanied General Seamans, Colonel Wilhelm of the regular army, and Surgeon-General Anderson on an inspection of the entire camp, and during the tour all of the company cooks were asked for their opinion on the quality of food. They were unanimous in pro-

They were unanimous in pro-

nouncing it good. A couple of the sensational papers of San Francisco endeavored to create some talk by claiming to have discovered bad meat in camp, but the men themselves resented the accusation by showing strong disapproval of the presence of the writers in camp. It is to be regretted that the local press should assume the attitude toward the National Guard that it has done. Instead of presenting an honest criticism of the methods employed, the columns were devoted to gathering petty scandals or to attempts at stirring ill will between commanders. One of the older and most clever of the writers, whose name is of sufficient importance to be displayed in black type at the head of his writings, devoted the entire telegraphic dispatch to his paper, on the day of the review of the division, to telling how a General lost his chapeau, and how a panic was created at a dance the night before by someone tapping the barrel of punch by boring a hole up through the floor. On another day more than a column was devoted to how "rival dances lead to woeful tangle." A man can stand any amount of criticism, but he objects to ridicule. The day has passed when the National Guard is a subject of jest, and the daily press should assist them in their work rather than try to make it more difficult, for the very papers publishing this ridicule would be among the first to demand the protection of these citizen soldiers in case of riot or internal strife. It should be remembered that these soldiers are literally paying for the privilege of doing the State's police work,



Capt. Geo. H. Voss.



Col. A. K. Whitton. 5th Infantry.

and they should receive the gratitude of the people for it. Our regular army would not be any better if they only received a week's training as a body during a year, and only had an evening each month devoted to drill. I have seen regular soldiers in European volunteer armies than these same guardsmen.

General Warfield's brigade made an excellent showing on a practice march from the camp. The brigade went out with two days' rations and field equipment, made a march to Capitola, a few miles away, and went into camp just as it would on active duty. Sentries, outposts, and pickets were posted, and the entire force was on the alert to protect against attacks from the rest of the division. General Warfield's brigade is one of the best in the State organization, and it is mainly due to his personal supervision, as he is a thorough and capable officer, fully qualified for the work intrusted to him.

I saw some excellent work done in the skirmish field by General Muller's brigade, but it lacked the convincing end that might have been given to it had there been regularly appointed umpires to watch the proceedings and count out any command or such portion of a command as in their judgment would be lost in battle under the fire delivered. European maneuvers the umpires accompany both sides. The commanders re-2d Infantry alif - Digitize port to them the elevation, range, and, in

case of artillery, projectile to be used, and by this information they judge of the possibility of injury to the enemy, taking into consideration the manner in which the opposing force has exposed itself. A certain number of men are accounted as wounded, to give employment to the hospital corps. The men declared killed in action are marched off to a remote portion of the field, and held during the



Lieut. Goudet.
1st Infantry.

remainder of the engagement, their ammunition being turned over to the survivors. All this adds much interest to the men, and causes them to be much more careful, as they have a pride in continuing the battle. In some of the German and Russian maneuvers the battles are waged by Army Corps, and last several days, until a decided advantage has been gained. Two years ago a German Field Marshal commanded the army opposing that of the Emperor. During the third night of the engagement, the Field Marshal commandeered every horse in the farm and village stables for miles about, mounted his infantry, and by a forced march gained the rear of the Emperor's force before daybreak, and thereby gained an apparent victory. This move cost the Government several thousand dollars, but money is not considered during the military instruction maneuvers. It is advisable to go as near real war as possible, although, of course, it will never be possible for us to go to the extremes practiced by the Germans or Russians.

The attention of the officers of the undoubtedly approved

California Guard should be directed principally to the discipline of the corps. Men should be made to understand that a strap means as much in the citizensoldiery as it does in the regular army. Officers can be firm, but diplomatic in their firmness, and the men must be made to feel that it is their duty to treat their officers as officers, when they are in uniform, even though they are comrades or brothers in every-day life.

Collars unsoldiered the entire Guard at Santa Cruz. The collar is a small but very important portion of the uniform of a soldier. There was no seeming attempt to preserve any uniformity in this respect. I saw more kinds, sorts, and conditions of collars than could be found in a metropolitan haberdasher's shop. Hundreds of men and officers were properly collared, but those who were not, spoiled the look of their entire organization. One of the best organizations in the camp was the heavy artillery battalion from San Francisco. The uniforms were new and well cut, the arms polished to an inspection point, the company streets cleanly policed, the tentage properly pitched and tastily decorated. On the whole it was



Capt. Thomas J. Cunningham.
1st Infantry.

a model organization, but I shall always remember one flaming red bow tie at the top of a high turn-down collar. I cannot think of that battalion without seeing in my mind's eye that awful, hideous unmilitary tie. The collar was unmilitary, the tie worse, and consequently the otherwise perfectly appointed soldier looked like a Casino comedian. He undoubtedly approved of himself, or he



The State's Navy.

would not have had on that collar and red tie, but where was his squad corporal, where was his first seargent, where was his company commander, that they should allow this one man to parade himself about in a high turn-down collar and a red tie. If any one ever mentions California Heavy Artillery to me I shall always think of that tie. This was merely an example of many of the others. There should be an order issued calling the attention of company commanders to the style of collar authorized, and the company commanders should take pride in seeing the order enforced.

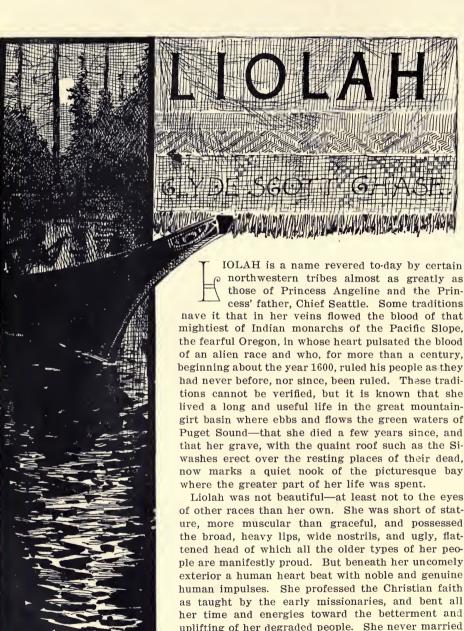
As a whole the brigade under General Charles F. A. Last made an excellent showing. The men were soldierly and well equipped in all matters and paid much attention to the minor detail such as turning out the guard at the proper times, standing attention when

an officer passed, facing out of post after retreat. All these points help very materially in the general tone of the command.

It is surprising that there should be no battery of light artillery in the State organization. It is a branch of the service that is most useful, the drill is without doubt the most interesting, although at times it is very hard. It would only take about fifty men to fully man a battery of about four pieces, including spare caission and forge wagon.

Thousands upon thousands saw most of General Warfield's brigade march in the escort to President McKinley on the day of his arrival but oddly enough they were so soldierly that they got no credit for their State. They were so good that no one could tell them from the regulars and the great majority simply took it for granted that they were all in the regular establisment.





Liolah was not beautiful—at least not to the eyes of other races than her own. She was short of stature, more muscular than graceful, and possessed the broad, heavy lips, wide nostrils, and ugly, flattened head of which all the older types of her people are manifestly proud. But beneath her uncomely exterior a human heart beat with noble and genuine human impulses. She professed the Christian faith as taught by the early missionaries, and bent all her time and energies toward the betterment and uplifting of her degraded people. She never married nor consorted in any way with the male sex, for reasons that will be spoken of further on. She passed away childless at the age of about seventy years.

Liolah lived with her widowed and aged father in a rudely constructed hut upon one of the many little harbor spits scattered about the picturesque ramifications of the Sound. The dwelling was made of

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

driftwood from the beach, mats of woven grass, and large flakes of cedar bark, and at different points above the bay were a score or more of other Siwash huts constructed in the same rude fashion —a primitive Indian hamlet.

Once this little hamlet was a veritable dominion of its own, for as yet no white settler had come to disturb its sacred neighborhood. Season after season its brown, stolid-faced men paddled their dugout canoes whithersoever they listed, gathering fish and water fowl to satisfy their physical requirements; season after season its equally brown and stolidfaced women braided their baskets and rugs of the bullrush, the willow, and the strong white cuticle of the cedar tree, tanned and made rude garments of skins, gathered wild blackberries from the forest, dug clams from their lowly bed beneath the tide-flat, herded their scattered broods of youngsters at night, and roasted the ush for the evening meal over a smoking fire of driftwood; season after season their great sky-father, "Socalee Tyee," sent to them the pleasant summer days with their goodly store of woodland fruit and countless millions of rich, juicy salmon from the great ocean; season after season the cold, raw winds of the rainy winter months drove myriads of ducks, geese and brant into the shelter of the bay where the skillful Siwash could secure them without care or trouble.

Here the girl Liolah had lived since she was a tiny pappoose of three years, and to her the world was comprehended in the blue arms of the Sound upon which she dwelt, the few miles of dark, heavy forest extending back to the range of snow-covered mountains and the vast archway of tinted sky overhead, across which traveled each day the great ball of sun-fire and from which peeped at night the twinkling campfires from the home of the Great Spirit. She had heard in a garbled, distorted way of a strange race of people beyond the big mountains —a people with no color in their skins, and who destroyed the trees and even much of the ground upon which they lived, and rebuilded into strange, weird structures according to their own fancy;

impression on her mind, until one day there came to the little hamlet a missionary from those very people of whom such wicked tales were told. After that she developed a keen interest in things outside her own narrow sphere of existence, and it was not long before she had learned to speak the language of the white missionary who told her many things about his own land, stranger by far than any of the stories told by the old wiseheads of her people.

When she was about twenty years of age the first white settler came to live near the little Siwash hamlet, locating a few miles up the river, which emptied its waters into the Sound a short halfmile distant.

This event was more than a nine-day wonder to Liolah and her people, and not until many of the Siwashes had passed up and down in their canoes by the queer log house which the white stranger had built, and held much subdued conversation regarding the appearance and remarkable characteristics of his family. did they settle down to anything like their accustomed carelessness and indifference.

One of these strangers was a young man of strong, erect figure, and with the steady, fearless eve of the pioneer. He spoke the Chinook jargon—the passport to the good graces of all northwestern tribes-and, as business of one sort or another took him frequently to the little hamlet on the bay, he in time became looked upon as an interesting and welcome visitor there. Liolah often sat by her sputtering fire and talked with him about his people and the great country beyond the mountains, and under the circumstances it is perhaps not strange that the girl's soul, which had hitherto slumbered, indifferent to the attractions of the indolent young men of her tribe. should awaken to life with all the intensity of her strong nature, and overwhelm her with the passion of a great love. Indeed, it seems hardly other than a natural sequence.

Quite different was it with the object of her love. He saw in her an unusually intelligent specimen of her race, with unusually ugly features, and with some but these stories had made little or no. really interesting ideals and depths of

mind-but he saw nothing.

Before the girl had an opportunity to comprehend this sad truth the momentous catastrophe, which was to leave its impression upon her whole after life, occurred. The part she played therein is but one of the many heroic adventures of her career, but it illustrates in a measure the indomitable spirit she possessed, and is given as the main incident of this sketch.

It was winter, and the sky frowned, sullen and heavy, over the waters of Puget Sound; over the wet, mossy shoreland, the dark ozonic forests, the sheltered lakes and dashing rivers. The air was cool and still, and the gentle swells upon the surface of the Sound kissed the gray pebbles of the beach with scarcely an audible whisper. Upon either hand the rugged mountains towered white and speckled with the overhanging clouds, clothed with a heavy mantle of snow, ever so peautiful to look upon-a beauty, however, portentious of future disaster to the country traversed by the mountain streams. The "chinook"—the warm wind from the west, before which those lofty snows disappear like dew before the summer sun-would soon come to bring mighty and destructive floods in its train.

To those whose attention has never been called to the "chinook," it should be stated that this remarkable wind occurs at more or less regular intervals during the winter season, and is as important a factor in the climatic conditions of the Pacific northwest as it is unacountable in origin. The Siwashes suppose that it comes from the land of the Chinooks, a once powerful tribe who ruled the coast country to the southwest, and from this fact it derives is local term. The whites have several theories as to its origin, all of which seem to be devoid of satisfactory foundation. That this balmy wind arises at a certain degree of north latitude and travels eastward well into the Rocky Mountain country, warming into life and verdure what would otherwise be a bleak and frozen land, is alike a mystery to scientific minds and a most beneficent reality.

The day was near its close when the aged father of Liolah emerged from his rude hut, and with critical eye inspected

the prophetic overhanging clouds.

"Ugh! The chinook will soon come," he said.

"Yes, father," responded Liolah, who just then came and stood by his side. "The clouds are taking on the soft look of summer, and already the air grows warm before the breath of the chinook."

Then, inspired by a sudden thought, she added: "How deep and white the mountains are covered with snow! And how rapidly it melts in the wind from the land of perpetual springtime!"

"Yes, my child."

"Father, are not our white friends in peril?"

"Yes, they may be all swept away by the flood which is sure to come soon, for they know not the danger they are in, and are not wise like we," the old man replied. "I have not seen so much snow on the mountain since I was a young man and the bravest of my tribe. Then, long moons ago, a mighty chinook came and kissed the big hills when they were white as they now are, and within one short day great trees were torn out of the earth and broken like straws, and the water dashed and roared along yonder valley two Siwash deep!"

The girl shuddered, and her eyes expanded with an expression of anxiety.

"Our friends must be warned of their danger!" she exclaimed.

"That is impossible, my child. It is some distance to their home, and night already approaches. Before morning the river will be up and roaring so loudly that no canoe would dare to brave its anger. And then, pain has your father's best arm in its ev'l power, and his canoe must lie idle upon the spit," returned the old man, sadly.

"But my arm is strong and my heart fears not the anger of the flood," cried Liolah, impulsively. "I will go!"

"No, no, Liolah; you must not think of such a rash thing," the father protested. "The Siwash must meet his dangers as best he may. Are those white people any better than he?"

"Hush, father!" the girl returned, impatiently. "Let not your heart speak like a child—you who were once the bravest of your tribe. I must warn our friends, if it is possible to reach them.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

in time. If I fail, the will of the Great Spirit be done."

As she uttered these words Liolah seized a paddle and walked swiftly down to the beach where lay moored her father's canoe. Grasping it by the long, dragon-like neck, she pushed it over the grating pebbles until it floated upon the Then, placing a folded incoming tide. deerskin in the bottom for her knees to rest upon, she sprang into the slender craft and paddled away toward the mouth of the river.

The journey by land was one difficult of accomplishment even in daylight, so dense and tangled was the forest undergrowth bordering the stream, so to reach the objective point by way of the river was the girl's only hope in her brave undertaking.

As matters stood, the tide, being at his flood, would back up into the river for nearly half a mile, making this much of her journey quite easy; but thenceforth a herculean battle must be fought with the strong current.

As Liolah entered the channel and the towering forest closed in on either side, darkness surrounded her; but the moon was struggling through the clouds in the eastern sky, and its feeble light would enable her to follow the course of the stream without difficulty.

The breath of the rising chinook sighed dreamily through the tree-tops, and fanned the girl's dark cheek with the soft, balmy temperature of the tropics. She raised her head and drank the pleasant air in deep inspirations, for she loved its warm, dreamy breath. To her it was not one of the atmospheric mysteries of the planet upon which we dwell; it was the warm wind sent by the Great Spirit Socalee Tyee to drive away the frost and chill and cause the woodland to spring forth in perennial green.

As the wind increased in volume Liolah began to burn with the flush of exercise. The light doeskin cape about her shoulders grew uncomfortable and was cast aside. Soon the gale was hurling itself through the forest with a sullen roar, and perspiration was standing in beads upon the girl's forehead. ahead the dashing of the rapids sounded an accompaniment to the voice of the chinook. The stern feature of the journey was at hand.

Allowing the canoe to drift a few yards by its own momentum, Liolah unfastened the girdle about her waist. Then she seized her paddle with renewed energy and began a determined fight with the strong rapids. Throughout the long hours of night the swelling river flercely disputed her progress, but with an endurance almost miraculous the brave girl fought on with unflagging determination. The gray light of dawn began to soften the surrounding shadows, and still she had not reached her destination. last and strongest of the rapids, now. swollen to a fierce torrent, lay just before her.

Her blood was superheated to an alarming degree, and perspiration was streaming in rivulets from her face and neck. She could breathe only in quick, labored gasps, while in the muscles of her arms and breast were sharp pains like the stinging of briar thorns, but not for a moment did she think of turning back.

Suddenly she tore loose the fastenings of her sole remaining garment, and flung it with spiteful desperation into the forward end of the boat! She could now breathe easier, and with increased intensity of determination she bent to her heroic task, whin the cords and veins stood out on arms and forehead as if threatening to burst beneath the strain upon them. Foot by foot the canoe mounted the swollen rapids. And soon the white settler's cabin was visible in the morning twilight!

A mad whirlpool of water and debris encircleá it; its inmates were doubtless imprisoned within. Liolah fixed her aching eyes upon the doomed cabin, and a fearful dread almost stilled the wild beating of her heart. Sae saw the angry flood dashing against the little structure-saw the tall trees above it swaying and reeling in the grasp of the torrent. And even as she looked a hoarse, grinding noise sounded above the roar of the flood; a giant fir, uprooted by the great pressure against it, descended to a prostrate position with a sickening crash! tarily the brave girl was unnerved by the spectacle, for the cabin

smashed into fragments by the fallen giant.

A foaming current of water rushed over the spot, and the broken timbers were whirled out into the mad stream. A human face and arm arose for a brief instant above the foam, a face ghastly and blood-stained: then a whirling fragment of timber struck the apparition from Liolah's sight-the face which was indelibly stamped upon her heart! The paddle slipped through her nerveless hands, a shudder convulsed her overwrought frame, and she fell forward in the bottom of the boat, unconscious. The light craft, freed from its restraining hand, danced swiftly away on the bosom of the river.

In after days Liolah arose from a bed of sickness, for her superhuman struggle with the terrible flood had nearly cost her her life. And she arose a changed being. In time her full measure of strength returned, but a new expression had settled in her eyes never to depart, and her temples had become as though touched with frost.

Her whole subsequent life was a remarkable example of Christian womanhood, but the memory of that fearful night of disaster evidently haunted her to the close of her days. She seldom spoke of it, but her friends were aware of her reasons for remaining unmarried. The eye of her unswerving faith saw the man she loved awaiting her in spirit land.

#### THE FEAR THAT TREADS LIFE'S PATH.

BY RAGLAN GLASCOCK.

When low the evening sun the fair earth kisses
And leaves a blush upon her crimsoned face,
Then down in darkness falls her raven tresses
Glittering bright with jewels from distant space.

Soft the night wind sweeps o'er bruiséd bosom, Giving to all a hollow, mournful sound.

And the great firs sigh—forgot is all their wisdom—

No voice is heard but nature's wailing sound.

Even man's hearts stoops down before this sadness,
The heart that toils earth's weary path alone;
And the dumb, mute soul brings forth no note of gladness
That rising skyward, seeks to find His throne.

# Rooms

MAY C. RINGNALT.
Illustrated by Henry Raleigh.

frame the delicate slimness of a fragile little girl.

The wide blue eyes that looked up at the stranger with a startled eagerness made Kelcey wince, and he wondered, for the hundredth time, why the eyes of all the children that he had noticed for the past five years were of that inevitable blue. Then, recovering himself, half in play, half in reverence for the compelling sweetness of the eyes, he lifted his hat to the little maid. The opening of the door widened, the child's trusting nature forcing back into forgetfulness the admonitions of caution that she had evidently received.

"May I see your mother, little one?" Kelcey gently asked.

"I'm sorry, sir, but she's out. I can deliver any message, though," she answered with quaint primness of speech and manner.

"There's no message," said Kelcey. "I simply called to look at the rooms to let."

The child's eyes grew wistful—then a flash of daring made their blue piercing.

"If you wouldn't mind, I could show you the rooms," said she in an excited little gasp.

Kelcey hesitated. Even if the rooms should suit, could he endure the sweet torture of daily looking down into the tender memories that those blue eyes would ever mirror?

"I could, really," coaxed the child, her

OOMS to Let"—from all directions the words mocked Kelcey's weariness, for all that foggy, windy August afternoon, he had trudged along the San Francisco streets in a vain effort to secure suitable apartments. With the stubbornness of despair he determined to make one more attempt before returning to his hotel, and, selecting a placarded house at random, he impatiently went up its front steps and rang the bell.

From within came the sound of pattering feet, and the slow, difficult grating of a key in the lock, then the door opened a crack—a crack sufficient in width to

shy timidity pushed aside by the awful fear that he would go away. "I've been with mamma every time that she's shown them—and it's been so very often!"

Kelcey was unable to withstand the pleading sadness of those last words, so he hastily consented, and with a proud importance the child ushered him into the hallway and triumphantly closed the front door.

"We always show the parlor suite first," she announced, as she held back the portiere to let him enter. "For you see," she naively confided, "that is the most expensive, and if some one would only take it, my mamma would no longer have to worry about our rent."

Kelcey silently gazed about him, the indescribable air of taste and refinement that pervaded the simple apartments giving a strange sense of homesickness.

"Any little touches that you might suggest could easily be added, you know," said the child, solemnly.

Kelcey laughed to conceal his amusement. It was evident that unconsciously the lesson of showing rooms had been learned verbatim—but with interpolations that would have startled the absent mother.

"You see, we couldn't afford to buy anything more until we got some lodgers. Why, we haven't even carpets in our own rooms, and—what do you think?—we've only two chairs altogether, so we have to carry them about wherever we go—isn't that a joke?"

Again Kelcey coughed, but not to conceal amusement.

"Did you notice the Southern exposure?" she queried, guiding him to the front windows. "That's a great advantage in San Francisco—perhaps you are a stranger?"

"Yes, I arrived only yesterday," replied Kelcey, smiling.

"We've fived here a long time," said she. "Six whole weeks."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Kelcey.

The child solemnly nodded. "You see, there is a fine Bay view. It's pretty foggy, but if you duck your head and squint real hard you can 'most make out the Golden Gate."

To please her, Kelcey went through a severe contortion of neck and eyes, accompanied by an "oh!" of delighted surprise, while she prattled on by his side.

"At my grandpapa's, in the East, there never were any rooms to let, though his house was as big as a fairy palace."

They had come close together at the window, and as she spoke the last words her hand stroked the sleeve of his coat. The light touch sent a thrill through his heart.

"My granapapa died, you know," she sorowfully added.

"I am sorry," said Kelcey, tenderly.

The child's fingers slipped down from his arm and lovingly fluttered into his hand. As it tightly closed over them she looked up into his face and smiled.

"I want to show you the nice grate behind this little silk curtain," she said, leading him from the window to the mantel. "Just look at its big basket!" she exclaimed, as she let go his hand and knelt upon the hearth, holding back the curtain with her tiny fingers. "They say fire is a necessity in the rainy season, so the grate is another advantage. I'm awfully sorry," she apologetically ended, "but the fire is—extra."

She scrambled to her feet, and as a matter of course took his hand again. "My grandpapa didn't leave my mamma a cent of money," she announced in an awed tone.

"No?" queried Kelcey.

"No—wasn't it naughty of him? You see, he was *very* angry because my mamma wouldn't promise never to have anything to do with my poor daddy."

"So your father isn't dead?" said Kelcey. "Suppose," he quickly added, discreetly trying to change the subject from private family matters, "that you show me the bed-room now."

"Certainly!" cried the child. "You see the rooms are communicating—that is another advantage. No, my daddy wouldn't die, though my grandpapa wanted him to." Her gaze fell upon the floor, and her voice sank to a subdued whisper. "He turned into a black sheep."

"Did what?" asked Kelcey.

"Turned into a black sheep. I didn't see him do it because he went away when

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

I was little—a great deal littler than now -but my grandpapa said he had become a regular black sheep. I'd like to call you attention to the inclosed wash-stand. You'll find running water another advangreat hope. "Don't you suppose," she wistfully asked, "that a black sheep could turn into a man again."

Kelcey stooped and kissed her. "It would be hard work, little one, and take



"Did you notice the southern exposure?"

tage. Once I went to a circus up in a barn, and there was an elephant. It fell down, and then it turned into two boys-I saw it myself." The blue eyes, looking a long time, but I know that he could!" he murmured in a strained voice.

"I'm so glad that I asked you!" joyously cried the child. "I've wondered up into Kelcey's, grew luminous with a and wondered but I couldn't ask mamma, for she always cries when I talk about daddy—she says it's because she loves him so much."

Kelcey's face whitened and the corners of his sensitive mouth twitched. He stood silent, but within him surged a passion of thought like tumultuous waves breaking against a stern rock. The justice of fate seemed a bitter mockery as he fiercely compared "daddy's" lot with his own. The former scoundrel, who in all probability was still recklessly bad. had this wife and child longing for his return, while he-Kelcey-who had climbed out of the pit, who yearned for love and home, dared not go back. This man's wife had sacrificed all for her love of him, but his Helen-oh, he knew her so well, the strong, superb creature with a magnificent capacity for worship, who could not love looking down, who could not forgive and forget, who could never stoop to kiss a fallen idol. Yet there was his baby girl, his blue-eyed darling with her clinging little ways, her tender caresses, if he could-no, she had grown up out of all remembrance of him. They were both cherished in ease and luxury. He would not cast a shadow over their happiness.

"Here is a large closet, big enough for a trunk," interrupted an enthusiastic voice at his elbow.

"Very nice, very nice indeed," stammered Kelcey. If his Helen and his little Nell were only as this poverty-haunted woman and child, how eagerly he would beg forgiveness, shield them, work for them, love—.

"I'm afraid that you don't like the rooms after all," said the child by his side, with a plaintive sigh.

"On the contrary," said Kelcey, in sudden decision, "I'm going to take them."

"Really? Honest true, cross your heart?" she breathlessly asked.

"Honest true, cross my heart!" Kelcey answered, forcing a smile, as he playfully went through the motion. "I must go now, but I shall come back and see your mother this evening."

She danced before him, a whirl of excitement, the blue eyes sparkling with exultation.

"You must tell mamma what a capable agent her little daughter is," he said as he paused in the hall a moment, for the child insisted upon opening the front door for him.

"Oh," she exclaimed in delight, as she swung back the door, "here comes mamma now!" and she darted out and down the steps.

The fog had lifted, and through the opened door the sunshine floated in upon Kelcey, and with it the sound of kisses, and the soft sweet prattle of the child as she breathlessly told of her wonderful adventure. He stood back and waited.

They hastened up the steps—the tall, graceful woman, and the pretty child clinging to her skirts. They were entering the house at last, and he looked into the woman's face—the face of infinite tenderness that had haunted his dreams. For an instant he was dazed, powerless to move or speak. Then, with passionate eagerness he sprang forward with outstretched arms.

"Helen!—my Helen!—and my little Nell!" he cried.



## JOHNSON'S REGENERATION

#### BY ROBERT V. CARR.

OHNSON was thinking. It would have been better for Johnson had he done no thinking. As the First Sergeant had once informed him, a private had no right to think. The sergeant explained that there were superior beings drawing salaries for the express purpose of doing the thinking for the privates. But Johnson's intellect could not grasp that. Private Johnson had been a school teacher before the war, and he rather prided himself on his education. Besides that, he possessed a strong imagination. This would have helped him in the ranks of the gifted wielders of the pen, but it was useless to him as a private of United States Volunteers. It does not require a filigree intellect and a vivid imagination to be a good soldier. Johnson gave his imagination full play and thereby incurred his undoing.

Now, he was on out-post with a disagreeable Swedish Corporal, and the terror of the tropic night smote him with a cold, damp hand. He almost hated the Swede's composure. There he sat, chewing a hard-tack like a swine-herder. Johnson thought. How could the man remain unmoved when death lurked in the shadow and beckoned from the jungle depths? Johnson shivered and pulled his wet shirt away from his chest. He might be killed before morning. Then he turned his imagination to wounds of every known variety. The Swedish Corporal swore at the mosquitoes and crunched his hard-tack. Back in the trenches they had taken from the Filipinos the men of K Company told of Johnson the "coldfoot."

That afternoon the regiment had gone into its first engagement. They had swept across an ancient rice paddy and filled the trenches on the jungle's edge with dead and dying natives, and after

that they sat down and contemplated their work. Then they got the dead out of the way and camped.

It was during the course of the charge that Johnson was possessed of ideas that stood out in bold outline against the shadows of other thoughts: They were, that he might get hit by a bullet from the Mauser of a vengeful Fnipino, and that this would mean a good deal of agony, and that he might die; that all this could be prevented if he laid down and hugged the earth. About that time a man whirled from a group on his right and staggered toward him with the blood spurting from a wound in the neck. Then Johnson laid down, sick and faint.

"Here you, Johnson; you hit?" yelled a sergeant, turning back.

"No, I'm not hit; I--"

The sergeant understood and with an oath hastened after the charging groups. Presently the hospital corps came up and tenderly placed the wounded man on a stretcher. Johnson looked at them dully, and when they asked if he was wounded he answered faintly, "played out."

After the trenches were taken Johnson joined his company. Too tired to curse him they made no comment. But that night Johnson went on out-post known as Johnson, the "cold-foot."

And now the mystery of the night deepened and the voices of the jungle swelled into a throbbing chorus. Johnson shivered and kept thinking. The Swedish corporal took a chew of tobacco and wondered what the cook would have for breakfast.

Johnson had been sitting there, it seemed to him, for ages, when the corporal suddenly fired into the darkness. Then the gloom became streaked with red flame, the sound of rushing feet

148 The Hike.

came from the jungle, and Johnson dimly realized that the outposts were attacked. The old terror was creeping into his brain when a bullet ploughed through his shoulder. Then Johnson became another man. He could feel the warm blood, and it filled him with a strange rage. The corporal was down and dying, and Johnson gave him a drink from his canteen. Then he took the revolver of the noncommissioned officer and took his stand. He did not think now. Wounds were not to be imagined, and the trickling of the blood down his chest had filled him with a contempt for death, and undone

the work of centuries of culture. Stripped of imagination, filled with the fighting lust, he stood and fought as his fore-fathers had fought ages ago.

When the company came up they found Johnson standing over the corporal's dead body.

"Why didn't you fall back?" the captain demanded, sternly.

"I wasn't relieved, sir," Johnson answered simply.

Whereupon the company pressed upon him gifts of tobacco and spirits and to him was given another title: Corporal Johnson.

### THE HIKE

BY ROBERT V. CARR.

Since revellay we've floundered thro' A million miles of green bamboo, An' waist-high grass without no road, An' half th' regiment gone an' throwed Itself; played out—sun-heat—kerflop! But still what's left hain't time to stop—Fer it's the hike—th' man-killin' hike, Of Privates Bill an' Tom an' Mike

Of th' regular infantry.

Hike along 'til your feet's blood-sore,
Your gun like an iron two-by-four;
Your belt a-sag around your main,
Like a grindin', bindin' loggin' chain;
Your lips cracked wide with red-hot dust,
Your eye-lids feel like black-burnt crust—
Fer it's th' hike—th' man-killin hike,
Of Privates Bill an' Tom an' Mike,
Of th' regular infantry.

-Hike along, Oh, th' rains are on,
Th' mud's come 'round, th' dust is gone;
But hikin's here—th' water runs,
An' th' sky is pourin' down great guns.
River to cross or crick or lake,
Which ever we're ordered to take, we take—
Fer it's th' hike—th' man-killin' hike,
Of Privates Bill an' Tom an' Mike,
Of th' regular infantry.



Copyright, 1901. Wilcox.

JOSEPH LE CONTE. DIED JULY 6, 1901.

We who are young are used to look on age
With more, perhaps, of pity than regard,
Seeing, too oft, the markings dull and hard
That life has written on the open page—
Poor comic part that closes on the stage
Bearing both act and actor on toward
An aimless end, and leaves the action marred
With memory of Death's obscene visage.

But what a monument thy years have made,
Recorder of God's purposes divine,
Leader of younger feet by stream and shade
Through all those calm, age-honored years of thine!
Knowing thy works, good master, I have prayed
That such an unembittered age be mine.

WALLACE IRWIN

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft R

# Current Books

#### Reviewed by Grace Luce Irwin

Yankee and Britisher Compared. A book of more than ordinary interest is "Blue Shirt and Khaki," written by the well-known war correspondent, Cap-

tain James F. J. Archibald. It draws a daring and truthful comparison tween the blue-shirted American soldiers in Cuba and the khaki-garbed Britisher in South Africa. Like all books compiled of material gathered on the field, it contains quantities of hitherto unpublished facts, told in the simple, fresh style of an eye-witness; but, unlike other books of its kin, carries no extraneous matter. The chapters are all strictly to the point of the subject, and form together a satisfactory, cohesive essay, including discussions of "British and Recruits," "The Officers." American "American and British Tactics," "Feeding the Two Armies," "Transportation of Troops by Sea," "The Last Days of the Boer Capital," "The British in Pretoria," and allied topics. "There is obvious reason," Captain Archibald says, "for a detailed comparison between the fighting men of the United States and Great Britain. They have more in common than either army has with the soldiers of any other nation. They have, during the last three years, fought testing wars against other civilized nations, in which they faced for the first time the new conditions of modern warfare. The relative qualifications of the two armies have a pressing bearing on the troublous questions of alliance or disputes yet to be between them. When the soldiers of these two nations meet now, each has a sense of their peculiar relation of neutrality, which is made piquant by the uncertainty whether they will continue to support one another as in China, or whether there is an evil day in store when they shall have to cut one another's throats." But the unchanged and unchanging sentiment of the British is shown by the reply of an officer of General French's staff, when asked why he had not been more courteous to an American war correspondent: "We do not care a tuppenny damn what any American on earth thinks of us!" Within fifteen minutes the same officer asked whether America would not stand by England in the event of a European war. The opinion is expressed that the British soldiers, unlike our unparalleled army of volunteers, are on all occasions too dependent upon their officers: opportunities for escape of large numbers of prisoners, for sorties, or pursuits, all failing to enthuse or interest, unless taken advantage of by efficient leaderswhich during the Boer war seem so often wanting. "To compare the relative bravery of the American soldier and Tommy Atkins is very difficult; there is a difference, but it is undoubtedly due to the training and not to the actual courage of the men. There could be no better or braver soldier desired than the British when he knows what to do, and, when he is properly led; but the trouble is that he has not been taught to think for himself, and the majority of his officers do not take the trouble to think for him. The consequence has been that the Boers took more prisoners than they could feed." Among many interesting details we learn that the McClellan saddles used by our army are only onehalf the weight of the English saddles, and superior for their purpose. Canadian troops in South Africa created a sensation because half of them used the McClellan saddle (about two thousand of which they had purchased after the saddles had been condemned by the United States Government as being a fraction of an inch too narrow across the withers); and the other half sported the Montana "cowboy saddle." Hereafter in England our usual army saddle

will be known as the "Canadian saddle." British officers, now and then, themselves own to the superiority of the light kit carried by the American soldier, in comparison with the heavier British equipment. "Oh, well, we shall have that some day," one officer is quoted as saying. "In about thirty years, when you have invented something much better, our War Office will adopt something like this."

A valuable feature of the book is the quantity of photographs illustrating all phases of the narrative and taken by the author in South Africa.

One of the best bits of writing is the description of the life of the "Common Soldier in the Field," including characteristics of the Spaniards as well as of "Tommy Atkins," and the less known personalities of those strong, self-restrained, silent, patriotic men-the Boers. spite of all that has been written of them of late they have come upon the world's stage as history makers too recently for us not to be grateful for all news of them which throws light upon the reasons of their victories and struggles. "If President Kruger had been a handsome, polished and dignified man," is Captain Archibald's opinion, "the world's opinion of the Transvaal burgher would have been entirely different, for the descriptions of the typical Boer have had their origin in his personality. He is far from prepossessing; he is entirely lacking in polish or distinction of appearance. He wears a shabby frock coat that looks as though it had never been brushed or cleaned since the day it left a ready-made stock. His clothes, however, are not the most notable nor the most repellant characteristic of head of the Transvaal Government. Mr. Kruger smokes a pipe incessantly, and has an unpleasant habit of expectorating in any place that pleases his momentary fancy, and with very little accuracy of aim; even the front of his clothes shows signs of this habit. His eyes are inflamed and are seemingly afflicted with some opthalmic disease, which causes the lids to show lines of red under the eyeball. His hair and beard are unkempt, except on state occasions and Sungays, when Zeno trifling matters can be considered,

they are brushed to an oiled nicety. His hands are heavy, as though from great toil; but when shook hands he did so in the cordial manner of one who wished to show a heart-felt welcome to his guest. \* \* \* All thought of the personal appearance of President Kruger was dispelled when he spoke, or even when he was listening to anything of importance; for he conveyed the impression of being the possessor of a great reserve force and of a wonderful mental power which grasped a subject instantly and with precision. Once in touch with the workings of his great brain, his untidy appearance was forgotten, and you thought of him as a magnificent relic of the noble Dutch blood, one who had reclaimed a new continent from wild beasts and wilder savages; a man who had fought in the great veldt and into the mountains, and had built a home for thousands of contented followers, only to be driven out by a more powerful nation."

("Blue Shirt and Khaki," Silver, Burdett and Company, New York.)

The early mining London's Latest. camps of California had their Harte, the Klondike has its Jack London. "Prentice hands" now and then have tried to picture the life there in the far north, but no one else has approached the masterly power he shows in creating anew in art form the bigness, the strangeness, the terror of that country of Arctic snows. His latest volume of short stories, called "The God of His Fathers," the name of the first tale, contains also "The Great Interrogation," "Which Make Men Remember," "Siwash," "The Man With the Gash," "Jan, the Unrepentant," "Grit of Women," "Where the Trail Forks," "A Daughter of the Aurora," "At the Rainbow's End," and "The Scorn of Women,"—tales which have already made their mark on appearance in different magazines, but are for the first time issued together in book form. Generally speaking they voice paramountly these things-the vastness and beauty of the northern country, in sight of whose great mountains and water courses

the flashes of nobility in the stern, rough human natures there, both white and Indian, the exploitation of such rugged Anglo-Saxon virtues as good-nature toward the weak, summary vengeance on the mean, and a doggedness when started on any sort of a trail. There are pluck and curses, starvation and the eternal earth dream of gold, in plenty, but there are also some wonderfully noble hearted men and women. "Grit of Women" is a tribute to the wonderful beauty of woman nature, and "The God of His Fathers" to the greatness of manhood; and these intrinsically true, away from the virtue engrafting prop of civilization. In style there is much of the dash and zest of Kipling, but also always a touch of the drama. The author is a believer "in those rare, illuminating moments when the intelligence flung from it time and space, to rise naked through eternity and read the facts of life from the open book of chance."

"Life is a strange thing. Much have I thought on it, and pondered long, yet daily the strangeness of it grows not less but more. Why this longing for life? It is a game which no man wins. To live is to toil hard, and to suffer sore, till Old Age creeps heavily upon us and we throw down our hands on the cold ashes of dead fires. It is hard to live. In pain the babe sucks his first breath, in pain the old man gasps his last, and all his days are full of trouble and sorrow; yet he goes down to the open arms of Death, stumbling, falling, with head turned backward, fighting to the last. And Death is kind. It is only Life, and the things of Life, that nurt. Yet we love Life, and we hate Death. It is very strange."

This from the puzzled lips of Sitka Charley, a half-breed, who appears in more than one of the stories. The humor throughout is of a grim, ironical sort, in keeping with the hard life of the men, and with their dreary, bleak surroundings. The courage and physical endurance of women are shown in a way seldom found in fiction. These are not the virtues of theirs which usually win them a place in literature.

("The God of His Fathers." McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.)

"The Flight A Western Muse. Helen" is a tasteful little volume

which contains some really good things. Among the best are "Love's Memories," "Consolation," and "At Morn." The sentiment in nearly all these poems is refined and deep, the form pleasing, and the choice of words significant. A cultivated spirit shows in the little gray book from cover to cover. To quote "Love's Memories":

"When one by one the years have taken wing,

And we are old, and all my songs are

And at your touch no more I feel the

That stirs bare boughs in March to blossoming:

Think not, within, I shall forget to sing, Or dreams of you less oft my vision

Bless God, old age has not the power to chill

warmth at heart these tender The memories pring.

But love be true, and being true be

That when their spell the days have wrought in me,

And I sit lonely, I shall surely find

These pensive ghosts a kindly company.

Their breathings sweet through all the empty hours.

With the old fragrance of the March love's flowers."

("The Flight of Helen and Other Poems," by Warren Cheney. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco.)

Mr. Churchill, like Mr. Frank Norris Mr. Churchill on is one who takes the Rebellion. his profession of

novel-writing seriously, and has set himself to write his novels in series. This series bids fair to present itself in large terms-an historical pageant. First he has shown us "Richard Carvel," who moves as a demi-god among the Titanic figures with which the enthusiasm of Revolutionary Sons and Colonial Dames Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

has peopled for us the early period of our national history. And now, the scenes of "The Crisis" we find are laid in St. Louis just before and during the Civil War, and in its pages walk descendants of Richard, also one wno much resembles him-the hero, Stephen Brice. But he is not so Titanic as the earlier Carvel-is reduced more to the usual human size-being brought closer to our own time. Nevertheless the book is a huge canvas and the painting done with a free and vigorous hand. The descendants of the Southerner, Richard Carvel, meet in St. Louis the descendants of a New England Puritan of equally good birth and breeding, and the two great American types are drawn with consummate literary skill and artistic sympathy. There has been a more frequent portrayal in fiction of the Southern gentlemanhis picturesqueness suggesting the cavalier-but here we have also the Puritan gentleman, self-contained, high-minded, courageous, courteous, and with as fine a respect for women.

Mr. Churchill has made a somewhat daring experiment in introducing as characters, figures from real life of the period, as well known to us as President Lincoln, General Grant, General Sherman, yet he has made the experiment an unqualified success. The interest in Lincoln's wonderful personality steadily deepens, as one perceives beneath his homeliness the elements of power and of nobility in his character. The book possesses above all the great and unusual quality of interpreting American life from an intelligent American point of view. It is one we are proud to have a foreigner read.

("The Crisis," by Winston Churchill. The Macmil.an Company, New York.)

The Master Knot of remarkable and interesting book.

It is written by

a woman; it is striking, and it has a singular purity of style. The circumstances surrounding the man and woman who live its chapters are far removed from the commonplace, in fact entirely and frankly improbable, yet it seems to be the consensus of opinion that the author has succeeded in making her story intensely

human. The main interest is the conversations between the two characters, yet by this means she has been able to develop a play of human emotion, the movement of human experience, the force of human love. It is a novel with a problem, and contains all the mystery of the "unguessed riddle." Yet the idea of the new deluge, which cuts off the hero and heroine from the rest of the world on an island, seems in itself only fit for dreams of a Utopia, or the humor of a comic opera. Here on this island—once supposed to be a portion of the Rocky Mountainsthe man plows and reaps, the woman binds the sheaves. And their talk is on questions of economics, on psychologic and religious possibilities, brilliantly garnished with significant quotation. "But," to quote Richard Le Gallienne, "such a resumé gives no idea of the beautiful way, with touches of gentle, purehearted humor, in which the slow-going love is developed in these two hearts, and when love is at last born, and will be denied no longer, comes the question, Is it right for them to love?" It is certainly extraordinary to find in a book which is the literary sensation of the hour, only two characters, and these made interesting and unique from cover to cover. It is printed in large, clear type, which will prove an added attraction to many eyes.

("The Master Knot of Human Fate," by Ellis Meredith. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

The Book frequently applied that it is bound to be at times misused. But to a phase

of modern poetry, it clings justly, barnacle-like, and yet seems unable to kill. On the contrary, unfortunately, it appears to make for it a brief fashion. Imitator of Swinburne and Bandelaire, the author of these "verses underneath the bough," has succeeded in accomplishing only their faults, not the redeeming greatness. He writes always in one tone—a dull grayness of disgust which disgusts, of ennui which bores. His subjects are the utterances of rotting corpses, the unnatural love of the utterly bad, the sensuous delight of getting tired of things. To a

normal and healthy mind such verses seem only the deplorable result of a dissipation of forces in the character of the poet. For we must own, in this case at least, that the author shows himself possessed of some (though misdirected) poetic talent. This opinion is based solely on the fact that the form of his verses is more often than not correct, and that they contain so large a number of musical lines. As instance:

"Under the velvet night wide India reposes,

Now in the scented dark the champak odors swoon;

Slowby the summer moon
Riseth into the azure night made drunk
with roses;

And lo, the camel-bells, now that the daylight closes,

Tinkle their quiet tune."

His picture drawing, also, though to little purpose, is frequently dainty and suggestive, as in his "Nocturne":

"Lo, how the moon, beloved,
Far in the heavens gleaming,
Over the ocean dreaming,
Her pallid light doth throw.

There 'neath the stars eternal
We two shall sit, we only,
While from the heavens, lonely,
The moon sinks in the sea."

The book is gotten up in extremely attractive style, both as to covers and printing.

("The Book of Jade." Published by Doxey, New York).

Our Lady of fred Dreyfus, the scenes Deliverance. It is a well-spun yarn, wrought evidently for the love of spinning and resultantly entertaining. Involved in the plot is the tale of a young officer, who suffered unjust disgrace, expulsion from the French army, and exile to New Caledonia: his pardon and rescue take place in the last chapters. However, the reader has little to do with him, more than by hearsay, until then, being

engaged in following the love episode of one Lamont, a Scotchman, and a little aristocrat. Denise. including much adventure, and the rescue, at the close, of her brother from his unjust imprisonment. The heroine, beautiful, amiable, is drawn with a tenderly admiring touch worthy the days of chivalry, and always in appropriate frame. Perhaps, however, the best portrayal is that of Boulot, the bull-dog. He commands the situation whenever he appears, and wins the respect of all with whom he comes in contact.

Lamont, the millionaire Scotchman, falls in love with the portrait of Denise, in a Parisian art gallery. Following her to her country home, he not only becomes acquainted, but very soon one of the intimate circle at her chateau, pledging himself to do all in his power to bring about her brother's freedom. An abbess and a priest, a mad artist, and a villainous French officer, also figure in the plot, which is full of incident and invention. In fact, if you wish to read something exciting and not in any degree instructive, dashed with a spice of humor and always surprising, lay aside all critical spirit, and while away an idle hour with this youthful romance.

("Our Lady of Deliverance," by John Oxenham. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.)

The first volume of the Jewish Encyclopedia, a monumental work, now out, is to be followed by eleven others, which will altogether contain a very large quantity of illustrations. It is a record of the history of the Jews from the time of Abraham to the present day, compiled under the direction of a thoroughly reliable editorial board. The names of these men alone vouch for the value of the work. Among them are Mr. Cyrus Adler, Ph. D., Mr. Richard Gottbeil, Ph. D., Mr. Marcus Jastrow, Mr. F. de Sola Mendes, Ph. D., Mr. Isadore Singer, Ph. D., Mr. Joseph Jacobs, B. A., and others. Dr. Jacob Voorsanger, Professor of Semitic Languages in the University of California, says it is the most remarkable work published since the close of the

("The Jewish Encyclopedia." Funk, Wagnalls & Co., New York.)

Harry B. Smith's bubbling lyrics, like those of the great Gilbert, I find,

> please the eye about as well as they do the

Charming Lyrics ear, since they have from the Stage stood the test of type "Stage in Lyrics," which we have at

hand. Not that I mean to place the author of "Stage Lyrics" on a par with the author of "Bab Ballads," for Mr. Smith, though a very loving and pleasing rhymster and librettist does not claim equality with Gilbert. "Stage Lyrics" is a volume well worth having and with every cause to be a great favorite, since there are echoes from "Robin Hood," "The Fortune Teller," "The Highwayman," "The Idol's Eye," "Rob Roy," "The Mandarin," and other operas from Mr. Smith's prolific pen which we will all be glad to recall at any time. The book is beautifully bound and profusely illustrated with pen drawings by Mr. Archie Gunn, Mr. Ray Brown, and Mr. E. W. Kemble. Scattered through the book are forty-one character portraits of members of the old Bostonian Company, and others.

("Stage Lyrics," by Harry B. Smith, R. H. Russell & Company, Publishers, New York.)

"A Stepdaughter of Israel," by Robert Boggs, deals with a love affair in Spain during the reign of Philip II., between a poor but blue-blooded soldier and the grand-daughter of a rich Jew. through it is an account of the adventures of a party of Spaniards in North America. It is hard to see any connection between the two phases of the story. Each might have been written independently. thread of the tale jumps bewilderingly from the old world to the new, and it is written in a rather labored style with hardly enough interest to hold the reader's attention. The good are rewarded and the bad receive just retribution. As a whole the story has some merit and gives promise of better work in the future.

("A Stepdaughter of Israel," Robert F. Tennyson-Neely Co., New Boggs. York.)

"The Road to Rigby's," by Frank Burlingame Harris, is of the usual popular length for an afternoon's reading, and is entertaining by means of its intense realism and depiction of honest, simple human emotions. It has just been published, after its author's death. He was a young college student and newspaper man, and his enthusiasm for life and literature makes vivid the pages of this his first and last book. In the young educated country girl, Sibley Ridgeway, he has created a charming and life-like figure full of intelligence and dignity. The scenes are laid on farms in Iowa, which the young author personally vis-

(Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)

The Rubaiyat of Mirza Memn is another beautiful translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. It is a paraphrase in the form of Fitzgerald's, but with the 131 quatrains, drawn mainly from the prose versions of Nicholas and McCarthy. It is well-printed and illustrated.

(Published by Henry Olendorf Shepherd, Chicago.)

The dedication of the Hall of Fame in the New York University in the early part of June makes the appearance of a volume on the subject timely. In "The Hall of Fame," by Mr. Henry Mitchell MacCracken, we have an account, not only of the origin of the building, and its objects, but also excellent brief biographies and estimates of the great Americans chosen to be there immortalized. The book is well printed and illustrated.

("The Hall of Fame," by Mr. Henry Mitchell MacCracken. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The title word of "Anting-Anting Stories," by Sargent Kayme, is one used by savages in Eastern islands to designate at once a mysterious power to protect its possessor, and the symbol of protection. The book contains short stories of the more savage Filipinos.

(Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)

The dramatic happenings
Mills of Gcd. of this book portray Virginia and England, in the
later eighteenth century.

We are treated to a round of galeties—a royal scandal, court balls, junketings, much glittering bravery of bearing, and all the picturesque goings on of that profligate time. The theme is somewhat tragic. We like the dominant figure of the heroine, Elinor Grafton, who is beautiful and dramatic, yet burdened with a heart. Other greater shadows, however, are interwoven in the book, for we meet George IV., Napoleon, Goethe, Tom Moore and Sheridan. Everyone nowadays tries her hand more or less at one of these striking and picturesque romances or melodramas. Yet there is no more of a supply than there is a demand. Novelists like orators listen at the pulse of the public, for the theme by which to thrill it. They only tell us what we wish to hear.

("Mills of God," by Elinor Macartney Lane. D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Good Naval to deny believing with
Story. Admiral Sampson that a
man behind the gun or in

the fo'csle should not aspire to the cabin. "Masters of Men" takes the popular view, being the history of one sailor, Richard Halpin, who begins at the bottom of the service, and sees the hardest sides of life afloat. Yet the whole novel is a witness to the fact that only by a superhuman effort may the sailor ever become the officer. But Halpin, in the latter part of the book, as a young officer in Sampson's own fleet, attains to some of the better things of sea life in our modern navy. Many of the pictured experiences are said to be taken directly from the life of the author himself. It is interesting, and is the first long novel by one of cur foremost writers of sea stories.

("Masters of Men," by Morgan Robertson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

A book of verses, entitled "Poems of the New Time," by Miles Menandre Dawson, is at hand. The book is neatly gotten up and published by the Alliance Publishing Company, New York. Scientific Works of Value.

The annual reports for the years ending June 30, 1897, and June 30, 1899, of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian In-

stitution, showing the operation, expenditures and condition of the institution, has just been issued by the public printer. It contains a comprehensive report of the work done and also a memorial of Mr. George Browne Goode, who did so much for the United States National Museum.

The seventeenth and eighteenth annual reports to the Smithstonian Institution by the Bureau of American Ethnology have just been received. To students of ethnology these are of great interest. They are well written and are illustrated from photographs of the Indians, their costumes and habitations. There are also many maps which add to the value of the works.

We have at hand the second edition of the second report of the United States Board on Geographic Names. It contains all the board's decisions up to April 4, 1900, as to the spelling and pronunciation of difficult geographic names. It also contains a list of all the counties in the United States.

(Annual reports for 1897 and 1899 of the Board of Regents of the Smithstonian Institution; seventeenth and eighteenth annual reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology to the Smithstonian Institution; second report of the United States Board on Geographic Names. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.)

Geo. Hansen, of Berkeley, has written a little volume entitled "What is a Kindergarten?" Of the inside workings of a kindergarten he pretends to no knowledge, but his book is devoted to his theories of the influences of plants over children, and the advisability and advantage of bringing them up surrounded by trees and flowers. His views are ingeniously set forth, and the book has many careful diagrams illustrating his ideas.

("What Is a Kindergarten," by Geo. Hansen. D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard, San Francisco.)



ifornia bends like an elbow to the East, and for a distance of about seventy miles the trend is almost exactly in that direction.

To keep this elbow at a proper right angle, Nature firmly set the solid parallelogram of Santa Barbara County, and ribbed and stayed with parallel and transverse mountain ranges that western block which on this national bastion forms the salient angle in a mighty

line of defences that successfully defy

This parallelogram of Santa Barbara County presents two of its sides to a sea, but to seas so unlike in character that their contact has made the land as different as the waters.

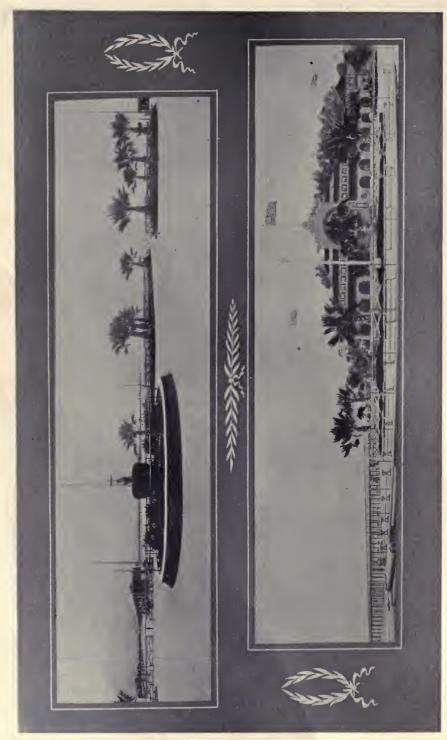
The mariner from the north, tossed and buffeted by an angry sea-god, hails with delight that continental outpost, Point Concepcion, and his storm-beaten craft glides around the promontory into a "summer southern sea," unvexed by the wind-god's frown.

With a western and a southern shore,



President McKinley at Santa Barbara, May 10, 1901. Vol. xxxviii-No. 2-f10.y Calif - Digitized by Microsoft Photo by Newton.

Plaza del Mar and portion of Boulevard, Santa Barbara, Cal. Bath House, Pleasure Wharf, and part of Plaza del Mar, Santa Barbara, Cal.



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



Santa Barbara Mission, founded 1786.

Edwards Photo.

Santa Barbara County has two climatesone a modified edition of San Francisco, Oakland and the contiguous section, the other an improved edition of Southern Italy. This western and southern frontage explains why the apples of Lompoc and the lemons of Montecito take the first premium wherever exhibited. For the apple thrives in the bracing coolness of the western coast where the hoar frost occasionally whitens the fields in winter and there is a snap in the air o' mornings, while the lemon finds a congenial home on the southern shore where the corn leaf never curls from the heat nor the lily droops from the cold and

"Where falls not hail or any snow." It may be asked why the northwesterly winds that impinge on the western coast do not sweep the southern shore as well. Such would be the case were the county a plain, but Mother Nature had in mind the creation of a spot where all the elements that go to the making of an Edenic retreat might be present, so she laid an east and west wall more than three thousand feet high, along the southern shore, and from three to five miles distant from where the gentle wavelets lap its sands, and when the winds that have swept unchecked over seven thousand miles of ocean bear down on the western coast, the northern slopes of the Santa Ynez range raise a mighty barrier against their onward rush, and the winterless shore that basks in the

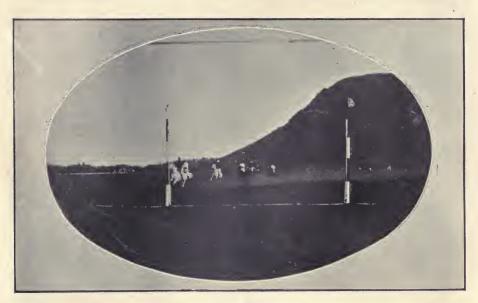
sunshine on the southern slopes of the range is forever protected against the storming battalions of the occidental Keewaydin.

Not only did kindly Mother Nature lay this protecting wall to guard the southern shore from winter's chill, but she did more to make it truly a "land of the sun." Twenty-five miles out she raised an island barrier against the surge and fret of old Ocean, and thus formed within the favored inclosure a bit of sea that knows no storm, and whose sunkissed waves have naught for the mariner but a kindly welcome. Warmed by a southern sun and flushed by a southern return current, the Channel of Santa Barbara is a reservoir of heat that has a large influence in determining the temperature of the shore its waters lave. If the glance of the sun of August be too ardent, the cooling breeze from this body of water at 66 deg. tempers the ray. If through a mountain defile a suspicion of frost creeps into the happy valley in January, it is blown back again by a warm breath from this aqueous equalizer at a temperature of 60 deg. Hence to mountain and ocean, quite as much as to latitude and sun, are we indebted for the charm of a climate from which both frost and heat are eliminated.

But that figures are wearisome, we would present the indisputable evidence of carefully kept records to show that on the southern shore of Santa Bar-

bara County the golden mean of a climate that is cool but never cold, warm but never hot, has been realized. From those records, however, we desire to give prominence to the fact that but twice in a generation has the thermometer registered above 100 deg., and then under abnormal conditions produced in part by mountain fires. Twice only in that time has the thermometer dropped below freezing point, and then less than four degrees as a minimum. The lowest temperature during 1900 was 38 deg. above zero, and but once did the mercury drop so low as that, viz: on the last day of the year.

they fail to give such a vivid idea of the climate of this favored land as does a comparison instituted between Santa Barbara and some favorite resorts on the Atlantic coast. By such a comparison it is found that our January is equivalent to the month of May at Nantucket, our February to May at Atlantic City, our March to May at Norfolk, our April to May at Portland, Me., our May to May at New Haven, our June to May at New York, our July to May at Philadelphia, our August to May at Washington, our September to May at Brooklyn, our October to May at New London, Ct., our November and December to May at Port-



Santa Barbara Polo Grounds. The game.

The mean temperature of January, 1900, was 57.5 deg., that of July 65.9 deg.. a difference of but 8.4 deg. The mean temperature of the three winter months was 57.4 deg., of the spring months 58.3 deg., of the summer months 64.8, and of the fall months 64.1. This gives as the mean for the year, 61.1 deg., being 1.1 deg. above the average temperature as indicated by observations made over a period of thirty years. The preceding year, 1899, was much cooler, showing a mean temperature for the year of 59.7 deg., or 0.3 deg. below the normal.

While these figures are suggestive,

land, Me. Thus our year is the charming month of May as it moves with the changing season up the Atlantic shore. Bear in mind inis comparison is for temperature only. The many unpleasant features that, even in "sweetest May," vex the sojourner in the localities mentioned, are here entirely absent or very much modified.

There are four essential elements that enter into the indescribable, almost intangible, yet highly important thing we call climate, to wit: sunshine, temperature, wind and humidity.

Now every day is not sunshiny in Santa Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Barbara. If such were the case old Sol would cease to be appreciated. But he only withdraws himself within his curtain of cloud sufficiently long at a time to make his face the more welcome on his re-appearance. The record shows that on an average but one day in six is cloudy. Many of these cloudy days are among the most delightful of the year, the sun being veiled by a high curtain of vapor, while the air is dry and warm below, and most charmingly suited

disagreeable, but these days come so rarely and there are so many days when the wind movement is just a breeze sufficient to rustle the leaves and keep the air fresh, that, to a person of long residence here, there is no suggestion of an unpleasant experience in the question asked at the beginning of this paragraph.

Twice in a hundred years, viz., on the 17th of June, 1859, and on the 27th of July, 1889, a sirocco from Death Valley,



"Before the Game." Arlington Golf Links.

A. H. Rogers, Photo.

to picnics, sports, etc.

"But how about the wind?" some aerophobic reader may ask. Let us turn to the record again. A Robinson anemometer has been in use here for twelve years, and during that time the greatest recorded wind movement in any 24 hours was 402 miles, or not quite 17 miles per hour. The average velocity during the twelve years has been but four miles per hour, and during 1900 it was but 3¾ miles per hour. In the spring months we occasionally have windy days, and sometimes on such occasions the dust is

through some inadvertence, wandered this way, blowing fiercely for a few hours and raising the temperature in the first instance to 136 deg., and in the latter to 107 deg. These rare occurrences seem scarcely worth mentioning in view of the fact that the much-vaunted climate of Southern Italy contributes siroccos of three days' duration each, several times in a season, to that very sun-kissed land.

The element of humidity, including rainfall, number of rainy days and atmospheric saturation, seems happily proportioned in the Santa Barbara Val-



ISLAND SCENERY, SANTA BARBARA COUNTY, CAL.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

ley, for there is just as little rainfall as is consistent with growth and production, just as few rainy days as will give the required amount of moisture, and just enough of watery vapor in the air to make its inhalation a constant delight.

While there are from twenty to thirty days of each year in which rain falls during some part of the twenty-four hours, this statement does not mean that there are from twenty to thirty rainy days in the year. From an experience covering fifteen years the writer believes that the really rainy days of each year may be numbered on the fingers of one's hands, and in some years on those of one hand. This will the more readily obtain credence when one remembers that we have on the average an annual rainfall of but seventeen inches, distributed over eight months of the year. During the past season we had but fifteen days in which a quarter of an inch or more of rain fell during the twenty-four hours, and the total rainfall for the season is but 151/2 inches, yet the crops already harvested are abundant, and those now growing give promise of ample returns.

The annual percentage of atmospheric humidity for Santa Barbara is 71 as compared with San Francisco's 80. But the average percentage for the winter months, when a high relative humidity would chill, is but 67. These are the figures for the city of Santa Barbara. The foothill district, two to four miles from the shore, having an elevation of from 600 to 1000 feet, has an annual percentage of but 63, with an average during the winter months of but 53, much less than that of San Bernardino, Los Angeles or San Diego. This foothill region receives the full benefit of the sunshine and the refraction from the ocean on its slopes and the light breezes from the Channel are tempered to greater mildness and dryness.

Because we have said so much about our incomparable situation and climate the reader may think we have naught else to commend our county. Such is not the case. We yield to none in the fertility of our soil, the abundance of our harvests, or the variety of our agricultural and horticultural productions. With



much of this, however, we but share in The Montecito Palm Tallest in California.

common with many other portions of our great State. Consequently our desire has been to call attention to attractions possessed by this section that are not shared by other localities and to make patent the fact that on this bit of southern coast, under these sheltering mountains, by this sapphire sea, is found a charm of ocean and sky, of mountain, island and shore, of tropical growth and temperate airs, such as no other nook of this old planet possesses—a charm which holds one in a thrall of happy enjoyment that lasts the whole year round.

And it is the "whole year round" character of the climate that is Santa Barbara's winning feature. One may as consistently come here to escape the heats of summer as the frosts of winter. A change from the sweltering days and stifling nights of the Mississippi Valley and the Middle Atlantic States to the fresh airs and cool nights of this equable valley is as much a relief as to come here in January and thus exchange snowdrifts and furnace heated rooms for roses and sunshine. The coolness of the nights during the summer months is a constant delight to the Eastern visitor, and the hours one spends in bed are attended with a most refreshing slumber. During the summer of 1900 there was but one night when the temperature was above 60, and then it was but 63.

That part of the county lying north of the Santa Ynez range differs in climate to a considerable degree from the southern shore. Its western portion is relatively low as compared with its mountainous eastern section, and for ten or a dozen miles inland the strong winds, laden with moisture, are quite raw. But as they pass over the hills and valleys these winds become warmer and dryer until at a distance of fifteen to twentyfive miles from the ocean, fog is rarely seen and the summer days are hot, though the air is light and bracing. In this interior section the thermometer drops much lower in winter than it does south of the mountains, and temperatures of 18 and 20 above zero are not infrequent. Yet, though lacking the equability of the southern shore, it is a delightful section, and to some would

seem equally attractive. This western section of the county has great agricultural possibilities, and the inauguration of the beet sugar industry at Santa Maria, the development of apple culture and dairying at Lompoc, and the extensive production of grains in the Santa Ynez and Los Alamos Valleys, are attracting that large class of persons who desire to till the soil under circumstances where toil is attended with a minimum of discomfort, and where the returns are satisfactory. The coolness of the summer in western Santa Barbara County is a most attractive feature to the man who toils in the field, and farming operations can there be carried on under conditions more favorable than perhaps those of any part of the United States.

The mountainous eastern section of the county is now covered by the "forest reserves," known as the Zaca Lake and Pine Mountain Reserve, and the Santa Ynez Reserve, containing 850,000 acres, or about one-half the area of the county. These reserves are practically great parks, cared for by Government rangers, who devote their time to cutting trails, extinguishing or preventing fires, and patrolling the reservations. This Government protection not only increases the value of this mountainous section as a watershed for the streams, but affords to the camper, hunter and prospector a most inviting field for pleasure and exploration. Trails are being cut in all directions to facilitate the movements of the rangers, and one in particular, running for forty miles along the summit of the Santa Ynez range, has probably no superior as a scenic outlook on the continent. On the south is the lovely Santa Barbara Valley, then the wide and placid Channel; beyond, the mountainous islands of Anacapa, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and San Miguel. To the north one sees the rugged ranges of the San Rafael, Sierra Madre del Sur and the grove-dotted park of the Santa Ynez Valley. To the southeast the view extends to the Catalinas, the Sierra Santa Moniea. Old Baldy, and the wide wilderness of mountains lying north of Los Angeles.

It may have occurred to the reader that a section so favored by nature as is that portion of Santa Barbara County

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



BITS OF SANTA BARBARA.

A Santa Barbara Grammar School. Photo by Rogers. 2. A Banana Patch, Santa Barbara, Cal. 3. Buried in Roses at Santa Barbara. Photo by Edwards.

lying along the Channel, must necessarily be the habitat of many species of plants and trees usually found in the tropics. and such is really the case. The whole world has been levied upon and pays tribute to this sheltered vale. In regard to the fruits grown here a wellknown writer has said: "One who has lived in the temperate zone may write down the names of all the fruits he ever saw, and then add to the list all those his memory can call out of the books he has read, and in this valley he shall be reasonably sure of finding them. Fruits from Mexico and South America, from China and Japan, from Italy, France, Spain, India, here prosper side by side. Could it be shown that the primitive Eden bore as many fruits pleasant to the taste, it would add a new pang to the thought of original sin."

And it is very largely this world-wide range of fruit and flower and tree that is bringing to Santa Barbara a class of cultured and refined persons who seek to surround themselves with all the beauty and fragrance of the vegetable world. Santa Barbara has been well named the "City of Roses," but the luxuriance with which the Queen of Flowers grows in this vicinity is only typical of the growth of other shrubs and plants, and the poorest home may be a bower of fragrance with no expense but the very small amount of labor necessary in planting the wished-for varieties.

The County of Santa Barbara has but one incorporated city, its shire town. Lompoc is an incorporated town of the sixth class, Santa Maria is big enough for incorporation, while Guadalupe, Los Alamos, Santa Ynez and Summerland are villages of 200 to 500 population. Of these villages, Summerland is the center of the petroleum industry and the location of the famous submarine oil wells.

Santa Maria is the financial and commercial center of the great Santa Maria Valley, which has an area of nearly a quarter of a million acres. It has a population of 1200, a bank with a capital stock of \$25,000, several large merchandise establishments with stocks of \$20,000 to \$50,000, many small retail stores, a large fruit dryer, a cannery and a soda factory. Only five miles away at Better-

avia is the huge Union Sugar Factory, built in 1898, at a cost of over one million dollars. This institution employs about 500 men in the sugar season, and its advantages to Santa Maria and vicinity are very great. This section has a magnificent future, and the intending settler who wants to buy land at a reasonable figure and at the same time secure a home in a pleasant climate, will do well to examine the claims of this great valley. Mr. A. W. Cox, the resident Supervisor, or Mr. L. E. Blochman, are gentlemen who will take pleasure in answering any questions from would-be settlers.

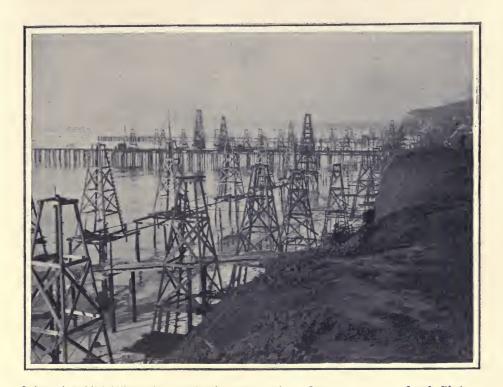
Lompoc is the center of a very fertile farming and dairying section. It has a population of 1500, a bank with \$145,000 in deposits, a fine high school building, and a grammar school building costing \$15,000, is on a branch of the Southern Pacific, nine miles from the main line at the ocean, and is an up-to-date town in every particular. The town owns its water supply, maintains a fire department and has well-graded streets. There are two weekly newspapers published in the town, and two good hotels provide for the traveling public. The section tributary to Lompoc is very well adapted to dairying, and the people of that neighborhood are justly proud of their creamery, the product of which is the most popular butter made in this section of the State, and is as fine as is produced anywhere. Lompoc seems the natural home of the apple, and its product has taken the first prize at the great fair at New Orleans and at Chicago was awarded a diploma of excellence. The codlin moth is here unknown, and Lompoc apples are never "wormy," so there is every prospect that this industry will eventually become of the first importance, especially as the demand for Lompoc apples always outruns the supply. Another production of which Lompoc has a monopoly for the United States is English mustard, which is here grown on a large scale. Our space forbids anything like a proper review of this important section, but any person having in view a home in Lompoc or vicinity will do well to correspond with W. W. Broughton, Esq., resident Supervisor

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

and editor and proprietor of the Record, as he is very familiar with everything pertaining to that section.

The city of Santa Barbara, the capital of the county, is an historic old city, and many a romance hangs around its older dwellings, and the valleys and canyons in its vicinity. Founded 120 years ago; it was, during the heyday of the Mission era, the most important town in California. We have room for but a brief sketch of this city, famous

mesa and the foothills of the Santa Ynez, on an inclined plane with an average slope of about 100 feet to the mile, the rose-embowered homes of 7000 people are found, scattered over an area of about 3,000 acres. Thus many of these homes have very ample grounds, and nowhere is the population crowded. With rare judgment the Franciscan friars who founded the Missions of California selected this locality as the site of their most important post, and the Mission founded



Submarine Oil Wells at Summerland, Santa Barbara County.

Leach Photo.

throughout the world for the beauty of its situation and the salubrity of its climate. Its location at the foot of the highest peaks of the Santa Ynez range, with an outlook toward the southeast and the beautiful bay that is said by travelers to be almost a counterpart of that of Naples, Italy, leaves nothing to be desired. South of the city and forming a protection against the fresher breezes from the Channel, lies the "Mesa," a range of hills from 300 to 400 feet in height. Between this

re the beauty salubrity of at the foot of at the foot of a Santa Ynez and the souther that is said set a counter
y, leaves nothing of the city in against the Channel, lies fields from 300 Between this.

here 115 years ago this coming December has been a landmark to the mariner along our shore and an object of interest to every visitor through the years intervening. Not only is it the largest and best preserved of all the California Missions, many of which are now but heaps of ruins, but it is the only one that has never been without regular ministrations under the Franciscan order since its foundation. Crowning, as the mighty structure does, the crest of the slope on which the city rests, its presence



Main street in Santa Maria, Santa Bar bara County.

seems ever the perpetual benediction of that virgin saint and martyr for whom the city was named and to whom the grand old church was dedicated. Barbarenos, regardless of creed, are proud of the venerable structure and of its work in the past, and as its presence dominates the landscape, so is no description or picture of Santa Barbara complete without something of the historic old landmark. And as one stands in its towers and looks out over a most beautiful panorama of city, valley, mountain, ocean and island, there is no question as to why Father Junipero Serra

selected this spot as the site of his most important mission. The reason is apparent.

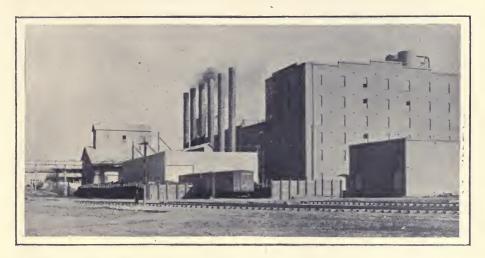
And first and foremost is the remarkably advantageous commercial situation disclosed by this view. The observer looks down on the wharves of the city, where, with a depth of water sufficient to float the largest vessels, ships may safely land their cargoes on any day of the year. Protected on the west, north and east by the semi-circular sweep of the coast, and on the south by the mountainous island barrier, this misnamed "roadstead" possesses the best



H Street, Lompoc, Santa Barbara County, looking north.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

harbor accommodations on the western coast of America, ever safe, accessible at all times without the assistance of a pilot and with room for the fleets of the world. During the recent visit to this State of the Sub-Committee of Congress on Rivers and Harbors, the party took in this situation from these same grey old Mission towers, and so impressed were they with the manifest advantages of this admirable port that every memmer or the committee not only acceded to the proposition that Santa Barbara should be made a port of entry, but agreed to make such a recommendation to Congress. Had such a privilege been a summer resort, not only from the raw and chilling winds of the metropolis, but from the hot winds and blistering sun of the interior valleys as well. And to those who enjoy sea-bathing (and who does not) Santa Barbara offers unusual advantages, as the absence of storms or undertow makes its beach particularly attractive to inexperienced bathers, women and children. A parent need have no concern here about the little ones as they can play along the water without the slightest danger. This removal of anxiety and of the need for watchfulness makes the sojourn of the tired mother at Santa Barbara peach a season of rest



Union Sugar Co.'s Factory, Belteravia, Cal.

granted to Santa Barbara years ago, and had the railroad advantages which the city now possesses been secured to her in the early seventies, when surveys were made for a transcontinental line to this point, t' re never would have been any demand for a Government-built harbor at San Pedro, as the development of this port would have made this city the metropolis of Southern California. As it is the fine steamships of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company regularly ply between this port and all points north and south, there being four steamers each way every week.

The recent connection of the city with San Francisco oy rail has called attention to the attractions of Santa Barbara as

and recuperation nowhere else found. And the summer temperature of the water makes the bathing at this season a delightful experience. Those persons who are familiar only with the ocean temperatures of San Francisco, 52 deg., and Santa Cruz, 59 deg., may shiver at the thought of plunging into the surf, but one experience in Santa Barbara waters at 68 or 70 degrees will convert them into enthusiastic bathers, who can't be kept away from the beach. For very delicate constitutions the new bathing establishment just erected at a cost of \$40,000, and one of the best-equipped and most elegantly appointed on the coast, furnishes an opportunity for bathing in sea water tempered to suit any taste. This magnifi-Iniv Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



Harvesting mustard near Lompoc, Santa Barbara County.

cent establishment is supplied with every convenience, including two large plunge baths, and is in operation both summer and winter. Its location adjoining the beautiful Plaza del Mar and just under Punta del Castillo, is most admirably chosen. The cuts which accompany this article give the reader a suggestion of the style of this up-to-date institution and its happy surroundings. The Plaza del Mar is situated at the western extremity of the Boulevard, a fine asphalt driveway, bordered by palms, that skirts the water front of the city for a distance

of two miles, just above the surf line. At low tide the hard ocean floor is utilized for a speedway, and one can drive for miles along the beach in either direction.

Recently the gas and electric lighting plants and the electric street railway system have passed into the hands of a corporation with a very ample capital. The old car lines are being improved and new ones extended. The company has just finished and equipped one of the largest and most complete power houses on the coast, and not only



Deep-water Wharf, Santa Barbara. P. C. S. S. Co.'s Steamer Santa Rosa.

Edwards Photo.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

proposes to meet the wants of the city of Santa Barbara but of the rapidly growing suburban districts east and west of the town.

Of Santa Barbara's many attractions, socially and otherwise, we have room for but a paragraph. The Union Club, the Santa Barbara Club, the Country Club, and the Woman's Club are, in their several spheres, institutions second to none. All the fraternal orders are represented, there being about thirty different lodges in the city. Fourteen different religious organizations exist, and several of the churches are very creditable structures. With excellent public schools, both grammer and kindergarten, a fine high school, a collegiate school, a business college and a manual training school, the educational interests of the city and vicinity are well cared for.

The press of the city, comprising three dailies and two weeklies, is enterprising and courteous, and the daily happenings of the neighborhood and of the world at large are spread before the public in a presentable form. The hotels and boarding houses, from the big Arlington, with room for 500 guests to the family circle that finds a place for two or three extra chairs at the table, are homelike and comfortable.

An attractive feature to visitors is the attention being given to the popular sports of polo and golf. The local clubs maintain fine grounds for both games, and owing to the equable character of the climate, both sports may be indulged in during any season of the year. These grounds may be reached by a ten minutes' walk from the business section or the hotels, and are admirably situated in every particular.

Santa Barbara's general interests are carefull looked after by an active and energetic Chamber of Commerce, comprising between two and three hundred of the business men and other enterprising residents of the city and county. The Chamber has centrally located rooms with a secretary constantly in attendance to wait upon visitors, answer inquiries both verbal and written, distribute literature, etc., and any information concerning the city or county will be cheerfully furnished on application to aim.



Country Club, Santa Barbara, Ca



# From San Francisco to Monterey

#### BY HARRY WILKES . GILMOUR.

T is a most interesting study, and one well worthy the attention of any student of history, to trace the devel-Lopment of what is known to-day as the modern hotel. Before, and for many centuries after the Christian era, the



The entrance.

hotel was merely an inn, with bad accommodations for men, who from choice or necessity were obliged to patronize them. Even up to the middle of the present century the very best hotels were scarcely more than large boarding houses, but the invention of the telegraph and the advent of the railroad, which bring men from the most remote parts of the earth together in a few days at the uttermost, render better and more completely arranged buildings an absolute necessity. The ingenuity of architects are taxed, millions of dollars are involved and science in every form is brought into use, the result being the colossal and luxurious caravansaries that are gradually taking the place of the private home.

The Palace Hotel, in San Francisco, which was built by the late Senator The Court.

Sharon at an enormous cost, has, if an article published recently in a California paper is to be relied upon, expended for betterments during the past ten years something over a million and a half of dollars. The statement is frequently heard on the Pacific Coast that the builder wished to leave behind him a monument that would illustrate his faith in the commercial supremacy of San Francisco, and although the cost of maintaining that unique monument is doubtless considerably in excess of what was expected, the experience of the Palace builder can be duplicated in every city which has within its confines a fashionable hostelry. We may, without undue vaunting, claim the distinction of possessing the model hotel of the world-one that is not surpassed in appointments by any hotel.

To San Franciscans it would be a waste of words to go into anything like



a detailed description of the Palace, of its magnificence or of the superb manner in which it is conducted. So it would be to most people throughout the country, and even abroad, and scarcely a stranger comes to town who does not know all about it. The Palace has long since become one of the institutions of San Francisco. The people here have learned to look upon it as theirs, and they point to it with price. And why not? There is nothing to compare with it in magnitude and elegance in America, and few, very few, elsewhere. And when it was erected years ago it was conceded to be the most modern and eminent structure of its kind in the world. It is so yet, for under its present management nothing has been left undone to keep it not only abreast, but ahead of the times. No new convenience, device, or invention calculated to attract or accommodate guests has ever made its appearance that the Palace Hotel was not the first to seize and make good use of it. Such enterprise and go-ahead spirit is an honor and a benefit to any city and should be commended.

Besides the grill and supper rooms, with which the public are thoroughly familiar, it has facilities possessed by no other similar institution for serving banquets, large and small, and on extremely short notice. The management can handle the most important balls, wedding parties, receptions, and theatre parties in superb style, as has already been done. Maple and Marble Halls, where most of the big affairs take place, have the reputation of being among the



The Grill.



The Parlor.

most elegant and eminently appropriate places for such gatherings, and deservedly so. The Palace is also the place where professional men, bankers and the better class of sportsmen congregate, and to the court or the grill is the place the seeker of a friend will invariably turn. During political times it is the nucleus of all parties, and it the same with reference to all large gatherings. And it is safe to predict that these conditions will not change, for judging from the progressive spirit that has at all times been in evidence in the conduct of the Palace it will continue to attract those who appreciate the things that have so much to do with the comfort and convenience of patrons.

The site for the erection of a hotel like the Palace was singularly fortunate -being in such close proximity to the wholesale and shopping districts, to places of amusement and with the added advantage of having street cars to all depots and points of interest pass the entrance. It occupies an entire block on the south side of Market street at its junction with New Montgomery and contains over one thousand rooms, making it the largest structure ever dedicated to the needs of the traveling public. Being on the highway between the Occident and Orient, and having at its gates attractions which for variety and uniqueness cannot be equaled in any other corner of the world, San Francisco is the inevitable destination or resting place of every extended traveler.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

#### The Queen of Watering Places.

#### BY THEODORE GONTZ.

Situated on the sparkling waters of the Bay of Monterey, one hundred and twenty-five miles south of the Golden Gate, is the pride of the State of California, the beautiful Hotel Del Monte and its royal park of one hundred and twentyeight acres. No one place has been more widely praised, and it is now universally pronounced the most beautiful and fascinating resort in America.

Every open-air sport, particularly adapted to this land of out-of-door living, The invigorating, flawless atmosphere is the joy of the golfer's heart, who naturally feels that he has an option on the weather, albeit he is not alone in this feeling. Each and every tourist imagines the weather should be made for his especial benefit. We have all seen him, and his name is legion! He will not be disappointed in this pretty little Eden, where one of its chief charms is in the clear, sunshiny days, the bluest of blue skies, and cool, balmy breezes. Coaching



Club House at Hotel Del Monte.

has its scores of devotees. Golfers have here the best links in the State, a ninehole course, free to guests and all players. In August the great golf tournament of the year will take place on the Hotel course. Some close and spirited contests have brought together representatives of the "400's" wealthiest and most cultured people of large cities, many of them Eastern aristocrats now wintering all kinds of "damp novelties." at the Hotel del Monte or in the State.

is one of the jolliest pastimes, the ride par excellence being the Seventeen-mile

Surf bathing in the winter months can be enjoyed by people living at the Hotel del Monte. Or if surf bathing is not desired, the immense casino, having three large tanks of various degrees of temperature, offers ample opportunity for

Seven thousand acres are owned by the

Pacific Improvement Company (owners of Hotel del Monte), practically all the peninsula of Monterey. From this area are derived all the supplies for the Hotel del Monte. Nothing is ever "out of season," for a cold storage plant preserves, from season to season, abundant stores of fruit and other products. Naturally the sportsman finds plenty of game to bag, and the followers of Izaak Walton never return empty-handed from a day's pleasure in these extensive grounds. Added to these sports are polo games, racing, sailing, tennis and all other attractions conducive to a happy, free existence. The broad avenues and driveways, covering fifteen miles in the hotel grounds proper, are perfectly level and afford special delight to the cyclers who spin merrily in and out among the wonderful flower beds that resemble suites of gardens.

The Hotel del Monte has the practical advantage of being a perfectly equipped hostelry, one that the traveler might happily call "home." It is not a resort to evisited, enjoyed and forgotten; it is a domicile of spacious proportions; every guest-chamber has the benefit of sunshine and views of the courts and grounds at large. The table and cuisine are unexcelled, as the resources are endless. Fresh fish, vegetables, fruits, rich cream and butter, together with quail and other game are obtainable in the vast demesne.

The social side is a feature second to none, and the ballroom is the scene of brilliant assemblies to concerts or dances. A clubhouse near the Hotel is a very popular place for both sexes, the sunny verandas for fashionable, yet informal, five o'clock teas, and the cozy rooms for "smokers" and a quiet game at cards after bowling or billiards.

Ample returns for the very moderate expense incurred by a season at the Hotel del Monte are not the least of the good things mentioned, albeit that item is to be first considered by the man who foots the bills for miladi and himself and family. So it would never do to draw a comparison between that man and the one who described a very interesting journey on this wise: "We started, and that's the beginning; we got there, and that's the end," for it's not only "getting there" that must be considered, but the "staying there" as well.

Hotel Vendome, San Jose, stopping place for visitors to the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, is ranked among the most luxurious resorts of the Coast.

In architecture the building is an imposing structure of welcome aspect. Secluded as it is from the outside world, it is yet conveniently situated to all the avenues of travel—a few blocks from the railroad station.

Wide verandas, a white marble promenade, a welcoming rotunda and assembly hall, old-fashioned fire-places, wide corridors, reading rooms, billiard parlors and elegantly furnished apartments for guests, are a few of the many attractions to be found at Hotel Vendome. There are two hundred and fifty guest rooms mostly en suite, supplied with bath and other modern conveniences.

The hotel grounds are as picturesque as modern landscape gardening and Nature's. own hand can make them.



Hotel Vendome, San Jose, Cal.
Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

#### "GOLD SEAL"

#### Rubber Hose



#### IS THE BEST MADE

Rubber Belting and Packing Boots and Shoes

Mackintoshes and Raglans

ALL KINDS OF RUBBER GOODS

#### GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.

R. H. Pease. President.

F. M. Shepard Jr., Treas, C. F. Runyon, Sec'y,

Quinte françois de la proposition della proposit

PORTLAND 73-75 FIRST ST.

SAN FRANCISCO 573-5-7-9 MARKET ST.



# FREE TRIAL

#### Death to Hair

ROOT AND BRANCH



New Discovery by the MISSES BELL.

A Trial Treatment Free two stamps for mailing. to Any One Afflicted with Hair Neck or Arms.

We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that too without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin.

.. The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, which they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALL-HAIR," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent free of charges, to any lady who will write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses' will then convince you that the Preatment, "KILL-ALL-HAIR," will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women. ....

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending

on Facealif - Digitized by Microsoft &

78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE Montecito will have hereafter, beginning next month, a preparatory school for boys

Saint John's School, Santa Barbara, Cal. in all points equal to the great schools of the East. The location is the

Kinton Stevens place about three miles from Santa Barbara. For the first year the number of students will be limited and the only buildings will be the residence of the late Mr. Stevens, besides a cottage for a dormit ry to accommodate ten in addition to those in the main house, and a school building to be erected during the summer. Other buildings will arise during the coming year and a large institution will be established. This place will bear the name of "Saint John's School, Santa Barbara," and is under the care of the Rev. Alfred H. Brown, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. Though a church school, boys of all The facreeds are equally welcome. culty is composed of a number of gentlemen of great ability, graduates of leading universities of America, some of whom have studied in Europe also. appointments of the school are of the finest and the life there as elegant and refined, as in a gentleman's home, with excellent table and good service.

No better place could be selected in all America than the site of St. John's. The healthful climate makes physical growth and development an easy matter. It would seem difficult for any boy to spend a term of years under all the conditions which obtain at St. John's School without becoming a man strong in body, mind

and soul.

#### A Revelation.

If there are doubting Thomases or Maidens fair, or those unfair, who fain would be fair, let them use

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream

and prove the efficacy of what the proprietor has so long tried to impress on the minds of all, in nearly every part of the World. As a Skin Purifier and Beautifier it has no equal or rival. If the reader would prove the virtues of Oriental Cream, use it where a Scratch or slight Cut, or where a Black-head or Pimple is troubling you, then you see its healing and purifying qualities—if it does its work well, then read the advertisement again for further testimony of its virtues, and by using Oriental Cream renew both Youth and Beauty.

New York, Nov. 11th, 1887.

Ferd. T. Hopkins, Esq.:

I would like to know the price of One Dozen bottles of your Oriental Cream, as I use it and like it. Would like to get a supply to take on my tour, soon as possible. Answer and oblige,

Mrs. James Brown Potter, Old Brevoort House, New York.

Half of the discomfort of ocean travel it taken away by having comfortable surroundings, such as are to be found on the steamers operated by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. This company has in commission, plying between San Francisco and Los Angeles, and touching at Santa Barbara and other points, the steamers Queen, Santa Rosa, and State of California, which are all the most fastidious could desire. boats are modern in every respect, the cuisine is of the best and the service exceptional. Every care is taken for the comfort and convenience of the guests.

THE SPICIEST MAGAZINE OF THE CENTURY

## The Bohemian

A UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF SHORT STORIES

Nothing like it published. Unique In style and unique in contents. Such short stories you cannot find elsewhere. Clean as a whistle, yet spicy as pepper. If you have never read it, get a copy; 10 cents the copy, \$1.00 the year. Read "WHEN RIVALS MEET," and "NUMBER 19" in June No. The July No. out June 20th., will be a treat to lovers of short unique stories.

#### SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS

Ask them for it, and if you fail to get it, enclose 10 cents in stamps for copy June number to

> THE BOHEMIAN, BOSTON, MASS.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### PAUL P. BERNHARDT & CO.

.....P. O. Box 214.....

#### RUBBER + STAMPS

Stencils and Seals

434 Montgomery Street

# THE FAMOUS COURT



#### WONDERLAND.

No feature connected with the Palace Hotel excites greater wonder than the spacious court with its display of tropical palms, affording as it does opportunities for enjoyment and conveniences for travelers that cannot be found in any other hotel in the West.

#### **CONVENIENCES:**

Directly off the court are the worldfamous grill rooms, where the preparation of delicate and substantial dishes has attained a degree of perfection that has won universal recognition. For the comfort and convenience of guests, telegraph, telephone, and cable offices, reception and reading rooms, elevators and main office adjoin the court.

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

# Accurate Oil Maps

of KERN RIVER OIL DISTRICT SUNSET OIL DISTRICT MIDWAY OIL DISTRICT McKITTRICK OIL DISTRICT

all located in Kern County, California

These maps carefully compiled from actual field work, and are accurate and up-to-date. Map re-produced in July issue of the OVERLAND from my new Kern River map.

#### PROSPECTUSES FOR OIL COMPANIES

gotten out in very best manner, using my copyrighted maps. Prices quoted on application.

H. T. Austin, BUCCESSOR TO HEDGES, BISBEE & AUSTIN.

Univ Calif 1503 Nineteenth St., BAKERSFIELD, CAL.



#### **LUNDBERG & LEE**

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

Sole representative for Miss Wheelan's applique leather. Complete new stock just received.

232 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

#### Stamp Collectors

The originator of the Bicycle Postage Stamp—used between Fresno and San Francisco during the railroad strike of 1894—has a few of the original stamps for sale at \$1.00 each. Same may be had by addressing

EUGENE DONZE, Santa Barbara, Cal.

# Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder

AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

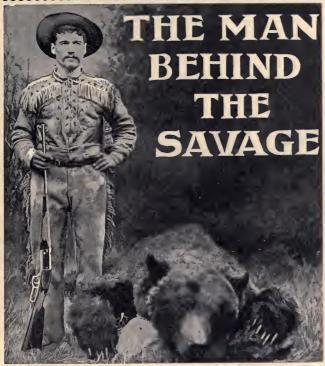
# J. C. WILSON

SANTA BARBARA

Fine Gentle Horses for Buggy or Saddle- Parties Driven to any Place Desired, by Careful Drivers, with two or four Horses; any kind of Carriage. Reasonable Prices. Horses Boarded. The Largest Liveries in the State of California

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The Only Open and Glass Landaus in the City



Result of a single shot from a .303 Savage Expanding Bullet.

KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES

MONO ....

Do not buy a rifle until you have examined into the merits of the

SAVAGE, which is the TWENTIETH CENTURY ARM.

Absolutely Safe, Strongest Shooter

On'y hammerless repeating rifle in the world.

...Constructed to shoot....
SIX DIFFERENT CARTRIDGES in one rifle.

Adapted for GRIZZLY BEARS and RABBITS We guarantee every SAVAGE Rifle.

.303 and 30-30 callbres.

Write for our handsome new catalogue No. 3.

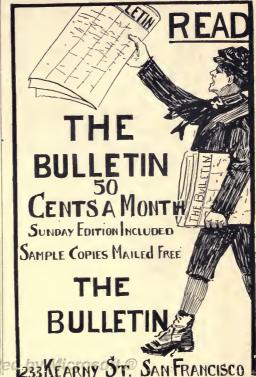
SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY UTICA, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

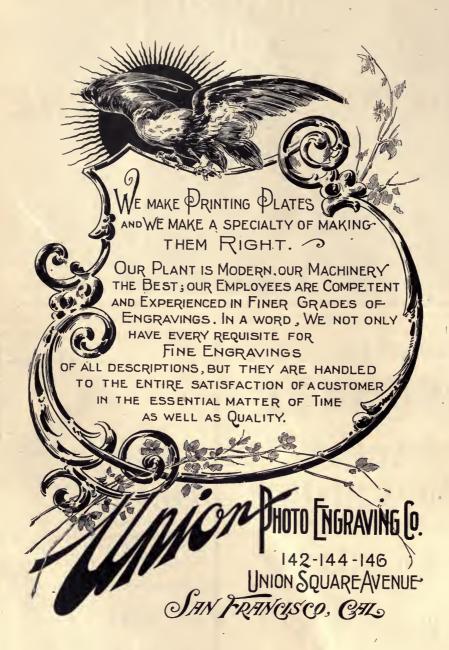
Baker & Hamilton, San Francisco and Sacramento, Cal. Pac. Coast Agents.

Awarded Grand Gold Medal at Parls, Beating all Competitors.

SAVAGE ARMS CO.









"Who steals my purse steals trash;
But he that filches from me my good name makes me poor indeed."
—SHAKESPEARE.

# KNOX'S GELATINE

Knox is spelled K-N-O-X

Don't be deceived by spurious imitations which flood the market. KNOX'S GELATINE has the largest sale in the United States, and was started only eleven years ago. It has staggered its competitors by its honest and rapid growth. People will have the best—and I mean them to know which make it is, and to warn them against attempted fraud.

I WILL MAIL FREE my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," if you will send the name of your grocer. If you can't do this, send a 2-cent stamp. For 5c, in stamps, the book and full two-quart package (two for 25c.). Each large package contains pink color for fancy desserts. A large package of Knox's Gelatine will make two quarts (a half gallon) of jelly.

CHARLES B. KNOX.

121 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

#### & & A TRIAL FREE & & &

# TAR=PINE Catarrh Cure

W W

A New Discovery that Positively Cures. The Greatest Boon Ever Offered to Sufferers from Those Dread Diseases—CATARRH and HAY FEVER.

> NOTHING LIKE IT UNDERTHE SUN

BELL DRUG CO.,

4 and 6 East 14th Street,

NEW YORK CITY.

Thousands have studied and experimented for years to discover a remedy that would not only relieve but cure catarrh and hay-fever, absolutely and permanently, but all have failed in giving any more than merely temporary relief...We have the only positive and complete remedy in our

#### TAR-PINE CATARRH CURE

and the reason for this is simply in the fact that we have used in the formula new remedies that have never before been tried in the treatment of catarrh and hay-fever.

In order that everyone afflicted may have an opportunity of testing the merits of our remedy, we will send absolutely free, a trial treatment of our Tar-Pine Catarrh Cure, to anyone who will write for it, and enclose two two cent postage stamps for mailing. . . You can use the trial treatment and see for yourself the great good you will derive from it... Our treatment contains absolutely new ingredients which have never before been used in curing catarrh and hay-fever.. . They are the result of a recent discovery by one of the greatest medical authorities in the world, whose name the ethics of the medical profession prohibit us from making known......

Send for the trial treatment at once and obtain immediate relief... There is no reason why you should still suffer when the remedy is so easily within your reach... Remember, the trial treatment is absolutely free, if you send us two two cent stamps for mailing.



one in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1901 model bicycle of our manufacture. YOU CAN MAKE \$10 TO \$50 A WEEK besides having a wheel to ride for yourself.

1901 Models High Grade \$10 to \$18 '00 & '99 Models Best \$7 to \$12 500 Second Hand Wheels \$3 to \$8 taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores, \$3 to \$8

We ship any bicycle ON APPROVAL to anyone without a cent deposit in advance and allow

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. You take absolutely no risk in ordering from us, as you do not need to pay

DO NOT BUY a wheel until you have written for our plus a wheel until you have written for our PRICES and FREE TRIAL OFFER. This liberal offer has never been equaled and is a guarantee of

This liberal offer has never been equaled and is a guarantee of the quality of our wheels.

WE WANT a reliable person in each town to distribute catalogues for us in exchange for a bicycle. Write today for free catalogue and our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEP'T 32 P., Chicago.

Gold Medai, Paris, 1900. E. & S. CALIFORNIA

# Olive Oil.

Stands without a peer in point of purity and deliciousness.

Sold by all first-class druggists and grocers.

50c. and \$1.00 a bottle.

EKMAN-STOW CO.,

No. 1 Montgomery street.

OROVILLE CALIFORNIA





#### DEAFNESS

THE AURAPHONE is a new invention which will restore the hearing of any one not Born deaf. Invisible in the ear, causing no discomfort. Send for Pamphlet,—malled Free. Address, F. F. FINLAY, 529 EILIS St., San CURED Francisco.

# TYPEWRITERS GREAT BARGAINS



We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast.

Send for Catalogue.

Supplies of standard guality always on hand.

The Typewriter Exchange, 536 California St., San Francisco. Tel. Main 2

# THE LIGHT FRUNKING

Sewing Machines

STANDARD PATTERNS & Highest Perfection Lowest Price Catalogues Free

J. W. EVANS

1021 Market St., near 6th, South Side



A REMARKABLE OFFER TO OVERLAND MONTHLY SUBSCRIBERS.

#### NEW 20TH

## Century Encyclopaedia Britannica

#### 31 VOLUMES

Our circulation department has arranged with the publishers to advertise and distribute for them, on the Pacific Coast, the first edition of this work and at the same time increase our own circulation. With this end in view we have set aside, with the compliments of the publishers, for distribution, while they last,

#### ABSOLUTELY FREE

each alternate book throughout the entire set together with one year's subscription to the OVERLAND MONTHLY.

#### IT CONTAINS.

16,509 separate articles.

3,399 articles written and signed by specialists, or 142 per volume.

16,255 pages compiled by special contributors, forming

four-fifths of the entire work. 338 full-page engraved plates, containing over

900 separate illustrations.

675 maps and plans, including 237 colored

Nearly 12,000 illustrations, exclu-

sive of

maps and plans.

12,000,000 More Words

**REVISED** 

AMERICAN

SUPPLEMENT

than the largest English dictionary extant. It has been prepared

at a cost of

about

\$3,000,000

The Britannica is a library so complete that it covers the entire range of human knowledge and is so reliable that it has become the standard of ail English speaking countries. it means for you the heip of the world's greatest specialists in every depart-

Can you afford to be without it?

Cut out the attached inquiry blank and mail it to us, or send a postal giving name and address; on receipt of same a brief resume of the plan of distribution concisely set forth will be promptly forwarded.

#### OVERLAND MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION CLUB.

206 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cai.

I am interested in your proposition relative to the distribution of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and I should be pleased to have you forward sample pages and other information.

Digitize Towny Microsoft B. . . state.

#### IRVING INSTITUT

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

#### 2126 CALIFORNIA STREET

Accredited to the Universities. Conservatory of Music, Art, and Elocution.

For Catalogue address the Principal. Reopens Aug.

REV. EDWARD CHURCH, A. M.

#### SHORTHAND

Sentences written in an hour by the

PERNIN, non-shading, non-spating, non-spating, non-spating, respective to the property of the

#### Write H. M. PERNIN, Author, Detroit, Mich.

#### HAMLIN SCHOOL and VAN NESS SEMINARY.

1849 Jackson st., cor. Gough, S. F. Boarding and day school for girls. Accredited by Vassar, Smith, Welle-sley colleges, and by the Universities of California and Leland Stanford Jr. Re-opens August 12, 1901. Send for prospectus

SARAH D. HAMLIN. Principal.

#### New England CONSERVATORY

Forty-eight years of constant and healthful progress and growth has put this institution at the head (both in size and standing) of musical institutions in America. Comprehensive in plan, moderate in price, thorough in practice and famous for results.

GEO. W. CHADWICE, Musical Director.

Send for music and elocution catalogues.

FRANK W. HALE, General Manager, Boston, Mass

#### Saint John's School

Santa Barbara, Cal.

COLLEGE PREPARATORY AND FINISHING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, located in the healthful and beautiful Montecito Valley, three miles from the city of Santa Barbara. The members of the Faculty are all graduates of leading universities.

versities.

The course prepares for eastern and western universities and scientific schools.

For particulars and for catalogues address the Head Master, REV. ALFRED H. BROWN, at DELHI, N. Y., until September 1st.; after that date at Santa Barbara.

#### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Continental Building and Loan Association

has for the six months ending June 30th, 1901, declared a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent per annum on all deposits. WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

Office-222 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

#### California Missions

<u>\*</u>\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

beautifully illustrated in colors on the now popular "PRIVATE MAILING CARDS," put up in sets of ten and mailed to any address upon receipt of 25c, by the publisher,

#### EDWARD H. MITCHELL

225 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Also in stock 100 other subjects. among them Big Trees, Yosemite, Chinese and other California scenes. These are just the thing to mail to friends. 

#### STAGE LINE DAILY

between

#### Santa Maria and Guadalupe

Stages leave Guadalupe for Santa Maria, 4,20 a.m. and 11,50 a.m. (or on arrival of Southern Pacific (Coast Line) trains.)

Stages leave Santa Maria for Guadalupe (and connect with Southern Pacific Coast Line trains) at 2.30 . m. and 10 p. m. (Stage drive of 50 minutes.)

R. D. COOK, Proprietor.

#### THE HART HOUSE

Santa Maria. Cal.



Under 2 New 2 Management.

The Only First-Class Hotel in Town.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Large Sample Rooms.

A. M. COX, Prop.

#### Northwestern Literary Bureau

1401 UNIVER-Minneapolis,

The only bureau of its kind in the Northwest. Wholly for helping and advising writers. Manuscripts examined conscientiously, at low cost; books published for authors; typewritten matter preferred. Under tried and well-known literary management.

Sen 2c. stamp for circular.

#### A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

#### R. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.



Removes Tan. Pimples, Freekles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 53 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is pro-perly made. Accept no coun-terfeit of simi-

lar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recom-mend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Schip reparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE removes superfluous halr without injury to the skin, FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canadas and Europe.

HEADQUARTERS

#### **Telegraphic Codes**

All the Standard Codes and Ciphers Kept in Stock

#### JOHN PARTRIDGE

Importing and Manufacturing Stationer

Printer, Lithographer and Bookbinder

306 California St., bet. Battery & Sansome San Francisco, Cal.

Send your Magazines to me to have them Bound Telephone Main 614

The

## Murdock Press

C. A. Murdock & Co.

PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS

532 Clay St., San Francisco, Cál.











COPYRIGHT 1901 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNAT.

he salesman may offer you a stronglyperfumed soap in fancy wrapper and
box, or a white soap made to look like
the Ivory. If you want perfume and
a fancy wrapper, well and good, but if you
want pure soap, buy Ivory Soap and not one
of the imitations. There is safety in Ivory
Soap, it is so mild that even a baby's delicate
skin is not harmed by it.

# AUTOMOBILES

#### WE BUILD TO ORDER



Gasoline Automobiles Steam Automobiles and Automobile Parts



All Automobiles Built by this Company are Guaranteed for One Year. Automobiles cared for, repaired, and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on Monthly Payment Plan.

## California Automobile Co.,

FACTORY: 346 McAllister St., Tel. Jessie 366. MAIN OFFICE: 222 Sansome St. W. L. H. GELDERI, AGENT, SAN FRANCISCO, 6 North 2nd St., San Jose, Cal.



# Decker & Son PIANOS

The Old, Original and only & & &

Decker Piano. & & & &

THE ZENO MAUVAIS MUSIC CO.
769 MARKET ST., S. F.

#### Bordeaux 550 Miles to Belgium

Mons. Chas. Duerinck, St. Gilles lez Termonde, Belgium,

Winner of more than 400 prizes, diplomas, and gold medals, offers guaranteed Homers rung with Federation rings, flown Bordeaux in the day stamped by the liberator; 4 pairs \$10, 8 pairs \$20, carriage paid to New York. PHEASANTS, golden and silver, \$7 per pair, Reeves, \$14; Swinhoes. \$15. Versicolor, \$14; Melanottes, \$14; Elliots, \$15; Lady Amherst, \$15; Bohema, \$9; Reynaud, \$14. English ring-neck Pheasants, \$7, all per pair. BELGIAN HARES, first prize winners at Paris, Brussels, Termonde, \$12 per pair at my risk, and carriage paid to New York.

# Union Metallic CARTRIDGE COMPANY.

Latest and Best. Our new 22-calibre smokeless cartridges.

Absolute Accuracy Uniformity Cleanliness











BLANK AMMUNITION REPORT. SURE F

LOUDEST





For sale by the trade.

Send for complete catalogue of

Primers, Caps, etc.

UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

Bridgeport, Conn. San Francisco, Cal.

# BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA Walter Baker & Co. Limited FROM THE MEDICAL PRACTITIONER, THE NURSE AND THE INTELLIGENT HOUSEKEEPER AND CATERER WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS. GOLD MEDAL, PARIS 1900.

### Remington Typewriters



# are used by the heavy users

This is the supreme test of a typewriter. Good work on a brand new machine proves little or nothing. But it takes a first-class typewriter to **keep doing good work**, year after year, under the heaviest kind of service.

good work, year after year, under the heaviest kind of service.

This is the secret of Remington supremacy. It accounts for the universal preference shown for the Remington by experienced users.

Wyckoff, Seamans @ Benedict,
New York,



SAN FRANCISCO: 211 Montgomery St. LOS ANGELES: 147 South Broadway. PORTLAND: 249 Stark St.



AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST







Uni PRICE TEN CENTS oft ®

# Arlington Hotel



Santa Barbara

The finest summer climate in the State. Sea bathing every day in the year. The best green turf golf links in California; Five minutes' street car ride from the hotel. Special low rates during the summer.

E. P. DUNN, Proprietor.

# Round the World Tours

30th SEASON, 1901

#### **DEPARTURES:**

From San Francisco....September 4
From Vancouver.....September 9
From San Francisco....October 15
From San Francisco...October 31

Illustrated descriptive programmes on application to

Thos. Cook & Son. 621 Market St., San Francisco.

# GOLD SEAL" Rubber Hose



#### IS THE BEST MADE

Rubber Belting and Packing

Boots and Shoes

Mackintoshes and Ragians

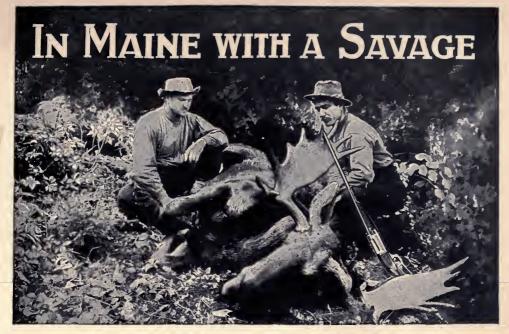
ALL KINDS OF RUBBER GOODS

#### GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.

R. H. Pease, President. F. M. Shepard Jr., Treas, C. F. Runyon, Sec'y,

PORTLAND

SAN FRANCISCO



#### RESULT OF A SINGLE SHOT FROM A .303 SAVAGE EXPANDING BULLET.

KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES.—Do not buy a rifle until you have examined into the merits of the SAVAGE, which is the Twentieth Century Fire Arm. Absolutely Safe. Strongest Shooter. Only hammerless repeating rifle in the World. Constructed to shoot SIX DIFFERENT CARTRIDGES in one rifle. Adapted for GRIZZLY BEARS AND RABBITS. We guarantee every SAVAGE rifle. 303 and 30-30 calibers. Write for our handsome new catalogue No. 3. Awarded GRAND GOLD MEDAL at Paris, beating all competitors.

SAVAGE ARMS CO., UTICA, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

BAKER & HAMILTON, San Francisco and Sacramento, Cal., Pacific Coast Agents.

## په په په A TRIAL FREE په په په

# TAR=PINE Catarrh Cure



A New Discovery that Positively Cures. The Greatest Boon Ever Offered to Sufferers from Those Dread Diseases—CATARRH and HAY FEVER.

NOTHING LIKE IT UNDERTHE SUN

BELL DRUG CO.,
4 and 6 East 14th Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

Thousands have studied and experimented for years to discover a remedy that would not only relieve but cure catarrh and hay-fever, absolutely and permanently, but all have failed in giving any more than merely temporary relief...We have the only positive and complete remedy in our

#### TAR-PINE CATARRH CURE

and the reason for this is simply in the fact that we have used in the formula new remedies that have never before been tried in the treatment of catarrh and hay-fever.

In order that everyone afflicted may have an opportunity of testing the merits of our remedy, we will send absolutely free, a trial treatment of our Tar-Pine Catarrh Cure, to anyone who will write for it, and enclose two two cent postage stamps for mailing. . . You can use the trial treatment and see for yourself the great good you will derive from it... Our treatment contains absolutely new ingredients which have never before been used in curing catarrh and hay-fever. . . They are the result of a recent discovery by one of the greatest medical authorities in the world, whose name the ethics of the medical profession prohibit us from making known. . . . . . .

Send for the trial treatment at once and obtain immediate relief... There is no reason why you should still suffer when the remedy is so easily within your reach... Remember, the trial treatment is absolutely free, if you send us two two cent stamps for mailing.

# Arlington Hotel



Santa Barbara

The finest summer climate in the State. Sea bathing every day in the year. The best green turf golf links in California; Five minutes' street car ride from the hotel. Special low rates during the summer.

E. P. DUNN, Proprietor.

# Round the World Tours

30th SEASON, 1901

#### **DEPARTURES:**

From San Francisco....September 4
From Vancouver......September 9
From San Francisco.....October 15
From San Francisco....October 31

Illustrated descriptive programmes on application to

Thos. Cook & Son. 621 Market St., San Francisco.

# GOLD SEAL" Rubber Hose



#### IS THE BEST MADE

Rubber Belting and Packing Boots and Shoes

Mackintoshes and Raglans

ALL KINDS OF RUBBER GOODS

#### GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.

R. H. Pease, President.

F. M. Shepard Jr., Treas, C. F. Runyon, Sec'y,

PORTLAND

SAN FRANCISCO 73-5-7-9 MARKET ST

# IN MAINE WITH A SAVAGE

#### RESULT OF A SINGLE SHOT FROM A .303 SAVAGE EXPANDING BULLET.

KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES.—Do not buy a rifle until you have examined into the merits of the SAVAGE, which is the Twentieth Century Fire Arm. Absolutely Safe. Strongest Shooter. Only hammerless repeating rifle in the World. Constructed to shoot SIX DIFFERENT CARTRIDGES in one rifle. Adapted for GRIZZLY BEARS AND RABBITS. We guarantee every SAVAGE rifle. 303 and 30-30 calibers. Write for our handsome new catalogue No. 3. Awarded GRAND GOLD MEDAL at Paris, beating all competitors.

SAVAGE ARMS CO., UTICA, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

BAKER & HAMILTON, San Francisco and Sacramento, Cal., Pacific Coast Agents.

## \* \* A TRIAL FREE \* \* \*

# TAR=PINE Catarrh Cure



A New Discovery that Positively Cures. The Greatest Boon Ever Offered to Sufferers from Those Dread Discases—CATARRH and HAY FEVER.

> NOTHING LIKE IT UNDERTHE SUN

BELL DRUG CO.,
4 and 6 East 14th Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

Thousands have studied and experimented for years to discover a remedy that would not only relieve but cure catarrh and hay-fever, absolutely and permanently, but all have falled in giving any more than merely temporary relief...We have the only positive and complete remedy in our

#### TAR-PINE CATARRH CURE

and the reason for this is simply in the fact that we have used in the formula new remedies that have never before been tried in the treatment of catarrh and hay-fever.

In order that everyone afflicted may have an opportunity of testing the merits of our remedy, we will send absolutely free, a trial treatment of our Tar-Pine Catarrh Cure, to anyone who will write for it, and enclose two two cent postage stamps for mailing. . . You can use the trial treatment and see for yourself the great good you will derive from it... Our treatment contains absolutely new ingredients which have never before been used in curing catarrh and hay-fever. . . They are the result of a recent discovery by one of the greatest medical authorities in the world, whose name the ethics of the medical profession prohibit us from making known. . . . . .

Send for the trial treatment at once and obtain immediate relief... There is no reason why you should still suffer when the remedy is so easily within your reach... Remember, the trial treatment is absolutely free, if you send us two two cent stamps for mailing.

# Overland Monthly

#### AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

#### SEPTEMBER, 1901

#### **CONTENTS:**

Frontispiece	Pago-Pago Harbor
A Colonial ExperimentJ. F. Illustrated from photographs.	
The Free Trader	Brown
Cupid's Diary E. So	ott O'Connor194
The Man from St. JustErner A mining story.	st Atkins195
El Dia de Todos SantosL. M. Illustrated from photographs.	. Terry199
Side-Lights on LincolnJame	s Matlack Scovel
Dave's Letter	les Udell
The Meadow Lark Ernes	st McGaffey209
No Man's Ranch	am McLeod Raine219
A Greenhorn's LuckAlice The story of a hero.	J. Stephens
The Corn People—A Story of ZuniCrom Illustrated by Alfred Galpin.	well Galpin218
The Singing of the FrogsJohn An Indian story.	G. Neihardt226
To My Violin Elois	e Davis230
A Matter of Opinion Editorial.	
Current Books	e Luce Irwin
San Antonio, Texas, City of ParksVinto Illustrated from photographs.	on S. James239

FREDERICK MARRIOTT, Publisher, 51/2 Kearny St., San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY will be sent postpaid for one year to any part of the United States, Canada. or Mexico, for one dollar; single numbers, 10c. For back numbers more than 3 months old. 5c additional for each month. Postage to foreig countries is 60c per annum. Money may be sent by express order, P. O. money order, bank draft, or registered letter. Money sent in letters is at senders' risk. When change of address is desired always give former address.

## Eames Tricycles



An Ideal Machine that brings the pleasures of cycling within the reach of all; any one that can walk can ride one of these wheels.

We have also Tricycles for those who require something to propel with the hands, and easy Pneumatic-tired Rolling Chairs for Invalids.

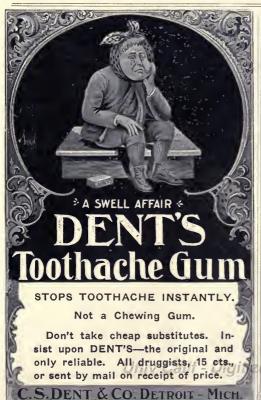
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

#### EAMES TRICYCLE CO.

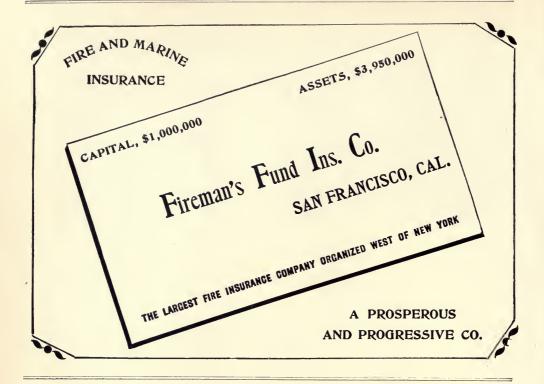
2100 Market Street San Francisco . . .



Redington & Co., San Francisco, Cal.,
W olesale Agents for Pacific Coast.











Pago-Pago Harbor.

# Overland Monthly

Vol. XXXVIII

September, 1901

No. 3

#### A COLONIAL EXPERIMENT

BY J. F. ROSE-SOLEY.

INCE the war with Spain changed the traditional policy of the United States and committed us to a course of expansion, we have taken our first lesson in the difficult art of Colonial government. It is hard, even for a country like Great Britain, after centuries of experience, to manage her colonies with entire satisfaction to the

public, based on purely democratic principles, to adapt its cumbrous form of administration to the task of governing an alien and far distant race. The very checks and counterchecks necessary to ensure the maintenance of our liberties render it difficult to entrust the executive with the arbitrary imperial power requisite for governing our foreign subjects.



Raising the flag in Tutuila

governed and the governors. Witness the recent South African war, which has involved an enormous sacrifice in blood and treasure, and which is not yet completed. And it is doubly hard for a re-

And yet this is the only way in which our colonies—or at least those inhabited by semi-civilized or savage races—can be successfully managed. We have still to face the problem in the Philippines,



where the civil power has not yet supplanted the military, and when the time for peaceful occupation comes, we will do well to be guided by the happy results of our brief administration in Samoa.

In February, 1900, we came into undisturbed possession of the little Island of Tutuila and the still smaller adjacent islets, which form the Eastern portion of the Samoan Group. It was a purely harmonious diplomatic arrangement, in which the entire three great powers concerned, the United States, Germany and Great Britain, agreed to divide the group between the two former nations. England, wisely enough, did not insist on her share of this troublous land. She had matters of a more urgent nature to attend to elsewhere, and besides, her strategical position in the Pacific would have been weakened rather than strengthened had she assumed responsibility for one of the islands. The extensive Fijian Group, in the most central position, gives her an admirable base for naval operations in the Pacific, and she would have gained nothing by undertaking to defend any part of Samoa. The claim of the United States to Pago-Pago, the only good harbor in the group, was fully recognized by both Germany and England, so we were given Tutuila, whilst the Germans took the two large islands of Upolu and Savaii. The natives, I need hardly say, were not consulted, but happily, as far as this country was concerned, they were perfectly well pleased with the arrangement.

In point of size our new possessions are indeed very small affairs, but a mere speck on the map, five inhabited islands in all, not to mention a few barren rocks. Tutuila, the largest, has an area of 240 square miles and a population of about four thousand. Then comes Manua, ninety miles to the Eastward, with an area of 100 square miles and a few hundred people. The other three islets, Tau, Olesanga and Ofu, are unimportant. Geographically the group occupies a commanding position, right in the very center of one of the most important trade routes of the Pacific, from Australia to this Coast. It is situated between the degrees

In full dress. Univ Calif - Digitized 169 and 172 west longitude and the



A chieftain.

parallels of 13 and 14 south latitude. It thus forms a sort of midway stopping place between Hawaii and Australia and gives us a strategic position of immense value. Indeed, it is safe to say that, without a coaling station and the accompanying fortifications on Pago-Pago harbor, we would find it impossible to carry on naval operations against a great power in the South Pacific. It provides us with a base within easy striking distance of the Australian or New Caledonian Coasts, and in fact dominates the myriad islands which make up Polynesia. The following table of distances will clearly illustrate this fact:

From Pago-Pago to—	Miles.	
Auckland, New Zealand1,577		
Vavau (Friendly Islands)	380	
Lavuka, Fiji	630	
Tongatabu	475	
Tahiti	1,250	
New Caledonia	1,445	
Sydney, N. S. W	2,410	
Melbourne, Victoria	2,864	
Honolulu	2,283	

The importance of Pago-Pago has long been recognize... It is not only the finest A Village Tampo off B

harbor in the Samoan Group, but far and away the best in Polynesia. It is a great Gulf, or Fjord, which nearly divides the little Island of Tutuila. The approach is from the south, being clearly indicated by a high peaked conical mountain rising over two thousand feet. No mariner can miss finding Pago-Pago with such a landmark. The entrance, about three-quarters of a mile wide, is deep and perfectly free from obstructions, and, a few miles further in, the bay turns abruptly at a right angle, forming a perfectly landlocked inner harbor. Here is a sheet of water some three miles long by one in breadth, an ideal anchorage. It is perfectly screened from all storms; the most violent tropical hurricane which ever raged could not hurt a vessel lying there. The water is deep and the bottom furnishes what sailors call good holding ground. There is room here for the whole



United States Navy to shelter, secure from all attack.

Over twenty years ago the United States Government realized these facts and made a treaty with the then King of Samoa by which we secured possession of a piece of ground near the entrance. suitable for a coaling station. But nothing else was done, neither buildings nor wharves were erected and the place lay neglected and forgotten. At last, some four years ago, the Government awoke to a sense of its responsibilities. A sum of \$200,000 was available for the erection of a coaling station and the contract was awarded to a firm of this city. The new structure, now fast approaching completion, includes a large steel shed and an extensive wharf, running out into deep water so that men-of-war may come directly alongside to coal. But much remains to be done. The coaling station, to be of any use in the event of war, must be defended by powerful guns, and an appropriation must be obtained from Congress for the purpose. Fortunately the harbor can very easily be made impregnable. The high hills on either hand

afford admirable sites for fortifications and a chain of torpedoes can rapidly be laid across the entrance.

When the United States Government took possession of Tutuila it already had a warship on the spot, the armed collier Abarenda, one of the craft purchased during the Spanish war. The vessel had been sent to Pago-Pago to superintend the construction of the coaling station and incidentally to afford protection should trouble arise with the natives. The Administration made a wise choice when they selected Commander B. F. Tilley. her senior officer, as first Governor of the group. Tilley had been on the scene for over a year and had become thoroughly familiar with the native customs and peculiarities. Moreover, he has proved himself a man of rare tact and judgment, and it is to be hoped that he may be retained in his position for many years. The success or failure of our occupation depended entirely upon his action at the outset. All hung upon the first impression made on the native mind. An injudicious or tyrannical man might easily have spoiled everything, for the



Missionary Girls In Tutulialif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Samoans are a particularly sensitive race and would speedily have resented any interference with their cherished liberties.

Owing to the nature of the ground a rebellion once started in Tutuila would have proved a very difficult thing to sub-There is hardly an acre of level land on the island; the country is an alternation of high peaks and deep gorges, thickly covered with luxuriant tropical growth. There is abundance of shelter in the forests and nature supplies lavishly all the simple wants of the islancers. Had the Samoans once rebelled and taken to the hills it would have required a very large force to dislodge them. The most that could have been done would have been to hold the small villages which fringe the coast, and this would have called for many isolated garrisons, which would always have been exposed to raids by large bodies of natives. The recent sad experience near Apia, where several Americans lost their lives, has proved that the Samoan is by no means a despicable foe, even when pitted against whites armed with the most modern weapons. Thus it will easily be seen that the military occupation of Tutuila, in the face of a hostile native population, would have been a costly task.

The Tutuilans have been regarded as the most turbulent members of the Samoan family. They have always enjoyed practical independence, their allegiance, under the old regime, to the King of Samoa, being a purely nominal affair. Now and again, it is true, large bodies of them would cross to Upolu and join in one of the numerous fights between the Malietoa and Tamasese factions. But this was more for the fun of the thing than anything else; in a general way they were content to remain at home and fight, or pretend to fight, amongst themselves.

The Samoans are still in the patriarchal age, and the family system of government prevails, or rather did prevail before the annexation. That is to say the head of each family was a chief and ruled his small group of dependents with a firm but kindly hand. These heads of families formed a sort of town council for managing each little village. As a Zwalled town to be found in the islands.



Samoan Girl.

rule the towns were excellently governed, and in no place in the world are cleanliness and sanitation more strictly observed than in Samoa. But beyond the towns the system did not work well. The islands were divided into several districts, naturally defined by the mountain ranges. Each of these districts had its own fono, or parliament, composed of leading chiefs. The fono used to meet occasionally in some great house and talk at much length, but it had little real power over its own people and none over those of the other districts. The result of all this was that the various districts were always quarreling, wars and rumors of war were ever in the air. Leone, the former capital of Tutuila, was the only



Group of Natives.

It was surrounded by a high stone wall several miles long and practically it was always in a state of siege. This condition of affairs had naturally a most demoralizing effect on the natives and hampered their material progress considerably. The taro and yam plantations were neglected, for the people argued that it was no use planting food when their enemies might come along and eat it up at any moment. Consequently each village grew barely enough for its own immediate requirements, and if a bad season occurred there was often great scarcity.

Such was the condition of affairs when, on April 4th, 1900, Commander Tilley hoisted the Stars and Stripes over Swimming Point, on the shores of Pago-Pago. The ceremonial was a most elaborate one. The flag was saluted in truly impressive style; there was general feasting and rejoicing. Fortunately for the success of Tilley's task, the Samoans welcomed the flag with the utmost enthusiasm. Their brethren in Upolu, on the other hand, did not take at all kindly to the German national emblem; they threatened war when the flag was raised and demanded that the Samoan standard be hoisted above the German niv Calif - Digitize were badly worm eaten-but all the same,

Hence Tilley began the work of organizing a government under favorable auspices. Furthermore, he had the great good fortune to secure a most able assistant, Mr. E. W. Gurr. This gentleman, a lawyer of ability, had long been associated with the natives as their advocate in the Apia Supreme Court. For years, whilst Chief Justice Ide was deciding a lengthy list of land claims, Gurr defended the interests of the natives, and won their heartiest gratitude. Through the length and breadth of the land Misi Tia, as the Samoans affectionately called him, was known and honored. Tilley at once appointed Gurr Colonial Secretary and the choice had a very happy effect on the native mind. They were reassured as to American intentions, for they felt that as long as Misi Tia was chief adviser to the Governor things could not go far wrong. Tilley's first step was to proclaim universal peace amongst the warring tribes, and to issue an order calling in all firearms. The natives submitted to disarmament readily enough and some thousands of old Remingtons and Sniders and other obsolete kinds of rifles were collected. These guns had practically no market value—the stocks, in many cases, if Congress would vote the money, it would be a wise step to compensate the Tutuilans for their willing sacrifice.

In deciding on the form of government Tilley went to Fiji for an example. He saw that the wisest plan for the natives would be to allow them to govern themselves, on the system planned by Sir Arthur Gordon. Fiji is generally regarded as Great Britain's model Crown Colony, and thirty years of her administration there has had a marvelous effect on the natives. Peace and prosperity reign over the whole group, and cultivation has largely increased, whilst the population is actually gaining in number. This is a remarkable showing, considering that, in the Friendly and Marquesan groups and in nearly every island brought under civilized rule, the population is rapidly declining. So Tilley divided the islands up into districts of suitable size and appointed a native chief as governor, or chief magistrate, of each one. The only trouble was the superabundance of material available. There were so many chiefs, great and small, that it became a matter of great difficulty to decide which was really entitled to the honor. elaborate examination of genealogical trees was necessary, but finally the hereditary chiefs of the bluest blood and longest pedigrees were picked out and installed in office. Their duties were not very onerous; they had merely to see that good order prevailed in their districts and to exercise a wholesome moral control over their dependents. They also acted as justices of the peace in dealing with petty offenses and were authorized to issue marriage licenses. The system of local or village government was allowed to go on much as before, except for changes made by the natives themselves. Here was a genuine surprise. The Samoans, generally considered one of the most conservative races on the face of the earth, actually began to institute their own reforms. It was never supposed that they, of their own initiative, would abolish any of the traditional customs which have prevailed amongst



Village in Pago-Pago. V Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

them for thousands of years. But when the first General Council, composed of the governors of the districts, met, the natives voluntarily proposed some important reforms. There are many injurious customs which have long been prevalent in Samoa and which of course can only be abolished by the force of public opinion. Chief amongst these was the practice of going on Malangas, or large holiday parties. The natives of a village would suddenly take it into their heads to knock off work and go on a junketing

where else, until the traveling party grew weary and returned to their home. In turn they themselves would be visited by some other village, and so the malangas went on indefinitely. The practice naturally led to much waste and improvidence, and when the council decreed its abolition the natives cheerfully obeyed the law, although previous to the establishment of a settled form of government no individual would have dared even to suggest the change.

Another injurious custom abolished was



#### A street scene.

or picnicking party. Sometimes they would travel in their large boats and sometimes they would go by land, but in any case there was feasting and gaiety wherever they went. The Samoans regard hospitality as almost a sacred rite, and it was the bounden duty of each village to entertain its guests in the most handsome manner. Pigs and fowls were ruthlessly slaughtered and the visitors remained until the village was eaten out.

the extravagant presentation of fine mats. These fine mats, woven from a species of pandanus, are the most valuable of Samoan heirlooms. They are preserved with the greatest care and handed down from generation to generation, their value being reckoned at two or three hundred dollars. On weddings or other festal occasions it was considered etiquette for the bridegroom's relatives to present the bride with a number of Then the process was repeated some Zemats. In return the bride's relatives had

to purchase vast quantities of trade goods, such as salt and tinned beef, biscuits, colored prints, etc. This cost much money and the extravagance would often impoverish whole families for years.

Commander Tilley looked on approvingly whilst these and many minor changes were made. The natives were certainly governing themselves and his task was appreciably lightened. government. small and inexpensive though it is, cannot be carried on entirely without revenue. When it came to establishing a system of taxation, Tilley again turned to Fiji for example. Cash is a scarce thing amongst the Samoans, and to ask the natives to pay a money tax would be simply to force them to sell their copra at a ruinous sacrifice to some white trader. Consequently the natives were requested to tax themselves in produce. The council assesses the amount each district should be called upon to pay and the copra is then sold by tender. The traders' price for copra to the natives used to be only about a cent a pound, but Tilley managed to get nearly two cents. As any surplus over the amount of taxation required is returned to the districts the natives benent accordingly, for they may sell all they can produce in this way if they choose. The yearly revenue raised amounts to \$7,500, sufficient to pay the expenses of administration.

On Manua, the only other large island of the group, they used to have a royal dynasty all of their own. Being so widely separated from the other Samoans, the Manuans had many peculiar and original customs. One of these was to treat their monarch as a kind of Deity and to keep him or her strictly guarded, in perpetual seclusion. The last Queen, a young girl, fell ilı from the confinement and one night was actually suffocated in her hut when a are broke out. When Tilley hoisted the American flag on Manua there was a vacancy in the regal line, as no one had been found ambitious enough to accept the position of King or Queen. The new Governor at once abolished this absurd practice and appointed the heir to the throne chief magistrate of the island. For the rest the same system of government was introduced as on the to the task of governing a colonial de-

larger Tutuila and the plan is working with perfect smoothness.

The new Governor found no need to interfere with the marital customs of the natives. The Samoans are naturally a virtuous people and could give points in this matter to many white nations. Nor was there any need to meddle with their religion. The London Missionary Society, a non-sectarian body, which, for more than a century, has done admirable work throughout the whole Pacific, is firmly established in the group. As all the natives have long since been converted to Christianity its work is rather to educate than to evangelize. It maintains a teacher in each village, besides a large High School for girls at Leone. Thus the Government is relieved of the task of educating the growing generation, and it seems better, for the present at any rate, to leave the matter in the hands of the missionaries. There are also several Roman Catholic priests, some nuns. and a number of Mormon apostles.

As yet no seat of government has been established on Tutuila. The deck of the United States ship Abarenda has been the State Capitol, and Commander Tilley's cabin the Governor's residence. But doubtless. when the Administration realizes the excellence of the work which has been done there, it will build a proper Government house ashore and provide the Governor with a guard suitable to his dignity. Beyond this there seems no necessity for making any immediate change in Tutuilan affairs and the longer the little island is allowed to govern itself under the present system the better for its peace and happiness.

Indeed, it is obvious that the less we interfere with the primitive ways and customs of this simple-minded folk the better for the success of our administration. We have accepted a heavy moral responsibility as guardians of these people and we must see to it that the race does not deteriorate. It is not a question of money making; there is no financial gain to be got out of Tutuila. It is purely a question of international reputation, and, having taken the islands for strategical reasons, we must show the peoples of the world that we are equal pendency. As I have pointed out, we have begun well and it is only necessary to continue on the same lines. The Samoan form of civilization, in its way as highly developed as our own, dates back to the patriarchal age; indeed, many of the rites observed, such as the making of turmeric, show distinct traces of Judaic origin. Far back in the bush, over-

across Asia and eventually spread themselves over the islands of Polynesia. The assumption is at least probable, but the proposition is too intricate to be considered within the brief limits of a magazine article.

But whatever their origin there is no doubt about the intense conservatism of the Samoan people. Civilization has



The Cocoa Palm.

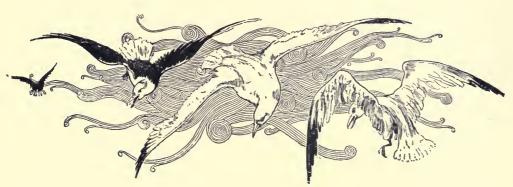
grown with foliage, one may still trace the ruins of a huge stone inclosure laid out on exactly the same lines as the tabernacle, with its inner and outer courts and the holy of holies in the center. These facts have led many ethnologists to hold that the Samoans are a remnant of the ten lost tribes, which wandered wrought havoc with the inhabitants of most of the other South Sea Islands, but, for this very reason, it has done little or no harm to the Samoans. Your Tahitian or Marquesan showed himself only too ready to adopt civilized customs, and I may add, vices. He took to intoxicating liquors with avidity, and murder and

rapine resulted. His women were at the disposal of the white strangers and as a consequence the people were decimated by diseases. The lax marital customs prevailing in most of the islands greatly aided the spread of these complaints which contaminated whole races.

The shirt, the common everyday garment of commerce, proved deadly in its It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that the introduction of European clothing was directly responsible for the terrible ravages wrought by pneumonia amongst the natives. Before Europeans came to the South Seas consumption, along with a host of other diseases, such as smallpox, measles and influenza, was absolutely unknown. But the Kanaka showed a fatal facility for contracting it and his delicate constitution proved unable to stand the strain. The islander naturally desired to possess European clothing; one of the first things he would purchase would be a shirt, and, perhaps, a pair of trousers. He was so proud of his new garments that he would go to work in them, and after laboring for a while in the tropical sun would suddenly discover that it was extremely hot. He would sit down to rest, and, in order to cool off, would remove his clothes. This reversal of the natural order of things generally resulted in a fatal chill.

Now in Samoa, alone of the South Sea groups, things are ordered quite differently. There is natural virtue among the people and they show strict observance of the marriage tie. Then the stubborn conservative native obstinately refused to adopt European dress and to this day he adheres to his decision. Other islanders might put on shirts and trousers if they chose, but he would would keep to his national lava-lava. The lava-lava, I may explain, is simply a sheet of calico. or any kind of print, about six feet square. It is folded in two and wrapped round the waist, being held in place by a simple twist. Except on state occasions this forms the sole costume for men and women alike. It is healthy, graceful and complies with all the requirements of decency as viewed from a Samoan standpoint. Boots and shoes are unknown, and indeed, the sole of the native's foot is so tough that he can walk unhurt over jagged coral reefs which would cut a white man's foot to pieces.

The only change which the mission-aries have been able to make is the introduction of the ofu loti, or church-going dress for women. This is simply a long "Mother Hubbard," worn only at divine service. It is a common enough sight, especially in rain weather, to see a woman walking to church with her dress over her arm and putting it on when the door of the sacred edifice is reached. To this primitive simplicity of dress and general cleanliness of habit, we may attribute the comparative immunity of the Samoan from European diseases.



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

### The Free Trader

BY A. J. BROWN.

EVON'S dominant characteristic was an extreme individualism that was not only temperamental but philosophically thought out and applied in the business of living. Essentially he was a theorist, and his theories justified the natural anarchy of his disposition. Detesting restrictions from without he set up his personal honor, which he held high and sacred, as the final judge of his actions and-it might have been foretold-the sequel brought him trouble. Moreover, as is usual in such cases, others were compelled to share his trouble. For, pursuing secretly, though from deliberate moral conviction, a line of conduct catalogued on the reverse side of that medallion which society has struck and labeled "Right and Wrong," he came, at the same time, to love my sister; and -well, so the trouble fell.

From one point of view, however, no man could blame him. For Claribel was undeniably beautiful-I use the term in an absolute sense. She was of the kind that move men and some women deeply, the former from desire, the latter froma sort of mental nearsightedness called jealousy. Her beauty seemed to come from within, and her dark eyes, could you look into them, were deep with latent thought and feeling. Devon, who had fathomed them, was careful to conserve his opportunities, and, when his difficulties reached a climax, those eyes-or at least the thought and feeling which lay back of them-proved valuable.

But I am speaking after the event. As I surveyed the guests aboard my friend's yacht that day in the early autumn, I did not know what was in store for us. I was smoking in the bow and was dwelling with approval upon our host's qualifications as a brother-in-law, when I became aware that a heated controversy had sprung up, and, feeling that my wisdom could no longer be spared, I abandoned my isolation.

"Mr. Swain, your sister is certainly a very silly girl," said the smart Miss Baker, as I joined the group.

"How do you make that out?" I asked, tossing my cigar overboard. I had always quoted Claribel's common sense as above par.

"Absolutely refused to accept a piece of Chinese peach-blossom silk because it was smuggled in by Mrs. Drillcombe."

"Nonsense; I don't believe it."

"And real peach-blossom does not come on every steamer."

"And twenty-five cents a yard duty--"
"I think it's a crime!" exclaimed Claribel.

I could not resist the temptation.

"Suppose," I said, "a person should smuggle on principle."

"On principle!" Claribel's face expressed every syllable of the contempt she would feel for such a person.

"Yes," I continued, "in the honest belief that a government has no right to hinder the freedom of trade."

"Do him lots of good in a court of law," laughed Theodore Black, a lawyer and openly derisive of abstract questions—especialy in ethics.

"Yet he would be right," said Devon, seriously; "a tariff is an unjust restriction on the individual—one which he is not bound to regard."

This, though evidently a sincere statement of conviction, only served to draw the fire of Claribel's disapproval.

"When a man sanctions the breaking of a law of his country," she said, almost in anger, "how do we know that he would fight for that country?"

Oh, the logic of displeased femininity! I saw that the matter was going too far.

"Claribel," I said, "Devon's patriotism is not in question, and your remark is entirely beside the point."

The rest of the group, seeing the serious turn of the conversation, began to talk with one another in very perfunctory style, and quickly drifted apart, leaving Devon and me alone with Claribel. She had seen her fault in an instant, and was ready to make amends.

"Mr. Devon," she said, "my words were quite uncalled for; I——"

"Miss Swain, I beg you will not-" "Yes, I shall, Mr. Devon; I offer you my sincere apology. Perhaps a man might make such a mistake and-still be a man. I don't know."

With that she turned quickly to hide the rising color in her face, and joined one of the ladies who stood near. looked at Devon and found him very pale, and then the only fear I ever saw depicted in his countenance crept into his burning gaze. I told him not to think of the matter again, and that I blamed my sister's impetuosity for the whole occurrence, but he would not hear of it.

"It is evidently a point of honor in her estimation," he said; "I wish I could agree with her."

I saw one thing very clearly, I told myself, and that was that there was only one way of accounting for Claribel's sudden loss of temper. A proud woman is apt to feel something very like resentment at a disappointment in a man who is the object of her personal regard.

And for the rest of that day the resentment continued; not solely, however, because of the disappointment. For Claribel, having apologized, was in the throes of a mortifying pique, hidden, of course, by a deal of vivacity, and was not more kind than she need be to Devon. It was evident, indeed, that she was punishing him for her self-innicted wounds, by flirting with Black. That gentleman, being possessed of common sense, felt keenly the falseness of his position. It was no secret that he admired my sister intensely, nor that he was more favored than most of her suiters, but he saw quite clearly that for the time being he was merely an instrument of torture.

Black had the reputation of being a very good fellow, and he was certainly successful in his profession. He was 'in politics," being at the time United States District Attorney, and there was an ugly rumor that he had sacrificed a political ally for the appointment. As an aspirant for the hand of my sister, I had not thought of him as a rival to Devon, nor did I now, regarding present conditions as essentially transitory. But as we left the table that evening I noticed that which made me say to myself: "The incan, it will wound beyond healing." The cause of my observation was a glance, quick and determined, almost malevolent, I thought, directed toward Devon as we filed out of the cabin, and revealed to me by a mirror which Black and I both faced, though from different directions. It showed plainly enough that hate had been born of rivalry for a woman's heart.

The same evening brought us home through the Golden Gate, and Devon put his guests ashore as soon as we reached the town; that is, all except myself. He had requested me to sleep on board overnight and to accompany him up the bay to Belvedere, where he kept his boats, in the morning.

"Black win jump at the chance to take your sister home," he said, "so there is no reason why you should not stay, old man; and besides, I want to task to you."

I admired that in him which took no account of a rival, and consentea.

On his return to the yacht, Devon came aft to where I was smoking, and began as I had anticipated.

"Swain, old fellow, I love your sister." "You lack originality."

"I know that," meditatively, "but, in spite of what happened this afternoon, I feel that she cares for me-to some extent."

"You are"-puff-"damned conceited." "I suppose I am, but-well, honestly

now-I know I have no right to askbut what do you think?"

"Me? Oh, I quite agree with you"puff-"but if you were not conceited to the degree I have indicated you would never have known."

"But you don't really mean it!"

"Yes, I do, Devon-both."

A long ash intervened; then:

"I should like your permission to ask her to become my wife."

"And you have it, old man; and I hope you may win her."

We shook hands on it and turned in. But if I had looked for any immediate pressing of his suit, on the part of my friend, I was doomed to disappointment. Devon seemed in no haste to learn his fate from the court of final appeal, and, as a consequence, Claribel's host of admirers were not unusualy discouraged. strument of torture is barbed, and if it. Theodore Black, indeed, appeared to gain in confidence as time passed, and I began to note the development, in his case, of a sort of collateral attack. I refer to his growing fondness for my society.

Just what he expected to gain by this method l could not tell, but I knew that his motive, whatever it was, would be disclosed in due time.

And I was right. was served coffee with the one evening, as we dined tete-atete at the club, and the time was well chosen, as it afforded an opportunity for retreat-the man certainly planned well. The waiter had just deposited the customary lump of sugar in Black's cup and the half-lump in my own, and had departed. Black broke the succeeding silence.

"I met your sister and our friend Devon on the links this afternoon."

"I believe they play quite frequently"-natural malice on part.

"Yes; I believe so; your sister plays an excellent game."

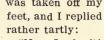
I noticed that "Devon's the 'Friend.'" he adhered to the

subject even under difficulties, so 1 waited expectantly. The pause was artistically ended at the exact instant and in the exact tone of voice required to suggest an absolutely casual meditation z price. Microsoft ®

induced by the last remark.

"Some rather odd things about Devon, don't you think?"

In spite of myself I was taken off my



"No, I don't! Nothing odd about him at all. Devon is my friend."

"Oh, quite so, quite so; I had no intention of offending."

He had taken out his watch while speaking.

"By Jove! It's later than thought. I must be going. But, by the way-ehthere's one rather unusual thing about him. spends a lot of money, but no one seems to know where he gets it. Do you?"

He had risen to feet while speaking and the attentive waiter was ready with his coat and hat. I was thoroughly angry, but two reasons prevented me from showing it-the presence of the waiter, and, more important still, the fact that I could not answer the question presented. So I said nothing, and Black's manner did not betray the

slightest expectation of a reply. He got into his coat quickly, without any appearance of great haste, however, and took his hat, not forgetting the purchase



"Good night, Swain." "Good-night."

So that was the purpose of all his goodfellowship! I laughed. What did I care about Devon's money or how he got it? It was perfectly evident that my sister would be well taken care of if my friend should win her for his wife, and beyond that I had never thought of the subject. Black's insinuation could only cause me to like him the less. But why had he made it? And why had he taken such pains to arrange an opportunity for making it? Could it be that he knew something discreditable to Devon? Nonsense! And I thought no more about it.

The next day, however, I received, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the following note from Black:

"Dear Swain:-I have occasion to go outside the Heads to-night, aboard a tug. It promises to be a beautiful, moonlit night, and I request the pleasure of your company. Only men are coming, so don't dress. Be at the Jackson-street wharf at six sharp. Perhaps we shall learn something interesting with regard to our friend.

#### In haste, THEODORE BLACK."

What in the name of anything but idiocy could he mean? "Something interesting with regard to our friend"-Devon, of course—to be learned by going outside the Heads on a tug? I was angry. Then I was frightened. I remembered, suddenly, that there was at least one point concerning Devon on which I was not informed; perhaps he was in danger from this officious District Attorney. At any rate I should tell him the whole business. So I rang up his rooms by telephone, to ascertain whether or not he was at home, and I received the answer, "Mr. Devon is out of town, and will not return till to-morrow."

This was very strange; the man had no right to be so mysterious; he should have more regard for his friends. Then I cooled down and decided that Devon was the most competent person I knew when it came to taking care of himself, and that he certainly could not be engaged in anything disgraceful-he was too much of a gentleman lif - Digitize object in letting you know, Clar."

But it was evident that Black had reached a different conclusion, and, also, that he desired to bring me to his way of thinking. Of course his motive was very transparent. His methods, however, were, so far, effective; for I had to admit that his note, coming so immediately on the heels of our conversation of the evening before, had thoroughly aroused my curiosity. My faith in Devon was not shaken in the least, but I decided to go with Black for the purpose of seeing him fail, if for nothing else. I resented his too active interest in the affairs of my family.

I hurried home to put on a golf suit. As I was leaving the house I met Claribel in the hall. She had just come in from out doors, and I noticed how thoroughly the rather sharp weather had invaded her cheeks. Her presence reminded me of something.

"George!" I exclaimed. "I almost forgot. You'll have to take Aunt Martha to the play, Claribel-I can't go. I'll run back and get the tickets;" and I sprang up the stairs.

"Why can't you go?" she called after

that," I answered, Black's note over the bannister. "Devon's the 'friend.'"

I was gone only a few seconds, but when I returned the color had quite left my sister's face, and I thought, as I looked more closely at her, that the expression of her eyes and brow betokened fatigue, not of body but of mind, as though she had been thinking much but to little purpose. She handed the note to me and said, making no effort to hide her concern:

"Will he be taken?"

"Who? Devon?" I asked. "Why should he be taken?" I glanced sharply at her.

"Don't you know?" she said. "Oh, I can't think of it! He is a sm---; that is, he calls it free trading; but to-night is the last time-he was under contract, he said, for to-night."

She was very pale now, and I, in spite of my astonishment, was thinking rap-

"He told you? He must have had an

She saw my meaning.

"I—I suppose he should have spoken to you first."

"He has," I said, simply. "But, of course—now—you would rather I should withdraw what I said. He didn't tell me he was a sm——"

"Yes—of course—he must not say anything. I couldn't——"

"No, I'll tell him, Clar—poor little girl. But I must go now, or I'll be late. Better go to the play, Clar." I was moving toward the door.

"Yes, I'll go—he said it was the last time; do you think they will—"

But I had to run for the car.

My thoughts as we pitched viciously down the hill toward the water-front were anything but kindly toward Devon. I saw only too plainly that Claribel's present pain was the measure of the liking she had entertained for him; and I cursed the man for his dishonorable conduct. I had no sooner done so, however, than I felt, sharply, the wrong I had done him. For, even in the midst of my sympathy for my sister, I realized that Devon's honor was still intact. In carrying out in practice his radical ideas concerning Government and the rights of the governed, he was acting, I knew, in thorough accord with a highly sensitive conscience. His peril was due, not to any moral defect, but wholly to an error of the mind—the result of an over-zealous worship of an individual. And when I had reached this conclusion I found my anger directing itself, with full force, toward the man who was trying to accomplish his ruin. I could not but despise the energy with which Theodore Black served his government, for I knew from what deep personal interests it sprung.

I did not know, however, what information he possessed with regard to Devon's illegal practices, and I determined to seize the first opportunity for finding out. Accordingly as the tug—which, I noticed, was manned by a crew of deputy custom inspectors—left the wharf I asked Black point-blank what was the object of the expedition. He looked at me with a queer, steely sort of a glance and, handing me an envelope, told me to examine the letter it contained. I took the paper and

niv Cain - Digiti

read the following:

To the U.S. District Attorney, San Francisco,

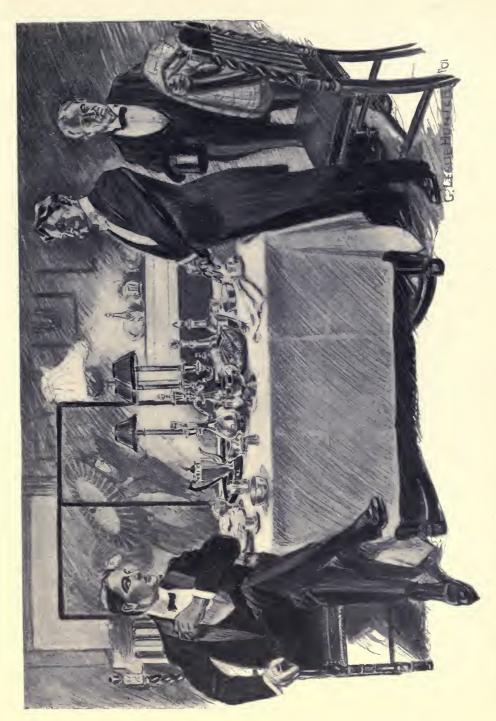
Dear Sir:-This is to inform you that a certain gentleman, who is well known in San Francisco society, is engaged in systematic smuggling operations. He has been successful, for several years past, in getting diamonds and precious stones into the States free of duty. If you will be at Mussle Rock, which is about seven miles down the coast from Seal Rock, on the evening of October 3d, you may see for yourself, as he expects to bring off a consignment from a ship which will pass within a few miles of that point. He uses a small electric launch, constructed entirely of steel. The gentleman I refer to belongs to one of the swell clubs and keeps a yacht and several very fine horses, though his friends might find it difficult to say where the money comes from."

The letter was unsigned and I saw, at once, that it had no sort of value as legal evidence. I told Black as much, and he replied:

"That is only too true. The writer, evidently, is averse to testifying in person, and therefore, has made it necessary for us to take the smuggler in the act. That is why we are now aboard this tug."

At that moment Black was called forward, and I was left to ponder his information in private. Clearly, Black believed Devon to be the smuggler implicated by the letter, and I did not need the rather apt designation which it contained to tell me that he was right. Indeed, I was very much frightened for my friend and correspondingly enraged at his enemy. As the tug made its way through the Golden Gate and south, along the coast, I tried to think of some means whereby I might avert the danger which threatened Devon; but I did so in vain, and events relegated me to the position of a mere spectator.

It was now dark, and we were lying dangerously near to a huge point of rocks which jutted far out into the ocean. Steam, I could tell by the sound of the escape valves, was being kept at a high pressure; and, indeed, it was utilized every few minutes to keep us off the



He had risen to his feet while speaking.

rocks. I had kept my place in the stern, and Black and his men were too intent on their business to pay me any attention. They were all forward in the bow, which pointed oceanward.

It was not long before the moon, which Black had promised, began to light up the scene. As it rose in the east, it threw its illumination over the still waters of the broad Pacific, and I could not but admire the sight which it disclosed, a few miles from land, of a huge vessel standing off to the southward with all sails set. The sight, I noticed, called forth considerable comment from the men forward, and, appreciating its significance, I joined the group. I found them looking intently ahead, evidently concentrating their gaze in the direction whence the ship had come into view. We were in the deep shadow of the cliffs, the light on the water coming nearer and nearer, however, as the moon rose, so that it became momentarily more possible to see clearly ahead. Each man was straining his vision to the utmost, and it was not long before one of them descried something.

"There she is! I see her!" exclaimed a deputy suddenly, and immediately he was engaged in pointing the others to his discovery.

I followed his directions and saw, presently, coming swiftly toward us, but as yet a full half-mile away, a small black object lying low in the water, and displaying no lights. I knew only too well what it was, and oh, how I wished for a means of warning those aboard her of our presence. But I had no such means, and could only await whatever should come to pass.

Black, I saw, was looked to by the captain of the tug for orders, and the engineer, at his direction, was told to crowd on steam and await the signal. This was almost immediately given and the tug started forward to meet the unsuspecting little craft that was approaching so swiftly and so silently.

As we emerged from the shadow we were not more than three hundred yards from the launch, and we were immediately seen, for her course suddenly changed and she fled away down the

coast. We followed, of course, and I saw at once that the little boat possessed considerable speed, for it looked for some minutes as though we were outclassed. But slowly the larger craft began to gain; and, as it became evident that we would overtake her, the launch slowed down, still keeping her direction, however. At this Black gave orders for three of the men to stand ready to board their prey with him, and all four drew heavy navy revolvers, preparing, as I thought, for a very unlikely contingency. I could not but see that Devon, were he aboard the launch, was lost. No one, however, showed himself on the little boat, and I wondered, as we came closer, that no sign of surrender was displayed.

But my wonderment soon received a different stimulus. For, when we were within less than ten yards of the launch, she sheered suddenly toward the open sea, and, turning quickly in her tracks, and developing speed with marvelous rapidity, she passed within twenty feet of us, heading back directly toward the point, which was not more than a half mile distant. My heart was within my mouth as Black, with an oath, yelled to the launch to stop, and almost immediately opened fire on her with his heavycalibred weapon. He was followed by the deputies, all of whom were armed, and a perfect hail of bullets must have hit the boat. But I knew the security of her occupants, telling myself that lead had never yet penetrated steel. And I could not but laugh to myself when Black desisted from his attempt on account of the lengthening range. The launch was by this time well back on her course, and the tug was churning the water into a veritable froth in an effort to get around and after her. Nor was it long before we were again overtaking the quarry. Black was in a perfect fume. I never saw a man in such a rage, and I knew that he would not fear to kill Devon if he could not capture him.

But it did not look now as if he would do either, for the launch, making the huge rocks of the point, turned sharply around them, disappearing on the other side while we were still a hundred yards away. Our suspense, as we approached

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

the spot, was intense, and my hopes for Devon's escape rose perceptibly. And as we turned the rocks, I was justified, for we could see the launch, a considerable way off, just entering the heavy surf, head on for the beach. The tug, however, did not follow.

"There she is," roared Black to the Captain at the window of the wheel house; "why don't you follow her?"

But the seaman knew his business.

"Can't do it," he answered; "that surf is full of rocks and we'd smash to bits before we were half way in." And some one volunteered:

"That fellow knows the channel."

I almost danced for joy, and as I looked again toward the shore, the launch was raised high on a rushing swell and borne triumphantly through the foam to the sandy beach. As she neared it, a man, carrying some sort of a burden, leaped from her, and, running through the shallow water, made for a small opening in the cliff. The distance was such that I could not tell what it was that the man carried, or whether, indeed, the man was Devon, so I did not fear when Black sent several shots after him. He made the gully in safety, I could see, and Black turned his attention to the launch, which was rolling helplessly in the surf.

"Captain," he called, "send me over to that launch in your skiff; I—"

But even as he spoke there was a heavy explosion, and, amidst shooting fire and smoke and fragments of steel, the object of his solicitude disappeared from sight. That evidence, at least, I thought, could not be produced.

Failure, however, only maddened the District Attorney, and he directed a number of the deputies to accompany him ashore in pursuit of the fugitive. Everything was done with great dispatch, and not more than ten minutes had elapsed since the man had disappeared from sight when Black and his followers entered the opening through which he had gone. It was bright moonlight now, but I had no fear of Devon's capture, as I reflected that undoubtedly he would have a horse in readiness on which he could put himself beyond any danger from pursuers on foot.

An hour sufficed to convince Black of the futility of his attempt, and at the end of that time we were headed for the Golden Gate with every one aboard. Black had shown a very sullen visage on returning to the tug, and had immediately retired to the cabin. As he passed me, however, I could not repress a smile which contained, I fear, an element of derision. For on seeing me he had stopped an instant, and had blurted out:

"I shall see that the writer of that letter is found and then I shall act at once."

Reflecting on this, I saw that Black had no evidence other than the letter against Devon, but I was in no very happy frame of mind, nevertheless. For I knew that Black's resources for finding people, even such as did not wish to be found, were unsurpassed. I stood in the extreme bow for the rest of the trip, and as soon as the tug came within jumping distance of the wharf I left it and made for the nearest cab, in which I was quickly driven to Devon's rooms. I expected to find him there as he had had ample time to ride across the peninsula into town while we were going around the end of it. So I did not knock in my haste, and as I entered I found Devon's man brushing a pair of his master's riding breeches.

"Where is Mr. Devon?" I asked breathlessly.

The man knew me for a friend of his master and answered frankly.

"He is not here, sir; he came in about half past nine but he went out as soon as he put on his evening clothes, sir."

His evening clothes! Evidently Devon intended putting in a belated appearance at some social function, and, perhaps, it was just as well that he should. But since he thought so little of the danger of his position I was not going to worry any further about him that night, at least. So I decided to seek my own home and to return early the next day.

I dismissed my cab, thinking that a brisk walk after all my excitement would have uess on which he could any danger from purueached home, and as I entered the house, Univ Calif - Digitize Comety Claribel, who had just returned

from the theatre. She told me that she was expecting Mr. Devon.

"He knew I was to be at the theatre," she said, "and he came in at the end of the second act and asked if he might call after the play. He said he would have stayed and brought us home but for a very important business engagement."

Evidently I only existed for the sake of this fellow Devon-he had monopolized my time and my mind for hours; and now-well, my house was at his disposal at the hour of midnight! I could readily understand the business appointvery clear evidence of Claribel's repugnance to Devon's behavior. I began to fear for her resolution-she was only a woman after all, and she knew that in deference to her the man had forsaken his objectionable calling. It would have been hardly delicate for me to have said anything upon the subject, but as I related the experiences of the evening I did not fail to lay stress upon the danger that still surrounded Devon. This had the effect of bringing back the harassed expression of brow and eyes which I had observed that afternoon, and my heart



I saw that the matter was going too far,

ment he had spoken of-book accounts of long standing were, perhaps, being settled. But I was surprised that Claribel should have given him permission to call -she could have put it off so easily. She must have seen what was passing in my mind, for she turned suddenly red and said:

"I was so relieved at seeing him! And you will stay down, Frank, won't you?"

I had formed a very definite determination of doing so; for, though I had had if fortunate escape. off @

smote me for augmenting the cruelty of her situation. My narrative was barely finished when the bell rang. I went to the door myself, and admitted our friend, whose face fell a trifle, I thought, at seeing me.

As we entered the parlor together, Claribel came forward and gave him her hand, saying with a coldness which I hoped was entirely genuine:

"You are to be congratulated on a most

He was taken completely by surprise, and I said:

"Yes, Devon, so you are; I was on the tug-Black invited me."

His surprise increased to a very serious concern, and he said, looking first at Claribel:

"I was going to tell you about it; but is it known that I was in the launch?"

"No!" said Claribel eagerly, "there's no proof. But"-as she caught my surprised look, she returned to her former manner-"you are in very great danger, nevertheless."

"Black has shown me a letter," I said, "written by some one who was able to give the information which led to the attempt to capture you. It isn't signed and it doesn't mention any names, butwell. Black is District Attorney, and all he needs is the man who wrote that letter."

Devon made no immediate reply to this, but after thinking a moment he drew some papers from his pockets, and showing me one of them, asked if the handwriting it contained was the same as that in which Black's letter was written. It was, and I told him so.

"Then, as I thought," he said, "I am in no danger. The rascal will not be caught."

"Your conclusion," I remarked, hardly an obvious one."

"Well," he answered, "it's this way. He is a man whom I dismissed from my service because of a theft he committed in taking some valuable jewels from the Park Hotel. He was not found out, but he made the mistake of thinking that for a share of the proceeds I would dispose of the stones for him. Of course I returned them to the hotel management instead. So you see he cannot afford to be found. I could send him to San Quentin for ten years. He is probably well out of the country by this time."

I could not but admit that there was very little likelihood of the man's capture, and I said as much, not failing to note as I did so that Claribel seemed to be drawing considerable comfort from the situation. She said:

"There is a difference between st--"

to distinguish between burglary in the first degree and honestly conducted trade."

This statement, showing the persistency with which Devon held to the ridiculous ideas which had placed us all in such an unpleasant position, thoroughly angered me, and I determined that Claribel, at least, should realize the situation.

"Let me tell you, Devon," I said, "that such honestly conducted trade as you refer to is very far from being the respectable thing you think it. Such ideas as you entertain-"

"Are no more than mistaken theories," interrupted Claribel decisively, and I noticed that Devon winced painfully, though my harshness had failed to touch him. Claribel, however, appeared not to notice anything, and she continued:

"I can even realize, now, that courage and error sometimes go together;" her glance certainly bespoke a high degree of admiration.

Of course she was right, and I was grateful to her for checking my temper; but I intended to make it quite plain that I did not desire ner to share in the danger that still confronted Devon, so I said, for the benefit of both of them:

"Society will not listen to mistaken theories, and my object in speaking as I did was to remind Devon that Black has the power of the community back of him."

"You are right, Frank," said Devon, "and though I have, to-night, severed all connection with what I consider a thoroughly honorable business, I am still in some danger. I---"

But Claribel again interrupted.

"I think I understand Mr. Black," she said, "and-I hope you won't think me too conceited-but-don't you thinkthat is, if-Mr. Black-should lose personal interest which he may-Oh, don't you understand?" and she stood there, helplessly blushing, until our denser minds perceived her intention of betrothing herself at once to Devon, and so removing Theodore Black's chief motive in the matter.

I saw clearly that the game had gotten "Yes," interrupted Devon, "he failed Zentirely beyond me. And Devon, as Claribel instinctively turned to him for refuge from her consuming embarrassment, drew her tenderly to him in ardent gratitude for so courageous a devotion.

Whether Black made an effort to trace Devon's betrayer, or whether he lost "interest" in the matter, we never knew; for my constant fears proved groundless and Claribel was married in the Spring, at which time Black was deep in political affairs at the State Capital. He was not among those invited to the

wedding, but we were put to shame for our malice by the receipt from him of a present, which, though it was not displayed with the cut glass and the silver, was quite the most interesting souvenir of the occasion. It was none other than the letter which had so well-nigh proved Devon's undoing, and on the envelope, in Black's handwriting, were the words:

"People's Exhibit A."
Truly, a satırical wedding gift.

### CUPID'S DIARY.

BY E. SCOTT O'CONNOR.

Monday: Just moved to a lovely new heart

Of which I'm unworthy I fear: I own I am jealous of relics and scars The former possessor left here.

Tuesday: Housecleaning and sweeping all day,

For room will be needed you see,

To store the mementoes and treasures I hope

That soon of my own there will be.

Wednesday: Beginning to feel quite at home

With idol and censor in place. I'm blissfuly settled for life I am sure,

Surrounded by beauty and grace.

Thursday: How strange! I see many defects

I never once noticed at first,

I find the space narrow, location not right,

And this is not even the worst.

Friday: Decide some improvements to try,

I'll copy a heart that I see,

A modern arrangement I noticed just now;

I'll go and see how it should be.

Saturday: No use, I can stand it no more,

I'm weary and sick with chagrin; I constantly question what gave me delight,

Why This, I was anxious to win.

Sunday Last day; for to-morrow I move

To enter a heart I adore;

To it I'll be faithful I solemnly vow— I've tried all the others before.

## THE MAN FROM ST. JUST

#### BY ERNEST ATKINS.

INCE-NEZ and an enlarged vocabulary are unusual attributes in a mining camp, and Semprey called for respect by these alone. In his sight, however, they were littlehis outstanding property was his keen power of analysis. Human motives were, he said, as apparent to him as stuffed birds in a glass case. There was no doubt of his reputation in Blue Pool Camp, due to a mundane spirit of prophecy which he possessed: given an inhabitant of the camp and a certain course of events, he would foretell with confidence the path that individual would take. The number of imaginary cases (discussed with the boys in the saloon), greatly exceeded the actual, and had in some measure enhanced his reputation; but in the actual he had never been known to err.

One hot summer evening the dusty red stage from Hawkins put down a Cornishman of the name of Pendennick in Blue Pool Camp; he was fresh from St. Just; had worked in the Botallack mine, he said, but the scarcity of work and the increasing demand of a wife and family upon his meagre earnings had driven him to try his fortune in the far West.

The boys were not surprised to hear that Pendennick intended to preach in the schoolhouse on Sunday evening. They were accustomed to "Cousin Jacks" (as they called Cornishmen) going about preaching-and especially tenderfoots. Unhappily of late Blue Pool Camp had had enough of preachers. The last was a drunk known as Professor Brooks, who, when his oratorical duties were successfully accomplished, invariably repaired to the saloon, where he would stay with as little remission as possible until he had run through the collection. Under such circumstances, Blue Pool Camp could hardly be blamed from having decided to forego preachers.
"No, boys," said Semprey, in his refined way, taking his pince-nez in his right hand and emphasizing his words with them. "No, boys, if a man works not neither shall he eat. What I say is, preachers are superfluities—let a man be honest and kind to his neighbors, that will suffice. And, boys," he added, basing his remark upon his observation of Professor Brooks' character, "I ll bet two bits Pendennick 'll give up preaching within six months."

The congregation at the first Sunday evening service consisted of the school ma'am and a few children. The following Sunday the children had deserted him. So Pendennick, sincere as he was, decided to give up the work for a time.

Even Semprey was astonished at the immediate fulfillment of his prophesy; he meditated the greater part of a day upon his wonderful insight and grasp of character, and decided that Pendennick would be a man worth watching. Accordingly he dropped in on him and had a long talk, but learned to his amazement that the Cornishman was very much in earnest about preaching, and Semprey thanked his stars for a deliverance from an error in prognostication. Indeed, so impressed was he with Pendennick's earnestness and so well aware of the irksomeness of Blue Pool Camp to such a man that he felt he was in no way risking his reputation in prophesying that Pendennick would leave the Camp within a year.

A few days later the Cornishman surprised the Camp by striking a rich pocket at the foot of Moabite Hill. Semprey was the first to arrive on the scene: he went ostensibly to show Pendennick how to stake out his claim, but found the location notices were all in order, and placed with due regard to the direction of the vein. Semprey pegged out a claim at either end, one for himself and one for a friend—"for the sake of companionship," he told Pendennick, as he sat on

a fallen tree beneath the shadow of a monkey-pine and watched him pan out the gold in a little artificial pool.

"It's always the fools that makes the strikes," he said to himself as he walked back to camp along the scorching, dusty road. "Here I am, the smartest man in town, and I hain't made grub money for a year."

Pendennick's luck showed no signs of failing. Twenty, thirty or forty dollars a day were panned out regularly, and Semprey, emulous and not unenvious, set to work to lay open his claims with the energy of a steam-plow-at times. Often he would go and watch Pendennick at his pool; and, in the hope of entering into partnership with him, endure patiently his tirades against the vices of the Camp, and more especially the dese-Pendennick cration of the Sabbath. never worked on Sunday, but the Blue Pool Camp boys, had it not been for the fact that the boarding house supplied ice cream on that day in the summer, and oyster soup in the winter, would never have known it from any of the other days of the week. Semprey learned in the course of these talks that Pendennick had promised to return home for his family when he had saved five thousand dollars.

Semprey was notably the smartest man in the Camp, and in his close observation of Pendennick he perceived as the months passed by that his neighbor's avowed principles were becoming apparently less and less impedimentive to his practices. Pendennick at first read a book or took a quiet stroll on Sundays. After a while he would confine his walks to his own claim, and his meditations would often be interrupted by examinations of the ground; later on, Pendennick used to take his pole-pick when he went meditating; and in a few weeks more he fell into the way of filling his pool on Sunday evenings and sharpening his tools for the morrow's work. Semprey was much concerned about these developments. As he had made such a point with the boys of Pendennick's prophesied departure, he felt that if Pendennick were allowed to become lax he would surely stay, and his own reputation vanish. Besides this, Semprey was beginning to entertain a hope that he might buy Pendennick's claim when the prophesied departure came to pass. At all costs Pendennick must leave.

While Semprey was contemplating this problem Pendennick went a step further—he commenced to work seven days a week as the other boys did. He argued—ignoring the unstable foundation of the assertion—that as he had been unable to keep his thoughts off his work on the Sunday, surely it would be no worse to work. Semprey was alarmed; he neglected his claims altogether that Sunday in his anxiety to discover a way of getting Pendennick to leave the Camp and so fulfill his prophesy, for his reputation was very dear to him.

The next day he casually advised Pendennick to sell his claim: the gold would certainly give out sooner or later, and it would be best to get the property off his hands whilst it was a paying concern. But Pendennick would have none of it; he knew, he said, that he had pay rock for years.

A day or two later, to Pendennick's astonishment and chagrin, the pay streak disappeared. He felt that the blame was somehow due to Semprey, and vowed he would never tell him of his ill-luck. In hope of striking good rock again he continued work, but pan after pan showed scarcely a color; nevertheless when Semprey was around the prospects were as rich as ever—a pinch of gold dust from his pocket would be mixed with the dirt before panning, and Semprey continued to believe that Pendennick's luck was binding him closer and closer to Blue Pool Camp.

At length Semprey conceived a plan for getting rid of his neighbor; he seated himself on a log one day, and, when Pendennick arrived with the pay dirt, was deep in meditation.

"Look here, Pendennick," he said presently, "you have been kinder frank—and—ingenuous with me about your affairs, while I have in a greater or less degree maintained silence regardin mine"—Semprey was proudly conscious of the rhetorical effect of his vocabulary. Now, I would esteem your advice

some in this matter. About twenty years ago I set my heart on comin' out West, but the old folks opposed the whole scheme. I talked with them day after day continuously until at last they accorded me permission to go. Well, I was a religious chap in 'em days, but soon after I arrived"-Semprey spoke slowly, so that the words might take full effect, "I dropped that kind of thing like everyone else, and set to work to make somethin'. I've been at it ever since, and though I've made money enough to look at, I feel somehow life ain't all it's cracked up to be out here, and I'm beginning to think it's kinder hard to leave my people desolate back East. What would you advise me to do?" He looked toward Pendennick, who had his eyes fixed on a heron in the creek. There was silence for several minutes; Pendennick was thinking of a letter he had received from his wife that morning begging him to return: he turned to his companion.

"I-think-I'd-go-home," said. very slowly and with much hesitation.

When Semprey reached the road on his way back to Camp, he laughed long and heartily. "Rose like a trout," he said. "I'll try him again to-morrow." He turned in at the store for his paper. Old Carpenter, the storekeeper, asked him how his claims were coming on.

"Well," he replied, "can't say that they show up very well, but Pendennick's claim is conspicuously and continuously rich: I'd give five thousand for it."

"Pendennick ain't a-goin' to pack up his traps yet awhile," answered Carpenter; "you bet cher life he ain't."

"I'll bet ten dollars he'll be on his way back to the Old Country within a month," said Semprey.

"I ain't a bettin' man or I'd take you," said Carpenter; and there the matter dropped.

Pendennick, already influenced by his wife's appeal to return, was a ready victim to Semprey's veiled attack upon his emotional feelings; and the touch Semprey gave to his fictitious story concerning his lapse from religious principles struck even deeper than he had anticithat he was fallen, and perhaps in falling had confirmed the men's opinions about professors of religion; and thinking that to commence preaching again after his claim had failed would only prejudice them to greater extent, he decided he would sell it, and go home. He was too honest to sell his property as a paying claim, and too sensitive to let Semprey know it had given out, so he decided not to give Semprey the offer.

The next day Semprey again talked to him of home and said he supposed that Pendennick must have nearly saved the five thousand. The Cornishman began to suspect that Semprey was working to obtain his claim.

"Expect I'll be going back to the Old Country soon," he said.

"Well," answered Semprey, "I'll be sorry to lose your company, but I guess I can submit as good an offer for your claim as anyone."

"Thought you were going home," said Pendennick.

"Well, I guess I am; but I want to buy this for a friend of mine," answered Sem-

That evening when Pendennick went for his letters he told Carpenter that he intended to go home at once if he could find a buyer for his claim.

"What do you want for it?" asked Carpenter.

"A hundred dollars," answered the Cornishman. "The gold has disappearedhaven't seen color this last month."

"Semprey was telling me yesterday that it was keeping rich," said the storekeeper.

"So he thinks," answered Pendennick laughing. "But you may be sure that I wouldn't offer 12 to you for a hundred if I thought there was gold there. The shanty cost me a hundred dollars to put

"Well, I'll give you ninety for the whole shootin'-match," said Carpenter. And so it was settled.

While this deal was progressing, Semprey was up at the saloon. Despite his anxiety to tell the boys of the approaching fulfillment of his prophecy concerning Pendennick, his eagerness to buy the Pendennick owned to himself claim kept him silent, though at times

his avarice had hard shift to conquer his egotism. An hour or so later he strolled into the store.

"See here, Semprey," said Carpenter, "what will you give me for Pendennick's claim?"

"Have you bought it?" asked Semprey in dismay.

"Yes, but I ain't a minin' man, and will sell it agin if I can make fifty dollars on it," said the storekeeper, showing Sempley the agreement, but not disclosing the amount paid.

"What did you give for it?" asked Semprey eagerly.

"Five thousand," answered Carpenter. "Then I'll give five thousand and fifty. Guess you can't go back now. Can he, boys?" he said, turning for support to the other men lounging about.

"Well, I'd have asked a hundred if I'd known you were so keen on it," said the storekeeper. "However, what's said is said. Write me a check and it's yours. Fifty dollars in a day ain't so bad. Is it, boys?"

The next morning the dusty red stage picked up Pendennick and his baggage, bound for home. As they stopped outside the store for the mail, Semprey strolled out.

"Hello, Pendennick! Off already?" he said, as though astonished.

"Yes," said Pendennick. "Back to the

Old Country. When are you going home?"

"Oh, not for a bit. I've bought your claim from Carpenter," he answered, smiling.

"Well, I wish you luck," said the Cornishman. "But I haven't seen a color this last month."

"Not seen a color!" exclaimed Semprey. "Why, I have seen you takin' out dollars."

"I was kidding you," said Pendennick, laughing. "I kept gold dust in my pocket on purpose."

"Think you're fooling me now, don't you?" said Semprey as the stage drove off. He earnestly hoped that Pendennick was.

"It's the plain truth," shouted the traveler. "What did you give for it?"

Semprey was now running after the fast-disappearing stage in order to keep up the conversation. "Five thousand and fifty," he yelled; "what did Carpenter give for it?"

As the stage turned the corner he saw the Cornishman burst into laughter, and shout something in return, but the works were lost in the distance.

Although the boys who witnessed the Cornishman's deal with Carpenter tell a different tale, the storekeeper still asserts he paid five thousand for the claim, and Semprey believes the storekeeper—or tries to.





N Mexico—dear, lax, lazy, dolee far niente land of music, sunshine, flowers that she is—there is never allowed to pass by uncelebrated any opportunity or occasion that might be made into a flesta, no matter whether that flesta be a civil, religious or even half-pagan celebration. Wherefore the fact that Hallowe'en-tide, in other countries a casually noted holiday of an evening or less, is in Mexico vigorously if not wildly observed during two entire days.

First there comes the Dia de los Muertos (or Day of the Dead), which corresponds to our own Anglo-Saxon All Souls' Day. This is a very funereal occasion

indeed, as we will show later. But next day the Dia de Todos Santos or All

Saints' Day, is a very joyous one, celebrating, as it does, the triumphant entry of those who, dead in body and soul yesterday, have to-day attained to that particular part or state in Purgatory which the priests allow unto them. Verily it is no wonder that the people of Mexico, high and low degree alike, have cause to mourn dismally on the Day of the Dead, and turn from lamentations to joy and feasting on the succeeding Day of Saints.

For weeks beforehand you will have observed the unusually large numbers of people who are coming to the city, by the various railways, per burros, and even on their own good feet. These are the pilgrims who intend to spend Hallowe'en time in the Capital—that latter place being the veritable Mecca of



The Flower Sellers.

Univ Calif - Digitized b

Mexico, both for those who celebrate in fashionable guise, and those who, like the Indians, celebrate and vend at one and the same time. You will note on the crowded narrow streets of Mexico City rich, fashionable carriage-folk from Yucatan on the South to Juarez on the

part of the freight, you will see the father and mother Indians trudging along, he with a crate of pottery on his back, and she with a roly-poly baby wrapped in her reboso. They have probably traveled along in this manner for days, or even weeks. Once arrived safely in the

city, these humble folk, who have no money for hotels or other roofed habitats, seek the great plaza, or Zocalo. Here they secure three or four feet of ground and unpack upon it such wares as they have A smail with them. fire is built for the frying of tortillas or enchiladas. "Lo the poor Indian" purchases cent or two's worth of pulgue, and upon these viands all the family feast as merrily as do the rich folk from Mazatlan, who may at the same time be dining upon a thirteen course

dinner. Then when the night is old (for your Indian is no early bedgoer), all the family spread upon the ground such tilmas and rebosos as they may possess. Surrounded by their pottery and baskets, and soothed by their pulque night-caps, they sleep the sleep of the just and bodily-tired, which, after all, is a better sleep than that of the untired rich.

Next morning, which is that of the Day of the Dead, you will find everybody on the streets at a very early hour, going to the solemn services in cathedral and churches; buying flowers to place on the graves, and making a general round of the booths. Of course, one goes first to mass, which is very gloomy on this day. No one dresses otherwise than in deep black-you will even notice black cuff and collar-buttons adorning the persons of the men. Very solemn musicless services are gone through in all the churches. It is a relief to get out of the cathedral, all dismal in black drapery and flickering candles, into the crowded



Funeral Toys.

north, and from Mazatlan on the west to Vera Cruz on the east. These are the "ricos." who will attend costly funeral masses for their own dead given in the churches of Santa Brigida and San Francisco-who will mourn with the accompanying consolations of silken garments, lace mantillas and ivory prayer-books, alleviating their grief to-morrow, the Day of Saints, by attending box parties at the "Principal" or "National" to view that droll performance known as "Don Juan Tenorio!" For these folk Hallowe'en can be in reality a time for feasting and rejoicing, because they have the wherewithal to forget their sorrows for even a time: in grief, as in sorrow, the rich have the best of it.

From the outlying small pueblos or towns, and even from the far-away Sierras, many Indians journey to the Capital, both to see the Hallowe'en sights, and to vend their home-manufactured pottery, baskets, queer toys, and funeral wreaths. Accompanied by the family burro, on whose patient back is loaded the heavier

clamoring streets and flower market, which jut right onto the cathedral yard itself.

Here it is merry enough to suit even a grig, and the noise and shoutings of the various venders and booth-keepers is like that of pandemonium turned loose. You fight your way to the thronged flower-market through a lane of clamoring, pursuing Indians, who offer you flowers, loose or made in the form of wreaths, stars, crosses, anchors, and Heaven knows what else, "at far less than you can buy them elsewhere, patron." And they may be right, for the flower-sellers in the market itself demand prices that would make your hair stand upon end. At any other time of the year you get here a bunch of white violets as big as your head for twenty cents Mexican money; to-day, merely because it is el dia de los muertos, they demand of you the truly exorbitant price of one dollar for the self-same violets.

All the world and his wife are here, however, and in spite of high prices, they are one and all investing in flowery stars, crosses, wreaths, and crowns for

In the Cemetery.

the different graves which they are now en route to visit and decorate. funereal tokens one can purchase at prices ranging from twenty-five cents up to five and six dollars. A twenty-five cant one, composed mostly of grasses or small yellow flowers of the marigold family; while the more elaborate one costing one, two or five dollars is indeed a thing of beauty. Made of camelias and exquisite white gardenias, velvety purple pansies, white honeysuckle, and frail maiden-hair fern, it has a sort of "second mourning" appearance that is fairly irresistible. Even if you are so fortunate as not to possess graves upon which to place them, you feel that you must have one or more of these magnificent wreaths.

Along the side streets leading from the flower-market to the center of town are heaped huge piles of evergreens, cedar, small mountains of cheap yellow flowers, called by the Indians "flowers of the dead," and any amounts of dried plumy grasses. Also, there are heaps of queer picturesque fruits; yellow, white and black zapotes, aguacotes, and other things, piles of flat crackly cakes, known as pan de los muertos or "bread of the dead," the same being as unsavory as its appellation; and no end of toys and candies, the latter deserving several pages

> all to themselves-for you don't see their like more than once a year.

At one booth there are scores of exquisitely-woven Indian kets, of soft and fine texture, and prettilycolored. Of these you can buy one half an inch high for one quarter of a cent, and from that size on up to a four-foot chiquihuiti. which latter basket acts admirably, as the rebosoed Indian saleslady declares, as a receptacle for soiled clothes.

Next door is a really big booth, and this con-

tains truly grisly "toys of the dead," (you can see them in the photo), there being a choice assembly of funeral pyres, tombs, hearses, and skeleton horses, not to mention innumerable black-painted cent wreath is of course a very insignifi- Zcoffins and dozens of wire-strung skele-



Booths in the Street.

tons, sized one inch up to a foot.

Candy booths are doing a thriving trade in the sale of sweetmeats fashioned into the truly cheering and toothsome shapes of skulls, skeletons, and coffins. It is rather droll to watch small Mexican children eagerly clamoring for these gruesome dulces, which they proceed to eat with avidity as soon as purchased. Also, here are to be bought small furry mon-

keys perched upon sticks; queer antediluvian birds, resembling perhaps the extinct "dodo," for there surely is nothing else like unto them, in Heaven or earth, and hundreds of dogs, cats, burros, and many other small things entirely too numerous to mention.

Up to the noon hour itself, vending these toys, candies, and flower-wreaths for the graves is kept up. There is brisk purchasing going on, and a veritable fortune of centavos flows into the booth-keepers' hands, for seemingly every man, woman and child in Mexico is abroad in the streets, and everyone is buying with might and main.

A little later everyone joins in an exodus from the streets to the cemeteries. It is safe to say that no grave is forgotten to-day-there is no mound or vault without at least some bit of green or dried grass. In their elaborate carriages, closed to-day, and with costly wreaths on the coachman's box, the rich people drive out along the beautiful road to the cemetery of La Piedad, where is one of the resting places of the creme de la creme of Mexico, though it is really a French cemetery. Also, there is the still more beautiful "Guadalupe" cemetery, where are buried divers noted men of Mexico: Old Santa Ana, for example, along with his loving (?) senora (one questions whether she was loving or not, for Santa Ana was a very fine and com-



At the Cathedral.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

plete old rascal). Here are the magnificent tombs of various de la Torres de la Sierras, Escalantes, and others.

Leaving the finer and richer "God's acres," one takes (if he can find a rare inch of room), a Dolores street-car, along with the peons and poor folks, who cannot afford to pay coach hire to the cemeteries. You have to fight for a place, because many hundreds of the low-class people have one or more graves to decorate at Dolores, and the cars are packed All of the people carry and jammed. flowers or grasses; no peon is so poor that he cannot afford a cent's worth of yellow "flowers of the dead" to lay on the grave where lies a mother, wife, or baby. Here you will see a buxom Indian woman, her hair neatly braided, and reboso gracefully twisted, who is carrying basket filled with large (crowns) for her babies' graves. "There were six babitos," she will confide to you, "all very sweet and linda, and little, oh, so little! One after the other they died, patrona, while they were yet very tiny. It was the tifo; tifo is very bad for the small ones. Yes, two small crowns each there are for the chiquitas; they would be so pleased to know, for they were so playful and loved flowers pero muchisimo. And quien sabe; perhaps la Virgin will tell them that there are flowers still for their graves, even if la pobre Madre is poor."

Most of this afternoon is spent by all classes in decorating the graves of their dead ones, with the saying of many pitiful prayers for a speedy passage through Purgatory. And then, toward evening, carriages and street cars take homeward the hundreds of people who, having decorated and mourned over the graves of their lost ones, are now prepared for a little diversion. So it is always with the Latins: joy and grief continually rub shoulders, and these versatile children of the sun find it only second nature to weep one moment and laugh the next.

"Don Juan Tenorio," the queer old de la Vida, but isn't he a find Spanish operetta which is given only in Spanish countries, and then only at Hallowe'en time, is said to be one of the oldest plots known, and one can testify to the work of the drollest ever with you yourself would care for.

nessed.

At the "Principal" theatre—and a very pretty, modernly decorated house it is, too-pit, boxes and galleries are full to overflowing. The stage boxes contain magnificently-gowned and bediamoned Mexican dames, who are laughing and chatting, and flirting alike with dark eyes and gaudy fans. You would think, to look at them now, that they had never wept a tear, whereas this very morning they may have posed as veritable Niobes. And, for that matter, hanging perilously over the gallery-edge is your heartbroken peon mother of the morning, attended (more shame to her) by a goodlooking "red-hack" driver, with a large cigar in his fiercely-mustached mouth, and a bouquet as big as a cabbage in his button-hole. As for her, in gaudy, be-ribboned bodice, stiff pink skirt, and high-heeled satin slippers (without hose) you would never believe that a few hours ago she had wept and bewailed the six dead babies-"so little and so linda, patrona mia!"

Oh, well, so wags the world, and who can expect a Latin to mourn without ceasing? Just now, the house is listening intently, with "silence reigning so hard that you can hear it patter on the roof," to the long drawn-out dying song of Don Juan Tenorio, upon whom the marble ghost has fastened his icy hand; there is a quick sigh of appreciation as, nearing his very last gasp, Don Juan thrills his repentance and desire for a better world; and one last appreciative burst of applause as Heaven (in the shape of a blue canvas roof dotted with tinsel stars), opens to receive the Don, and multitudinous angels, in appallingly little blue and pink gauze, dance most uncelestial cancans about his stiffened form. A loud final paean is triumphantly given tongue to by both angels and Don Juan, and the curtain goes down. "Ay de mi, how good it has been this year," chatters the darkeved senorita from Yucatan; and "Dios de la Vida, but isn't he a fine Don Juan?" shrieks the erst-while broken-hearted peon mother to her cochero. "I would like to see it cada noche!" (Every night). Which you feel is the very last thing

### SIDE-LIGHTS ON LINCOLN

#### BY JAMES MATLACK SCOVFL.

HE summer rain, making the graves bright and green, has fallen on the tomb of the many-sided martyr of Springfield for more than one generation.

Abraham Lincoln was a statesman who stood between a nation and perdition!

I was a member of the State Senate for three years, and President of that body for one year, during the war, in one of the middle States, and saw much of Mr. Lincoln from 1862 to 1865. He was usually found in the East Room of the White House, overlooking the Potomac.

One Sunday, after the surrender of Vicksburg, the President said, speaking of General Grant: "I fully appreciated the real strength of Grant's character when he spent a whole day with me in Washington, and asked that eight Major Generals and thirteen Brigadier Generals should be retired, solely to make room for the soldiers who had won and worn their 'wounds and honors a' front.'

"In vain," continued Lincoln, "I told General Grant that many of these officers were my personal friends, but he insisted. At last I yielded, and by doing so greatly strengthened the Army."

On the same occasion Mr. Lincoln said: "I did not at first understand Grant's plan of campaign at Vicksburg, but when I saw him run the batteries with his transports, ferry his army across the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, cut loose from his line of communication, swing out into the Confederacy, beat and disperse the army confronting him, break up the railroads, and sit down, calmly, behind the Vicksburg fortifications, I knew the rebel stronghold would fall by assault or by starvation.

"I had one scare," said Lincoln, kicking the blazing hickory logs in the open grate in front of him, "and I had only one, as to Grant's power of endurance, and that was on the second day's fighting in the Wilderness. General Jim, Wilson, a great soldier in the cavalry army of the service, always said that Grant was not a great tactician. He won his spurs by hard-hitting and his staying qualities as a fighter. The only riposte Lee ever made against Grant was late in the afternoon on the second day's fighting in the Wilderness, when the rebels, by a happy stroke, turned the Sixth Corp's right flank. Grant's nerves were severely shaken by this, his first reverse at the hands of Lee. General Rawlings, his Chief of Staff, Jim Wilson, and Phil Sheridan, in all that host, were the only soldiers of rank who served with Grant in the West. Meade had his headquarters near by, and the General trusted much to him.

"The rule in Meade's army, under like circumstances," said the President, "would seem to require it to retire, and I feared that on the next day our army would be on the way to the north side of the Rappahannock, instead of the road to Richmond; Sheridan had the same fear. Though the Army of the Potomac had not been beaten, I feared that the Division Commanders, comparatively unknown to Grant, might bring a pressure on him to go backward, to which he might yield. General Jim Wilson rode rapidly to General Grant's headquarters on a knoll, covered with scrubpine, and he was just ready to move and march on.

"General Grant saw the look of anxious inquiry on General Jim Wilson's face, and, without changing a muscle of his impassive countenance, he called out in assuring tones: 'It is all right, Wilson. The Army is already on the move for Richmond. It is not going back, but forward till we beat Lee or he beats us.'

"When I heard that," said Lincoln, "I never doubted the certainty of Grant's hewing his blind pathway across the Wilderness and into Richmond".

Abraham Lincoln, after the battle of Gettysburg, saw both Henry Winter Davis

and General George G. Meade come into the White House on one of the regular reception afternoons. I stood near Lincoln, and he leaned over, in his effusive, warm-hearted manner, towards grasped me by the hand, and said, looking toward Davis: "This looks well for us. Henry Winter Davis has not called at the White House till now, during the three years past." What the President meant was that Davis must see that Lincoln's chances for re-nomination were rapidly improving, for the Wade-Davis manifesto against Lincoln's re-nomination had just died a natural death. And later on, the same day, knowing Winter Davis's ambition, I said to him: "Would you accept a nomination behind Lincoln as Vice-President, from the Baltimore Convention?"

"Not behind that thing in the White House," replied the Maryland Congressman, with great hauteur. But God disposes of men and nations, as He wills. Winter Davis could have been nominated by acclamation at Baltimore for second place in 1864, instead of Andy Johnson, who only beat Lyman Tremaine (a war Democrat) of New York, as candidate for Vice-President, by two votes on a test vote in the New York delegation. Greely was for Tremaine, Seward for Andy Johnson, and Seward and Thurlow Weed were the stronger, Greely himself having broken up the once powerful triumvirate of Greely, Weed and Seward. With Winter Davis as President of the Senate (Vice President), Abraham Lincoln would most probably have died in his bed and Andy Johnson would have fallen into inocuous desuetude, after his term as Military Governor of Tennessee ended.

Nothing was too great for Henry Winter's ambition. He drove Montgomery Blair out of Lincoln's Cabinet, but he was as proud as Roscoe Conkling. The latter always seemed to possess some traits like Chatterton, the marvelous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in its pride.

On the afternoon of the reception already mentioned, while I stood near Abraham Lincoln, General Meade came in and was rapidly advancing toward the President. Lincoln's eyes flashed. Turning toward me, his head thrown back, Individual of the Indi

he said: "There! General Meade has just come in." With a tinge of bitterness in his voice, he continued: "And that is the great General who ought to have cut the rebel army to pieces at Falling Waters, and he didn't do it!" than once afterwards Mr. Lincoln recalled to me that conversation. He never changed his opinion on great national questions or about any great General in my hearing, and I recall his criticism, a memorable and historical one, on General Fitz-John Porter. And in criticizing General Meade, he, the sweet-souled martyr of Springfield, never failed to do justice to the great achievements of the hero of Gettysburg. It was of that battle I have heard Lincoln speak these words:

"Of the two great efforts to enslave the human race in body and in mind, the first met its grave 200 years ago under Cromwell, at Marston Moor; and the second met its doom under General Meade, at Gettysburg."

Mr. Lincoln was seriously and earnestly concerned about his re-nomination. Montgomery Blair's "time had come," because he, Blair, sought the nomination in 1864 at Baltimore, against his Chief. Chase had to leave the Cabinet for the same reason. Simon Cameron had just caused the Legislature of Pennsylvania to sign a memorial recommending Mr. Lincoln's re-nomination for President: and my mission to the White House reception (the day I met General Meade and Henry Winter Davis of Maryland there), was to convey the not unwelcome intelligence to the sweet-spirited Lincoln that the Legislature of New Jersey had signed a round-robin following Pennsylvania in favor of Lincoln's re-nomina-The next day I appeared at the East room of the White House by invitation. Upon comparing notes Mr. Lincoln, who was a master-mind in politics, took a card from his vest pocket and explained to me with the accuracy of an exact science that he was only thirty-one votes short of re-nomination in the approaching Baltimore Convention. By the way, Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge of Kentucky, a patriot, faithful among the faithless, was the temporary president of that great convention, and he was received with tumultuous acclaim when he delivered his stirring and ringing address on opening that vast congregation of patriotic men.

There was one thing that caused Mr. Lincoln no little uneasiness; and in his frankness, which was an integral part of his nature, he did not pretend to conceal the fact that he feared his enemies would make Grant a candidate for the Presidency at Baltimore.

In fact, Missouri did cast one full ballot for Grant, but hastened to make Lincoln's nomination unanimous.

In his anxiety on this subject the President, just before the Convention, requested me to see General William Hillyer and talk with him of Grant's views on the Presidency. General Hillyer was a fellow-student at school with me at New Albany, Indiana, and was a member of General Grant's staff. Hillyer was at Willard's Hotel, Washington.

There I went and made my errand known to him. After a generous Western welcome, and after I stated my case, he broke out in a ringing laugh as he said: "Colonel, you can go and tell the President that there is no power on this earth that could drag Ulysses S. Grant's name into this Presidential canvass. McClelland's career was a lesson to him. The latter tried to capture Richmond with Washington as his base. Grant is as wise as he is loyal to Lincoln. Talking of this very subject, anent the expected action of his Missouri friends in the coming convention General Grant said: 'I could not entertain for one instant any competition with our great and good President for the succession. I owe him too much, and it's not my time. I regard Abraham Lincoln as one of the world's greatest men. He is unquestionably the biggest man I ever met. I admire his courage, as I respect his patience and his firmness. His gentleness of character does not conflict with that noble courage with which he changes his convictions when he is convinced he is wrong. While stating a complicated case to him his grasp of the main question is wonderfully strong, and he at once comprehends the whole subject better than the person who states it."

This was the last interview I ever had with General Hillyer, who was a bluff, straightforward, typical Western soldier. He died soon after in St. Louis, I think.

Hillyer told me I had carte-blanche from Grant to say that under no possible circumstances could he be coaxed or driven into the Presidential race of 1864.

It was with a light heart I found my way back to the East Room, where I had the good fortune to find the President entirely alone. He rose to his feet, grasped both my hands in each of his own, a habit he had when pleased, pushed a chair over toward the one from which he had risen, and said, in a tone of voice no man can re-produce: "Now, tell us all you know." I said: "Mr. Lincoln, what Hillyer says Grant thinks. And he said that Grant is of the opinion that you are the one man to finish the big job you undertook nearly four years ago. He will help you conquer the Rebellion without conditions, and he will aid you in restoring and rebuilding the country and making the Union perpetual. He even recalled Cavour's letter to Seward, in which the Italian statesman said: 'You will again make America what she was: the admiration of man and the wonder of the world."

I relate my story with a little less rhetoric and more emphasis than my memory re-produces it here. rose to his feet and with more fire and elan than I ever before witnessed in him. He paced up and down the room, pausing to look out on the placid Potomac. He talked briefly and in earnest. He said, (and it seems to me only yesterday he said it): "Ah, Colonel, you have lifted a heavy load from my shoulders. I was a little afraid of Grant, because I know the men who want to get behind his great name-we are all human; I would rather be beaten by him than by any living man; and when the Presidential grub gets inside of a man it hides well. That 'basilisk' sometimes kills." Mr. Lincoln, still pacing the room, told how General McClernand of Illinois tried to leap into Grant's place before Vicksburg, when he laid his Presidential veto on the intriguants and strengthened Grant's hands till Vicksburg was captured.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Lincoln said: "I met Grant March 9, 1864, and as I handed him his commission I said: 'As the country herein trusts you, so under God it will sustain you." That was a red-letter day in my memory of Lincoln. A nature tinged and saddened by his early and romantic passion for Ann Rutledge, who died years before his marriage, must always remain an enigma to a careless world, which did not understand how, to an intense nature like Lincoln's, such a passion for a tenderly gracious and gifted woman was as divine as duty and stronger than death. Added to the strong, masterful, practical side of his nature, he was of "imagination all compact."

> "Made sad and sure, By many sorrows and one love."

He felt keenly and often so expressed himself, the great loneliness of power, and he grappled with hooks or steel those who loved him, not for the largess of office, but who clung to him because they saw and loved in him the deep, underlying, pathetic, self-abnegation of a pure, unselfish and lofty soul, and he had the rare power of knowing the true friend from the sycophant.

And the history of this sad, glad, wise, quaint and lovable man from out of the West, great as he was pure, will live forever. His name will grow into the granite base on which shall be built in the coming on of time the statue of an ideal statesman in a Republic of honest men, where pure law shall be measured only by perfect freedom.

# DAVE'S LETTER

#### BY CHARLES UDELL.

ELLO, Dave," said Lou Meyers, the freighter, stopping his pack-horses at the camp on Gold Run; "the Oregon is up from Nome, and Wilson wanted me to tell you there's a letter for you."

Dave and his partners were just finishing their lunch of sour-dough bread, beans and bacon, which their sturdy little Yukon stove had cooked in spite of the rising wind and occasionally falling snow. Dave, a square-built, athletic man of thirty, whose ten years in Alaska had not seen a stampede too dangerous for him to be among the first to start, sprang to his

"Didn't tell you where it was from, did he?"

"No. Said it was plump and darkcovered, or had trimmings-something like that."

Dave's face paled.

"You don't mean black-bordered-not a mourning letter?"

Dave walked over to the little A-shaped tent a couple of rods away, and disappeared inside.

"Now you've played hades, Lou," said Mickey, one of his partners. would mush a hundred miles in a blizzard to get a letter from his wife."

"That letter's worth going after," said Meyers, "even if he had to go to Nome instead of to Teller. But don't say anything; here he comes."

Dave re-appeared, accompanied by his dog, and carrying a blanket.

"I'm going to Teller, boys. Anything I can do for you?'

"Better wait till morning, Dave. The sun will be down in half an hour. It's going to stop snowing, and freeze hard before morning."

"Can't help it; I'm going."

"Then take more blankets; you'll be out all night."

"No, I'll be in Teller by eight o'clock this evening. I'm only taking this one "No; he didn't say so anyway" because I'm short in town. Good bye;" and Dave was off, striding across the tundra to the north.

"Bet he don't make it," said Lou; "the trail's bad—worse than none."

"He'll make it if anyone could," said Mickey. "He won't try to follow the trail. He's no Chechako, and has his compass."

The air was now thick with snow, and the sun had hardly set before darkness came on; not the black darkness of a storm "on the outside," but something much more bewildering-the thick, tangible, muddy darkness of an Arctic storm. It was late in October, and the first blizzard of the season was coming on. Dave, a hardened and experienced prospector, knew that he was making a foolhardy trip. But that letter—if nothing more had been said, Dave might have started anyway; and when Lou mentioned the dark color, Dave would have gone through the worst blizzard that ever raged. His heart sank as he thought of the ominous words, the "dark trimmings." Could it mean a black-bordered letter, telling him that Mary was dead?

He was stumbling on with these gloomy forebodings, when he suddenly stopped. Before him was a swift, narrow A match struck under the shelter of his coat showed him the face of his compass. A glance convinced him that he had been wandering from his course, and was back on the Gold Run at one of its many curves. He must still be to the north of its general course, but just here it lay between him and his route. To cross it now meant that he would have to wade it again, but that was better than following its intricate windings. Dave was not a man to hesitate. Quickly removing his mukluks, he stepped into the water. Fortunately, it was little more than knee-deep. Climbing the opposite bank, he put on his footwear, again looked at his compass, and started north.

His dog crossed without difficulty, and was now in the lead. The snow had ceased to fall, and the air was rapidly growing colder. Soon he came to the creek again, and this time the dog plunged in without waiting for his master. The swift current seized him and

rolled him off his feet, and Dave had to spring in to his rescue. When they reached the other side, Dave was wet through and his teeth were chattering. With his matches wet, he could no longer look at his compass. Stumbling up the bank, he followed its course, and at last came upon a prospector's vacant tent. Entering, he felt around in the darkness, and on a box found some di matches. Striking one, he looked around. There was nothing of which to make a fire, but among the contents of the box he found a piece of canvass and a can half full of baked beans. Wrapping the matches carefully in canvass, he placed them in an inner pocket. A search of the box revealed nothing eatable except the beans, and, seating himself in the darkness, he hastily devoured them and resumed his journey. The wet strings of his mukluks had stretched, and after stopping to tighten them, he again started toward the north. Soon the strings had dried enough to shrink, but Dave did not stop to loosen them. His feet were getting numb, but he did not believe it cold enough to be dangerous. From time to time he struck a light and looked at his compass to correct his course.

Colder and colder grew the wind, which blew so hard that he could barely struggle against it. His mukluks were frozen stiff; and at last, fearing for his feet, he stopped in a hollow partially sheltered from the wind. Removing his mukluks he made the dog lie down on them; and, wrapping his blanket around his feet, he sat down. The dog put his head on Dave's knee, Dave's head sank on that of the dog, and in a moment they were both asleep. A month later in the year, that sleep would have been fatal. It is thus that death by freezing often takes its victims-a drowsiness, an irresistible longing for one moment's sleep, which yielded to results in a frozen body being found by the next prospector who comes that way.

the air was rapidly con he came to the this time the dog waiting for his maserent seized him and thinking of that letter, pushed his feet the thinking of the think

into the mukluks and struggled on.

It was nearly daybreak when he came to the brow of a hill, and heard the low roar of waves, although it was still too dark to see the waters of the bay. He looked for the lights of Teller, but could see none. Groping his way toward the beach, he fell over a stake. Lighting a match with his numbed fingers, he found written on the stake the words "A street." Dave knew that there was no A street in Teller, and then realized that he was in the townsite of Behring, six or eight miles from Teller. By the breaking day he could now make out the few straggling tents and shanties of the town; and, as he passed them by, saw a saloon sign over a door. Cold, halfstarved, tired, and weak from exposure, Dave felt that he would give half of his best claim for a stiff drink of whiskey. He opened the door, then closed it again. He must see that dark-covered letter; he must keep his brain clear for the hard trip still before him.

It was nearly noon when Dave, after much wandering, found himself on the hill overlooking the lagoon, with Teller spread beyond; and, after almost another hour's struggle, he reached the town. He went up Grantley avenue, and was passing his own cabin, going straight to the postoffice, when he noticed that the padlock was off the door and someone was moving inside.

"Some of the town-loafers have jumped my lot," he thought. "Well, they've chosen a bad time for them."

Dave was by this time certain that the dark-colored letter brought the worst of news. If Mary was dead, life had nothing left. Woe betide the lot-jumper who had an altercation with him in his present mood!

Turning short round, with one blow Dave burst the door from its latch, and entered. A plump little woman in a dark-colored dress sprang forward with outstretched arms:

"Dave!"

"Mary!"

Dave is often joked about his plump, dark-covered letter, but he takes it goodnaturedly.

### THE MEADOW LARK

#### BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

A sea of grass on either side
The prairie stretches far and wide;
Its undulating line of blades
Reflects the noontide lights and shades,
And brings before me one by one
The pictures wrought by wind and sun.

And silence reigns, save for the breeze And muffled hum of droning bees, Till in the summer hush I hear A prairie signal sweet and clear, In mournful, piercing notes that mark The whistle of the meadow-lark.

Like one wild cry for loved and lost, From lone spirit tempest-tossed, It wails across the waving grass, And, blending with the winds that pass, It scatters echoes at my feet So full of pain, so deadly sweet.

Oh! heart of hearts, could my unrest Find such a song within my breast, My passionate and yearning cry Would echo on from sea to sky Along the path of future years, And touch the listening world to tears.



# NO MAN'S RANCH.

BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE.

ND do you mean to tell me the cattle jumped down there?"
"That's what!" answered the cow-puncher, promptly. "Did you think we let 'em down with ropes and pull 'em up again at milking time?"

"But do you mean they jumped nearly a thousand feet without getting killed?" the tourist asked again increduously.

Then while they were lying face down with their heads projecting over the cliff, the cowboy pointed out a pile of something white and glistening which caught the sunshine near the foot of the cliff.

"Them's bones," he answered, more

for a financier, likewise a civil engineer." The man's voice died away in a drawl and his eyes twinkled.

Riding across the alkali plain, where prickly cactus and gray sage brush stretch far as the eye can measure, one comes suddenly on a yawning chasm. It appears so abruptly, almost at your very feet, that instinctively you drag your horse back, as a man springs back to avoid a snake. For many hundred feet the Devil's Bluff sinks down sheer and perpendicular. Down that cliff only two men have been known to go, and their bones are bleaching in the hot Arizona



No Man's Ranch.

briefly than grammatically. "The bones of a herd of cattle that jumped off this bluff nigh on to twenty years ago. Likewise there are two greasers' bones mixed up with them—two rustling, murdering greasers. Out of that heap a dozen cattle crawled more dead than alive. I reckon they hold the record for the long jump, stranger."

"How many are there now?"

"I've sat here and counted as many as three hundred. The feeding must be fine, but it would be a right smart job to market those there cattle a problem sun. The manner of their death was so tragic that one is reminded of the Nemesis which followed men in the days of the old Greek Gods, as so powerfully depicted by Aeschylus.

Lying back from the base of the cliff a meadow stretches for perhaps half a mile, green and fresh throughout the year. It is watered by an underground stream which flows from under the cliff into the meadow and on into the bluff opposite. On every side the meadow is bounded by impassable cliffs which sternly forbid entrance or egress. Except by the under-

ground river or down the face of the cliff there is no means of getting into that sunken valley; in other words, practically there is no mode of entrance at all. It is as if in the plastic state of the world's formation some titanic mastodon had trodden down the hollow with its immense foot.

If the eye of the watcher be keen tiny moving specks may be seen dotting the meadow and feeding on the succulent bunch grass of No Man's Ranch. Occasionally, when the wind is right, a faint lowing is borne upward on the breeze. All is quiet and serene as a summer day below. The sun beats down on a scene more primeval than the Garden of Eden. In olden days the Indian has looked down with wondering awe, but the boldest climber of them all has never attempted these precipitous cliffs.

The globe-trotter looked down fascinated.

"Are the cattle growing more numerous?" he asked at last.

"Yes, I reckon they are. Once in a while some cow-puncher comes along and plunks at them with a gun just for fun. Otherwise they mostly die of old age and too much happiness. Seems kinder like being in another world to look down there, don't it?"

The man had hit it exactly. It was like looking into another world—a world without man, where his restless activity and energy, his greed and avarice had never entered. The strangest sight on the whole planet,—a world within a world, only a thousand feet away, but to all intents and purposes as far as Mars, and as inaccessible.

Then the cow-puncher told the story of No Man's Ranch.

About a dozen miles from the Devil's Bluff James Nolan had a ranch. Working for him were two brothers named Ike and Jake Rogers. They were hearty young fellows, full of fun and life, and consequently popular with their fellow cowboys. It happened that one day while Ike was in the neighboring town about fifty miles away he had an altercation with a Mexican named Manuel. The fellow had struck a woman, and Ike had promptly knocked him down. When he

got back to the ranch his friends blamed

"You hit him once too often or else not often enough. Never hit a greaser unless you are going to kill him," an old herder told him gravely. "Like as not he'll loaf around in the grass waiting for a chance to pump lead into you. If you see him you'd better shoot on sight."

"Oh, I don't want the fellow's blood on my hands," said the young American, and turning away forgot all about it.

But Manuel remembered, and every time he thought of it he gnashed his teeth and cursed. He lay low, his beady eyes alert, waiting for a chance to kill his enemy. One day another Mexican told him that the two brothers were stationed several miles away from the rest of the herders, with a bunch of cows whose calves had not yet been branded. Manuel arose, clapping his hands softly, and murmuring, "Buenos." The light in his face was not good to see at that moment.

With the characteristic Mexican thrift he decided to make his revenge serve a business end. He secured to assist him two other choice specimens of his countrymen named Juan and Rodrigo. Waiting for a dark moonless night, the three treacherous Mexicans rode up to a clump of trees a few hundred yards from where the brothers were camped. From there they crawled forward through the grass like snakes until they came in sight of the sleeping men.

It happened that Nolan himself had ridden out that day to inquire about some cattle of the Bar U ranch which were supposed to be running with his. A few minutes before the Mexicans appeared Nolan had awakened, and hearing a noise among the horses he stepped back out of the firelight to the place where they were tethered. So the Mexicans, seeing the two sleeping men, did not suspect the presence of a third.

When they were within a score of yards of them they shot the brothers as they slept. Hearing the shots, Nolan suspected murder and crawled back to find the murderers rifling the bodies of their dead victims. He had no weapon with him, and there was no choice for him but

to lie back in the grass and watch them. He decided to follow them at a short distance till he had made sure of their destination, then return for his comrades, organize a pursuit, and attend a necktie party.

The Mexicans remounted their cowponies, and got the cattle started, after some trouble, toward the border. The night had been growing steadily darker, and by this time it was pitch dark. Nothing could be seen three yards away. Evidently a storm was brewing, for the thunder could be heard rumbling closer fork they would follow before returning to his men.

The fury of the storm had grown to be a hurricane, and it seemed as if they were advancing into the very heart of it. There was but little rain, though the thunder growled and roared incessantly with a deafening noise, and the flashes of lightning formed an almost continuous jagged illumination. Great forks of light lit up the sky, and seemed to play about the heads of the cattle rustlers. The superstitious Mexicans were beside themselves with terror, beseeching their



Looking Over the Cliff.

and closer. Occasional flashes of lightning lit up the blackness vividly, revealing to the cow-man who was following, the direction being taken by the herd in front of him. The storm momentar-. ily growing worse, made a fit setting for the horrible crime which had just been perpetrated.

For half a dozen miles the cowman followed the rustlers, keeping well in the rear. A couple of miles in front the road forked, and he waited only to find which the cattle were in even a worse way

patron saints to remember them in their need, praying pardon for their sins, imploring mercy for the murder just committed. To them the fearful storm seemed a direct visitation of Providence which had been invoked as a punishment for their crimes. It is a curious and characteristic fact that, though so filled with remorse, it never occurred to them to abandon the cattle; all their promises were for the future.

than their drivers. Greatly frightened, as cattle usually are in a storm, they plunged along aimlessly, bellowing and lowing. Their great numbers increased the panic, since the fears were passed from one to another, and the general terror increased with the growing fury of the tempest. Only a spark was wanted to bring about a stampede, and that Rodrigo himself supplied.

About a mile from the Devil's Bluff the trail turns to the southwest. Mexicans spurred their ponies forward to get in front of the cattle to drive the leaders round, so that the mass would follow.

But the animals were past control, and pushing straight on. The cracking of the whips was nothing to the roaring of the thunder, and the leaders would not turn. Mad with fear and rage, Rodrigo fired point brank at the head of the bull The bullet plowed into the in front. shoulder, and the enraged animal dashed headlong at him. He tried to turn the pony, but it slipped on the wet grass, and the bull tossed the wretched Mexican high in the air. He fell on the horns of the herd behind, slithered to the ground, and was trampled to death. Next day the remains were found, beaten out of all semblance to a human body, every bone crushed and broken.

The bull, followed by the herd, dashed madly on, and the other two Mexicans saved themselves from being trampled down only by joining the wild stampede.

Unless one has seen a stampede of mad cattle the danger can scarcely be realized. A herd which has stampeded can be stopped by hardly any force, and rarely can they be turned.

Encircled on all sides by the maddened cattle, a single miss-step of their ponies meant sure death, and the stumbling of a calf in front might throw the bronchos any moment. The riders could turn neither to the right nor to the left, but must stay with the herd, wherever it might choose to go. They were making directly for the Devil's Bluff. Nolan knew that unless something should turn them, an extreme improbability, they would go over the precipice together—cattle, horses, and men. Strange to say, though a moment before he had been planning their che fraction of an eye-wink the beasts



Bounded by Impassable Cliffs.

death, he now would have risked anything to save the men for the time. Yet if he could have saved them he would never have rested until he had seen them hanged.

Manuel and Juan seemed to realize the new peril which menaced them. Their despairing cries rang out into the night again and again, and they began working with fearful haste to reach the outskirts of the herd, taking risks of being trampled which a moment before they would never have dared. With their pistols they were shooting the animals beside them and slipping into the places of the fallen cattle. Foot by foot they were getting nearer the edge of the herd and safety. But at the same time every second was carrying them swiftly forward to the edge of the cliff—and death.

Vain hope! When the Mexicans were almost free of the stampede the leaders reached the edge of the precipice. For pawed the edge desperately, then plunged forward, driven by the impetus of their own rush and the weight of a thousand tons of moving beef behind.

The final act of the tragedy took only a few seconds. Those behind pushed on those in front, and hurled them over the brink. Others took their places, only to be pushed over like those in front of them and to be hurled down—down—down.

At the very edge of the precipice Manuel freed himself from the stampede; he swung his pony around on its hind legs, and for an instant hung poised in the balance between safety and death.

Then a calf, running clear of the herd, dashed into the broncho, and all three went over the edge together. A flash of lightning showed Nolan the Mexican, still astride his horse in mid-air, clutching with an agonized face for the edge of the cliff he could not reach.

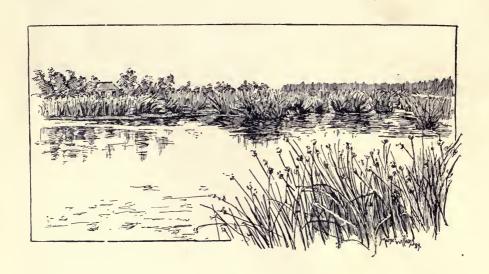
The imprecations of the men, the screaming of the horses, and the bellowing of the cattle, mingled with the noise of the storm for a few seconds; then there was silence save for the deep rum-

bling of the thunder and the howling of the wind. When the tragedy was over, cattle, horses and men had disappeared over the brow of the bluff.

In a delirium of terror Nolan turned and fled to camp with the wildest story man ever had to tell. He had been known as a man of strong nerve, but that single night's experience weakened him. He never heard the roar of thunder at night without seeing the ghastly face of the Mexican, the plunging scream of the horse, and the final catastrophe.

A few of the cattle which made that terrible leap survived. They struck on the pile or soft, quivering fiesh and crawled to safety. On the sweet grass of the meadow they lived and thrived and multiplied. All die the death of nature, secure from the butcher, save when some reckless cowboy sends a random shot from the bluff above to find a mark in one of the mayericks below.

Because no man owns them, or can ever own them, they are known among the few dwellers near as "No Man's Herd," and their inaccessible feeding place as "No Man's Ranch."



### A GREENHORN'S LUCK



BY ALICE J. STEVENS.

PROSPECTOR has been defined as "a man who owns a hole in the ground and is the biggest liar in thirteen counties," and it was an old prospector who told me the following story:

You see, it all happened in one of those little Jim Crow mining camps west of the Rockies. The camp consisted of about a dozen cabins where the miners slept and cooked, but spent the balance of their spare time down at the camp store—a general dispensary for grog and grub, with postoffice and justice o' the peace court adjoining, sort o' handy-like; nothin' specially attractive about the whole blamed place, 'ceptin', perhaps, the store-keep's little girl—a cute, yellow-haired kid of about four—the only child in camp—and loved by every bearded, gruff man there.

Well, the green-horn struck this promisin' camp after a hard trip across the desert sands without seein' any indications o' pay dirt or water, and things were beginnin' to look mighty hazy like to Greeny, when the old burro he was ridin' gave a sort o' grunt and struck a gait that almost paralyzed his rider with astonishment, not knowin' the old brute scented water, and they wandered into camp late that evenin', both pretty well used up from the journey. Greeny told me afterwards he was hungry enough to eat the burro, only his respect for old age prevented him.

The first remark he made as he hove into camp branded him a full-fledged greenhorn from 'way back, and that's why we dubbed him "Greeny"—and the name sticks to him yet. He rode up to the store where the boys were congregated for evenin' drinks and gossip, and said glibly, "Good evening, gentlemen."

"Gentlemen be d—d," said one burly miner. "Hello, Greeny," replied another.

He got down off the burro, wiped the fleas—but every fellow in camp stood sweat from his face and said sort of ready to defend that dog with his life

sociable like, "Well, how do you folks take life out this way?" and old Pirate Pete took the cob pipe out of his mouth long enough to say sarcastically. "Depends entirely on the provocation."

Then Greeny sort o' caught on that the boys were guyin' him—so he went inside and struck old storekeep for a job. He was busted to beat the band, and not havin' located anything tangible offered to clerk for his grub and sleep, until he got a chance to find his bearin's, and old storekeep, bein' quick at gettin' somethin' for nothin', snapped him up too quick—but it eventually proved to be the best location for pay dirt ever made in that camp.

He didn't know anything more about clerkin' than a cat knows o' scripture, but bein' quick witted soon got the hang o' things and did good work. He dressed so gol darned like a dude, too, that he drew trade like a freak at a side-show. He wore a big, red flannel shirt belted with a wide leather strap filled with all sorts o' shootin' irons and bowie knives, to make himself look ferocious, but only succeeded in appearin' ridiculous. After a while he got to sort o' regardin' him as a harmless critter that belonged to the camp, and he took our guyin' as part of his stock in trade.

The storekeep, with his wife and baby girl, lived in rooms over the little shack of a store, while Greeny slept under the counter, pretendin' to guard the store from burglars—but we all knew he was just savin' expenses.

For some reason or other the store-keep's little girl got mightily stuck on Greeny, and used to wander around after him as fast as her little legs could trot. He seemed to like her innocent prattle, and was never too busy to give time to her wants. She owned a pet dog—just a measly, mangy cur, a good trap for fleas—but every fellow in camp stood ready to defend that dog with his life

because the kid loved it so.

One mornin' we all lined up at the store for mail and bitters, and there was Greeny, down on his knees, tryin' to teach a litter o' yellow pups to drink condensed milk out of a pan, while their mothe:the baby's pet-was lyin' dead outside, with the little girl sobbing her heart out over the remains.

Lop-eared Mike remarked that he'd draw the line at actin' as wet nurse to a litter of pups for anybody-but Greeny looked up and said quietly: "Maybe if it cheered the heart of a little girl, and you'd buried a baby o' your own, you might feel differently, Mike." At that Lop-eared Mike just wilted, and walkin' up to Greeny said kindly, "You're dead right, pard, shake."

After that little episode there was a sort o' protective feelin' among the boys for Greeny-couldn't help respectin' the cuss, though nobody ever gave him credit for havin' any spunk or grit 'till that night o' the flood. ' Anybody that lived in that camp the night o' that flood dates everything before and after it-and you bet they remember the date all right. You see, there hadn't been any rain for months-rainy season, too-flumes all dry and mines just sufferin' to be worked. 'Long late in January the clouds began to flit across the sky and whirlwinds blow dust in circles, and then one night we all flocked down to the store feelin' pretty good, for the wind had veered 'round to southeast and that meant rain sure.

'Bout ten o'clock all interest in a jackpot was eclipsed by a regular old-fashioned downpour. Hully Gee! how it did rain. Talk about it rainin' Dutch dogswhy, the breed wa'n't in it with that deluge.

It kept up that lick for three days, and by that time things began to look like they'd had a wettin'. The old arroyo back o' the store was runnin' bank full and still arisin'. The third night o' the storm we all sat 'round the fire down at the store, spinning yarns and swappin' lies, just hatin' to pull our freight for the Somehow it semed lonesome like, as if the wrath o' God was at hand, while every once in a while the crackin' o' some big tree could be heard above the roar o' the storm, and lightnin' flashin' and thunder smashin'. But 'long towards midnight we tore ourselves away from comfortable quarters and lit out for our bunks. Hadn't been a-bed more'n an hour or so when there came a tremendous crash, and above the rattle o' the tempest we heard somethin' that stilled the blood in every heart-'twas a woman's scream, from the direction of the Every fellow rushed from his cabin without stoppin' for extras, and, as flash after flash of lightnin' lit the sky like a lamp, we saw the wooden structure o' the store floatin' off down stream; the swollen waters was a tossin' it first one side, then 'tother, sometimes sendin' it almost onto the bank safe from dangerthen catchin' it up again and whirlin' it off into the middle o' the stream, dippin' deeper and deeper into the current, like a cat playin' with a mouse, and every man in camp rushin' frantically after it, as the house was borne further and further down the stream. We were half daft with excitement, when a vivid flash o' lightnin' showed Greeny standin' on the roof trying to make us hear. A momentary lull brought his words to us: Now, if there is one "Get a lariat." thing more'n another that makes a Westerner hot and disgusted, it is for some idiotic tenderfoot to call a "riata" a "lariat"-but not a man stopped to argue the point with Greeny just then.

One o' the boys had been a cowpuncher before he got aristocratic ideas and went to dealin' faro down at the mines, and he made a hasty run back to his cabin, returning in a jiffy with his trusty raw-hide, grimly remarkin', as he wound it for a long throw: "Now, boys, just pray Almighty God that my right hand hain't lost its cunnin'." He waited for the lightnin' to light the way; then there was a ringin' swish as the rope swung round and round his head—and by the first vivid flash it shot across the black waters to where Greeny stood ready to grasp it. By its tightening we knew he'd got it, and we all caught hold and swung on like grim death. Quicker than it takes to tell it, Greeny got it fastened to the house by runnin' the rope down through a hole in Iniv Calit - Digitized by Microsoft ®

the roof and back through a side window, completely tyin' it up so it couldn't pull loose without breaking the rope.

Well, to cut a long story short, we hitched onto the stump o' a tree and gradually worked, pulled and hauled till we finally got the house anchored long enough for Greeny to get ashore. He came, with the baby girl snugly wrapped in blankets, clasped close in his arms and sound asleep. All he said, as he struck land was: "Boys, she's an orphan." Then we realized the full heroism of the man and the awful horror o' the situation, for both parents had been swept away while he saved the baby.

Towards mornin' the storm abated and we went down to look for the bodies. Found 'em lodged in drift wood and sand three or four miles below camp, and gave 'em as decent a burial as circumstances would allow. You see, there wa'n't no preacher within forty miles o' the placeacross the desert, at that-but Lop-Eared Mike said he remembered the burial service-though I've always had a sneakin' suspicion that he got it mixed up with an affydavid, considerin' as how he used to be justice o' the peace—and we sent down to Rowdy's Row for Scar-faced Annie, who used to sing in a variety theatre, and she came up and sang, "Shall We Gather at the River," which seemed kind o' appropriate for the occasion. And when the bodies, both in the same rude coffin, was lowered into the grave, every man there, no matter how hard his character, and every woman, matter how free from uttered a silent prayer for the repose o' their souls, and though we wa'n't clad in priestly vestments, nor none o' us in much grace o' God, we all felt that surely He had heard our petition, and would grant it.

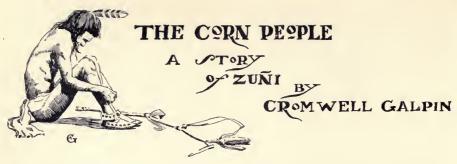
A few days later the baby, whom Greeny had sort o' inherited, and had the care of, was playin' down by the river bank when she discovered the dead body of a yellow pup—one of the litter Greeny had tried to teach to drink condensed milk—and ran to him with the poor slimy thing in her arms, cryin' piteously for her dead pet.

Greeny left off work and made a little box coffin for the puppy, and to assuage the grief of the child went down where the store had stood, to bury the dog near where its mother had been planted. No one joshed him this time, as he took his pick and shovel to dig the small grave, with the little girl sobbin' over the box holdin' her dead pet.

After an hour or so some one remarked that Greeny must be goin' to bury that dog in China by the depth o' the hole ne was diggin', he was so blamed long about the job. Lookin' down from the hillside where we was blastin' rock to sink a new shaft, we saw Greeny diggin' away for dear life, and the baby fast asleep in the sun with the box o' unburied dog at her side. Presently Greeny took a pan o' dirt down to the stream and began washin' it. That told the tale, and when we closed down for noon, we all went over to see what he'd struck, and found location notices stuck up all over the place claimin' everything for himself and the little orphan girl, while right there in plain view, over which the old store had stood for years, was one o' the richest payin' ledges, fully six feet wide and no tellin' how long, which Greeny had uncovered in diggin' a grave for a drownded dog-just to ease the grief o' a little baby girl.

Well, Greeny went back to the States, takin' the little girl with him, and organized a company to develop that mine. I seen a fellow out from New York the other day who told me that Greeny was doin' the grand at the best hotel there, and educatin' that baby as his own daughter to inherit all his wealth.

Talk about luck—why, if that wa'n't the guidin' hand o' Providence, what in thunder was it?



T Athens Paul declared unto the people Him unto whom they had raised an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD: the while, in a far-off country whereof they of the Old World had not even dreamed, the stars of midnight shown down on a woman who, with uplifted arms, made supplication to the Unnamed God. Also in the room with Tee-wah the Old were Waytse the Slow, her son, and Tzanah the Sightless, her daughter.

The night grew old, and far to the north, beyond the forest of jasper, the Seven Stars grew pale before the coming day. A watchman with his face and shoulders wrapped in his woolen mantle shuffled slowly across the roofs and climbed from terrace to terrace till he stood on the highest part of the eastern wall.

"Wake," he called hoarsely, "the morning comes."

Waytse the Slow and Tzanah the Sightless were among ten thousand who came up from the rooms and stood on the roofs of the houses which the women of the men that dwelt in towns had built on the crest of the Mountain of Thunder. Day came and the people came out on the roofs of the houses to cry aloud their greeting to the sun, emblem of the Unnamed, greatest among the gods of the Towndwellers.

Tzanah the Sightless came down into the room where Tee-wah the Old lay on her bed of rushes. The girl stood before a jar of red pottery and dipped with a cup to take out water; as she stooped, a stone flying in at the window struck her arm, and rebounding, fell against the water jar. She cried out in affright, then she laughed, rubbing the place where the stone had struck. Digitized

"It is but the missile of some unskillful boy who practices with his sling as he stands on the mesa," she said. "It hurt but little, and no harm is done."

But Tee-wah the Old turned her face to the wall. "It is an evil omen," she said. "I burned fragrant cimarron and made petition to the gods that a little food be given to them that I love. A bruise hath come." And she made low moan.

Tzanah the Sightless gave water to her mother, and she herself drank. For long she sat, patient, uncomplaining, diligent in the making of a net of twisted grass. But neither the old woman nor the young girl broke her fast, for there was no food in that room.

It had not always been so. years before Del-tara the runner had taken his young wife, Tee-wah, to his room. Del-tara was full of knowledge of plain and of mountain, well aware of the haunts of beasts fit to eat and of those places where food plants grew: Tee-wah, his wife, was both diligent and skillful, and their room lacked neither food nor mantles ornamented with figures of the sacred terrace, nor pottery painted red or black. Men children were born in their room; and the days passed, filled with love and pleasant labor, till Del-tara the runner and Tee-wah his wife began to be old. Then Waytse and Tzanah were born; and Del-tara and Teewah loved them, being the son and the daughter of their age.

Afterward an evil time fell upon Zuni and upon all the people that dwelt in towns. There came no rain. The water in the irrigating ditches dried up and the maize stalks withered in the field. Bison and antelope, the black-tailed deer and the big-horned sheep sought feeding

grounds far away. Food grew scarce and many people died of hunger.

On a day when the famine was most bitter, men of the tribes of Shis Inday grew bold by reason of hunger, and fell upon Zuni, with small tree trunks sharpened, breaking through the walls. Deltara and his sons stood in their room and fought with axes of jasper, killing many. Tee-wah, seeing the men like to be overcome by numbers, fought also, using for a weapon the little stone mortar wherein she made very fine the meal for her young children to eat. Thereafter many Zuni warriors came and the men of the tribe of Shis Inday were killed; and the bodies of them were given to the vultures. But Del-tara and his strong sons were dead and his young children sore wounded, for as one of the sons of the Bear was struck down his axe fell on the face of Tzanah, making a great wound and leaving her thereafter to grope in darkness at midday as in the night: another with his club struck Waytse, breaking both the legs of the boy; he walked ever after on his bended knees, wherefore he was called Waytse the Slow.

Tee-wah was given a room under the highest roof of Zuni, and there she abode with her children. Rains came, and the women fought the fight for food as well as any man of Zuni. Then age took the strength from the back that had been strong to carry and from the neck that had not been weak to steady a great load, leaving Tee-wah the Old to lie all day in her room, able only, at dawn and at dark, to make petition to the God of Hunters and to the God of Green Things that those she loved be not altogether forsaken. Yet most of all Tee-wah the Old mourned that the women of Zuni and of the towns round about sorrowed with her, because for lack of seed the womenof the men that dwelt in towns planted no more maize.

Now again for long no rain had fallen. The plants of the field and the vegetation of the valleys and of the mountains languished and died by reason of drouth. Because the pasture was not good and by reason of much hunting beasts of the chase grey scarce and wild and of such

men as were not good hunters the women and the children went oftentimes hungry.

Thus it was that there was no food in the room where Tee-wah the Old lay on her couch of rushes and Tzanah the Sightless worked at the making of the net of twisted grass.

Waytse the Slow, hungry and almost hopeless, went down the path leading from the mesa of Zuni. He sought young mustard plants on the plain and succulent little ground nuts on the hillsides, sighing deeply and often because he found nothing; until, climbing painfully among great rocks, he came upon a maguey growing thriftily. And so it happened that before the sun had reached his highest place in the sky Waytse the Slow turned his face to the west and trailed back up the path leading to the houses, bearing a heavy burden of the heart of the maguey.

He carried his load like a woman, in a net of twisted grass supported by a wide band across his forehead. The way to the house was long and steep, and the boy climbed slowly, sometimes sighing, sometimes groaning; yet his heart beat ever joyously.

"For them that I love," he said to himself, "there shall be food in plenty."

When the sun had reached his highest place in the sky and had begun a little to go down toward the place of the night, Tee-wah the Old asked for water, and again Tzanah the Sightless dipped the little cup into the great water jar.

"The half of our water hath gone," she said in surprise.

Tee-wah the Old turned her eyes toward the niche where the water jar stood. "I made petition to the gods," she said with a groan, "and there came a bruise on the body of one I love. The stone that bruised thee hath also broken the great jar, and even now the water that hath cost thee so much labor runneth down the wall. All the omens are bad. It may be that Waytse my son hath fallen from a precipice or hath been slain by the Lipanes, and will come no more to us, who, if he come not, must perish from hunger."

chase grew scarce and wild, and of such ize"He cometh even now," said Tzanah.

She stood with her finger to her lips, listening intently. "He beareth a burden, also," she added.

"Thou dost but dream," said the old

woman; "I hear no sound at all."
Tzanah smiled, saying nothing, but her face lighted up with eager hope as she stood listening, her lips slightly parted, and her breath coming quickly.

"It is he—it is my brother," she said confidently. "Also, he beareth a heavy burden."

"I hear no sound---" began Tee-wah, when there came a scuffling overhead, and a moment later Waytse called down through the door in the roof.

"Ho, Tee-wah, mother, he said. "here is the answer to thy prayer to the God of Hunters." And thereupon he let down into the room a great piece of the flesh of bison. dried, which Tzanah, groping for a moment. found and seized with a soft .cry of delight.

"Wake! The morning comes!"

"Here also," called the boy, "is the answer to thy prayer to the God of Green Things," and he let down many pieces of gourd, dried and strung on cords of grass.

Univ Calif - Digitized

Tzanah brought under the door the trunk of a small fir tree having notches cut therein, and thereon Waytse came down into the room.

"How hast thou gotten all this food?" asked Tee-wah.

"I found maguey; good part I traded to the watchman on the second terrace, getting in return this piece meat; another part I gave to a woman for the pieces of gourd."

Of that food Waytse had brought some was soon ready, they ate and and drank. And Waytse smeared with clay the place where the great water jar was cracked and tied about the jar a piece of cloth woven of maguey fibre. and though the jar still leaked. it was but very little.

The days passed and the meat and the gourd food sufficed. Also strength came to Waytse the Slow by reason of good food and he went faster and farther, bringing

to the room at nightfall sometimes sorrel, sometimes mustard, sometimes the little ground nuts whose round leaves are not easy to distinguish among the grass on the hillside, even to Indian eyes. So they

lived and were not unhappy.

It fell, on a day, that by reason of the little water leaking from the great jar, the clay under the maguey cloth was washed away, and Tzanah the Sightless wept because of the loss of the water. Waytse again put clay over the crack in the jar, binding the cloth more tightly. So doing, he saw four small plants growing in the earthen shelf whereon the water jar stood.

"Here be four plants," he said, "growing where the water from the jar hath moistened the wall, and I, who know all the plants of the plain and of the mountain, know not this little one." He plucked up one of the green blades and threw it to 'ree-wah the Old, who lay on her bed of rushes.

That woman sat up straight on her bed. "Harm them not! Touch them not!" she screamed.

Waytse stepped back as if he had stepped on a serpent.

"Thou knowest not this little plant!" said Tee-wah.

She hugged the tiny green thing to her bosom, holding it tenderly in both hands, kissing it, laughing and moaning and talking to it as it had been her little child. Waytse the Slow looked and Tzanah his sister listened in wonder and in silence.

"Thou knowest not this little plant!" repeated Tee-wah. "Ask of those old women of Zuni, who in years gone by slept all night nor labored long by day, yet looked always to see their babies fat, they themselves knowing no hunger; ask of me, Tee-wah, and of a truth you shall soon know."

Again she laughed with joy, kissing and fondling the plant.

"Since thou hast had ears to hear," she went on, "thou hast heard men tell of the runners of Zuni that have gone forth seeking maize—north, beyond the place where salt is; south, farther than the hills of turquoise; across the lands of the Lipanes and of the Coyoteros—to all places wherunto a runner may attain. Many a Zuni warrior of strength and of courage hath gone forth also, glad to risk his life in the hope that he might gain even so much maize as a man may carry "Ze"Shall it not be well with the course.

in his mouth while he wields his axe with both hands. Many that have gone forth have not come back to them that waited beneath the roofs of Zuni; some returned sore wounded, but none brought back even one grain of maize."

For a moment Tee-wah ceased to speak.

"The little plant thou knowest not is maize," she whispered, in a tone so intense that the children listened with attention that was a most terror. "In that time which men have forgotten," the old woman went on, more composedly, yet with an eager delight the children began to understand, "some woman dropped four grains of maize into that mud whereof she made brick for the building of the walls of the houses of Zuni. The brick was built into the wall of the room which is now ours, and the maize grains have there lain till this day, to grow when the cracked jar hath provided due moisture.

"I, Tee-wah," she continued with growing excitement, "who am old and know many things, tell thee, if thou lovest an unhungry belly-if thou would'st have comfort and honor while thou art alive, and desirest that when thou art dead the women shall sing a song in honor of thee -then see thou to it that the little plants lack not moisture nor sunshine nor stirring of the soil wherein they grow. When the moon hath five times grown old and died and five times lived again, these little stalks, grown large, shall each bear three ears, and on each ear three times ten score blue grains more sweet than the tongue of a bison newly killed, more beautiful than strings of tarconey. shall be to thee a charm more potent than a prayer plume of the feathers of the great eagle; yea, than the smoke of the sacred weed, which they of the Council of Old Men smoke at night in the holy estufa. Thou, Waytse, need mourn no longer for that thy legs are crooked, nor thou Tzanah, my daughter, grieve by reason of thy blindness. The Unnamed could give thee no better gift. He himself hath said: 'It shall be well with the son and with the daughter of Del-tara the Runner and Tee-wah his wife."

Tee-wah, mother?" asked Waytse, gently.

Tee-Wah the Old rose to her feet and stood up straight. Very tall she seemed to the wondering boy, and very gaunt. Her eyes were bright and her proud head held high.

"It is well with me, Tee-wah," she said, gravely, yet with gladness. "Even now I go forth into the Hereafter, to find Deltara the Runner and to walk with him hand in hand."

In the fast gathering darkness the children watched or listened in wonder and in fear as Tee-wah the Old gathered her tattered robe about her, standing straight and tall, and walking with firm steps. She climbed up the ladder to the roof and thence went down many ladders to the ground. She crossed the square and passed out on the mesa, coming soon to that place where the women had dug a grave for Del-tara the Runner. She sat down on the ground, her face turned toward the place of the rising sun, her chin resting on her drawn-up knees. Through the long night she did not rise nor move; after the sunrise one found her so sitting, dead. The women dug a shallow grave and buried her, but they waited a little time that Waytse the Slow and Tzanah the Sightless might bring water to pour into the grave, that the soul of their mother should not be athirst in the long dry season.

In the little room under the high roof there were not so many to eat the food that Waytse provided; but it was very lonely.

Waytse with care took the tender blades from the shelf whereon they had grown, planting them in the earthen floor near the window. The window he made larger that the sunshine might come in.

That plant which Waytse had pulled up, and one other, withered and died; yet two plants throve well, and Tzanah the Sightless spared not labor in the carrying of water while Waytse made search for food.

The days passed and the plants grew tall and strong. In time there came, above the others, leaves like plumes of feathers, wherefrom fell a yellow dust; and, from those places on the stalks whence the largest leaves started, there came little bundles of threads like soft, green hair. Then some leaves grew fat and thick, and the green threads shriveled and turned brown. But though Waytse looked often and with care, he saw none of those blue grains which Teewah the Old had said would grow.

Tzanah the Sightless first put into words the fears that oppressed them both.

"May it not be," she whispered, "that this plant is not maize? It was very long from that time when the women planted maize till Tee-wah our mother saw these plants; because they were so little may she not have been deceived?"

"No," said Waytse, though somewhat hesitatingly, "every plant, from the tiny ground nut to the great pine of the mountain hath its own way to grow. He that hath once seen any plant grow need not thereafter ask what that plant is."

"May it not be," said the girl, "that maize is not so good a plant as Tee-wah our mother thought?"

"No," said Waytse. "Tee-wah our mother was old, knowing many things. Maize is a good plant."

They said no more. But Waytse the Slow, though he spoke with confidence concerning the maize, had begun to doubt, and his fears tortured him.

On the morrow he sought food on the plain below the town, finding there the Cacique of Kiakime, who came from the mountains, carrying in his hands a bow and five doves. Waytse stood aside to let the Cacique pass, eyeing the doves hungrily the while.

The Cacique knew Waytse by reason of his crooked legs; and he felt kindly toward the boy because he made his hard fight for food with courage, asking aid of none.

"What hast thou found?" asked the Cacique.

Waytse held forth his empty hands, saying nothing.

The Cacique handed him one of the doves, saying: "I would give thee more had I more than these, or if there were fewer to be fed in my room."

Waytse took the dove, his eyes shining with gladness. For a moment he was

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

silent. Then he said: "Is maize a good plant?"

Slowly the Cacique put the doves into that hand holding his bow, and stretched out his right hand—a large hand, but very gaunt, for the famine was sore in all that land.

"Give me maize," he said, "and thou shalt come down out of Zuni and be Cacique of Kiakime. It shall be better with thee than with one whose legs are straight and strong, though his feet carry him more swiftly than the flight of the great eagle. With Tzanah the Sightless thy sister it shall also be well; my daughter shall woo thee for her husband, and the best and the strongest of the young men shall be glad to play on his flute of willow near to the door of Tzanah."

"What is maize like?" asked Waytse.

"Something like rushes, but greater," answered the Cacique. "It hath a top like a plume of feathers, and on the sides bundles of leaves. When it is ripe all the leaves turn yellow, and the bundles of leaves being pulled apart, therein are found many round grains of maize, blue or red or white. When thou hast found that plant it will be time for thee to rejoice greatly."

The Cacique went his way, and Waytse climbed up the steep path and by many ladders to his room. While the dove was being made ready to eat, he told to Tzanah the words the Cacique had spoken, and a good hope grew strong in the hearts of each of the children.

Day by day the famine grew more bitter, and the yellow sun still burned in an unclouded sky. To distress of famine was added unceasing harassment by savages grown desperately bold with hunger, willing to kill and to risk death themselves if a mouthful of food was the stake to be fought for. Fuel became scarce, and the women burned the ladders, cooking therewith the skins whereon they were wont to sleep. Men and women, wan and hollow-eyed, came down into the great square and looked on each other hungrily, helplessly, hopelessly. Then they climbed weakly back to their rooms, with aimless eagerness to search again their empty vessels and the places of their used-up hoards. Many died in their rooms and their friends carried them out.

For many days together Waytse the Slow had found no food. The nights grew cold, and, fearing lest the maize plants be chilled, the children wrapped their ragged mantles about the green stalks, they themselves sitting in a corner of their room, naked save for their waistcloths, with their arms about each other, shivering.

There came a day when at sunset Waytse saw that the maize plants had turned yellow. So, telling his sister, they both rejoiced.

"To-morrow, Waytse, my brother," said Tzanah, "it shall be as Tee-wah our mother hath said. Thou shalt have straight legs and be filled with good food."

"To-morrow, Tzanah, my sister," said Waytse, "thou shalt see the bright sun and the pleasant yellow of the maize plant, and thou shalt be no longer hungered."

"Before the sun shall set again," said Tzanah, "thou mayst make flute music near the door of the room of the Great Cacique, and the daughter of that Cacique shall come forth in gladness to woo thee. When it is time for thee and for me to sleep again there shall be couches with soft furs, both for lying upon and for covering. When we wake, maidens and young men shall deem it honor to bring food to us."

So great, they thought, was the charm of the maize plant, for they were but children, and not wise.

Through the door in the roof there came sounds, and the children listened to the voice of the Great Cacique, as he spoke to one standing near.

"He that guardeth the foot of the narrow path died of hunger, and Lipanes and Coyoteros, thirsting for blood, swarm on the mesa as vultures around a wounded bison.. On that path one man armed with a spear may defy a thousand, and the enemy now hath that advantage. There is not in all the four houses of Zuni fuel to make a signal fire whereby they of Matsaki may be brought to our aid. Never-

theless, a Lipan will die of thirst as soon as a man of Zuni, and there is no water on the mesa." And the Great Cacique laughed, very grimly.

There came quick steps on the roof, and one spoke that was breathless with the climbing of many ladders of knotted ropes.

"The High Priest sendeth word: There is no more fuel, and even now the fire in the estufa goeth out."

The Great Cacique groaned. "The Unnamed, ancient and honorable god of Zuni, hath forsaken us," he said.

While the yard-thick walls of Zuni stood, the beseiging savages might be defied. The men of Zuni knew how to endure thirst with patience, and when that man to whom it was given to guard the gate fell down from hunger, another, stronger, would stand in his place, but to every inhabitant of Zuni the going out of the estufa fire meant that the destruction of the town was at hand—that the inhabitants thereof should die dishonored.

The Great Cacique and those with him passed down from the high roof. Black clouds came up from the southwest, and the howling night wind was cold. The children, sitting in the corner of their room with arms about each other, said no word.

All the people of the four houses of Zuni knew. They sat in their rooms, glaring up at the doors in the roof and waiting for the coming of death, that was to be altogether hideous because with it would come such dishonor that through all the dim Hereafter they that had been their friends would scoff at them as cowards and recreants, and their souls would be always athirst.

The priests in the estufa stood beside the box of porphyry wherein burned the sacred fire. Of fuel there was almost none. One placed in the sacred box the last scraped-up splinters; and in hopeless, hideous terror all gazed on the wavering flame whose going out they believed meant the destruction of Zuni and the death of all her people—which they knew of a surety meant to every priest of Zuni death by the most frightful torture that men, superstition-mad, could invent.

door in the roof of the estufa: "Waytse the Slow and Tzanah the Sightless make this offering in a time of peril to Zuni."

Waytse climbed again to the room.

"Thou shalt walk ever again with crooked legs," said Tzanah.

"The bright day and the gloomy night shall be ever alike to thee," said Waytse.

They sat down in the corner of their room.

"It was for Zuni," whispered the girl.

"For Zuni," answered the boy.

They sat still in the corner of their room, naked save for their waist cloths, with their arms about each other and their hands clasped, shivering.

In the estufa the High Priest unrolled the bundle that had been thrown down—two ragged mantles of wool, and two dry maize stalks, whereof one bore three ears and the other four; and the maize grains were fat and perfect, likely to grow.

"Ho!" shouted the High Priest, as he thrust a dry leaf into the dying flame. "Send for the Great Cacique and for the Caciques of the houses."

Those men came soon and to them the High Priest spoke:

"Waytse the Slow and Tzanah the Sightless have made offering of this fuel when otherwise the fire in the estufa had gone out, and of maize in a time of famine.

"Waytse the Slow and Tzanah the Sightless had saved Zuni from peril and made sure the prosperity of her people. On the morrow let all the inhabitants of Zuni be upon the roofs when the sun shall rise, and having made customary greeting to the sun, let all those old enough to speak fold their arms across their breasts, naming Waytse the Slow and Tzanah the Sightless, and pray that the Unnamed may have them and Zuni ever in his keeping.

"After the sunrise five score, lacking one, of the young men shall cover their heads with thick mud; the young men shall march around the walls and the women shall sing a song; and from that time Waytse the Slow shall be Waytse-Melah, the Corn Man, and Tzanah the Sightless shall be Tzanah-Melah the Corn

"Lo!" said one that had come to the Maiden." crosoft @

As the High Priest ceased to speak, great drops of rain fell on the heads of the people that had come out of the rooms to hear that the town was no longer in peril. The women shrieked for joy and the fighting men went forth boldly with their axes of jasper; and they drove the Lipanes from the mesa.

At gray dawn one went to the room of Waytse the Slow and Tzanah the Sightless to tell the Corn People that the mudheads were ready to march and the women to sing a song.

The children sat in a corner of their room, naked save for their waist cloths, their arms about each other and their hands clasped; but they had ceased to shiver, being dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the summit of the Mountain of Thunder there is but a heap of earth mixed with pieces of broken pottery. Pestilence and the savage Apaches drove

the people from the houses, and storms and the earthquake crumbled the walls. Yet the inhabitants of that town took with them to the new Zuni, seed of blue maize and the memory of the Corn People. When rains come and the running water laughs in the irrigating ditches the mudheads march around the walls and the women sing a song in honor of them that brought maize. When the corn leaves turn yellow and the month of hot days has come, a priest of Zuni climbs to that place where Waytse-Melah and Tzanah-Melah lie buried, and places jars of sweet water that their souls may not be athirst. And the priests in the estufa and the women in the rooms tell the story of the Corn People, saying that when all her children shall love Zuni better than their lives, then again shall the Unnamed. God of them that dwell in towns, whose emblem is the sun, once more lift Zuni to a high place above the other nations of the earth.



### The Singing of the Frogs

#### BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT.

ABISGAHA loved the tawny stretches of the prairie smiling like a rugged, honest face under the kiss of the sunlight; he loved the storm that frowned and shouted like an angry chief; he loved the southwind and the scent of the spring, yet the love of woman he knew not, for his heart was given to his horse, Ingla Hota, which means Laughing Thunder.

Why should he have a squaw? Did not Laughing Thunder toss his mane and neigh when he heard the soft steps of his master? Was not Laughing Thunder his companion and his helpmeet? Ah, no, Wabisgaha would have no squaw.

And furthermore, his love for Laughing Thunder was not sentiment; it was religion. Many and weird were the tales that the wise old men told about the evening fires concerning the horse of Wabisgaha. It was said in a subdued voice, lest that some demon face should peer into the circle of the fire from the darkness, that Laughing Thunder contained an evil spirit; that Wabisgaha was secretly a great medicine man, who had learned the terrible words that tame the spirits of the thunder, and had made the black Power of the storm come down and be his horse. Yes, and there was one who had watched Laughing Thunder graze all day upon the hills and never a blade was nipped; but where the breath of his nostrils passed, the grass was seared as with lightning. Another had noticed how Laughing Thunder wasted away when the storms were few, like sunflowers pining for the rain; and how one night when the lightning flashed and the thunder howled, he had seen a burning horse leap from the top of a hill and gallop through the clouds, neighing half like the laugh of a man, half like the shout of the thunder.

"Some day Wabisgaha will ride to the land of the spirits," they would all agree, gazing wide-eyed at each other while up the trail. He noted that the trail

the last blue flame struggled in the embers. Then they would shrug their shoulders as though the touch of an invisible hand chilled them; shaking their heads by which to say, "Ugh! there are many strange things."

It was the month of the sunflower. Wabisgaha one night, half asleep in his tepee, was aroused by a strange sound among the horses, which were left to graze upon the hills near the village. Creeping out of his tepee into the open air, he could hear nothing but the slumberous moan of the distant thunder, for the southeast was black and glaring by fits with a coming storm. Then there burst forth upon the dull sultry air of the night a shrill, clear neigh and the sound of many hurrying hoofs. neigh! Ah, it was the neigh of Laughing Thunder. It came again, but this time dimmer, and the gallop of hoofs grew softer as with distance.

Wabisgaha rushed out into the night crying, "Ingla Hota, Ingla Hota." But for answer the storm howled on the hills. By the glare of the lightning he found the trail of the fleeing hoofs. He would take the trail and find his horse. "Ingla Hota, Ingla Hota," he cried. The big rain drops drummed upon the hills. seemed to him that the thunder cried back, and ended with a sound like the neigh of a mighty steed. So all night he followed the trail of the hoofs southward, mingling his cries with the cries of the wind and the thunder; and when the storm lulled and the day dawned, he climbed to the top of a hill and scanned the drenched prairies, but no horse! Only the pathless brown sea of grass glinting in the sun; a maddening monotony, save for the occasional gulch like a battle-scar on the face of a warrior. No sound except the caw of a distant crow and the monotone of silence.

With a grunt of despair he again took

was narrow and well beaten. of themselves do not travel single file. Then he knew that he was following a party of warriors. In his haste he had not take his bow, and his feet were bare to the cactus and prickly pear; yet all day long he kept upon the trail, and when night came he slept upon it. Ah, no, he would not lose Laughing Thunder. Another night passed, and when the sun of the next day was half way down from the zenith, Wabisgaha, standing upon a hill, gazed into the sandy valley of the broad and shallow stream, and there in the wooded bottoms were the jumbled mud lodges of the Pawnee village.

From time unknown the Pawnees and Omahas were friends: yet as Wabisgaha gazed down upon the village he feared that the ancient friendship had been broken. But he was very weary, and the thought of losing Laughing Thunder was like a lash of buckskin behing him. So he passed down into the valley. A band of shouting Pawnees in war paint came out to meet the lone stranger. Several of the party seized upon him, binding his arms behind him with thongs of rawhide, while the others danced deliriously about, shouting and waving their weapons above their heads. And the captive, weary and unarmed, without resistance was led in among the lodges.

There has ever been a something appealingly majestic about the defiance of an Indian; and as Wabisgaha strode beside his captors, naked but for the buckskin breech-clout, decorated with colored beads, his broad chest brown as of beaten copper; the great muscles expanding in impotent anger; the laboring of the lungs; the flash of the black eye from beneath the heavy brow; the long wiry hair tossing on his bare shoulders; these would have suggested to an esthetic imagination the incarnate spirit of the untamed prairies.

As he passed between the rows of shouting Pawnees, he failed to notice among a bunch of squaws an Indian girl who stared at him, wide-mouthed with interest and wonder. She was clad more brilliantly than her companions, and the blue spot upon her forehead at once marked her as a maiden of distinction.

It was Umba (Sunlight), the daughter of the stern warchief of the Pawnees, Pedayashaloo.

As the captive and the captors hurried on to the lodge of the big chief, Umba gazed longingly after them with that soft light in her eye which is not starlight nor sunshine, but has something of the gentle tenderness of the one and the potent glory of the other. A woman is a woman, though her face be angular and swarthy, and the love of a daughter of the prairie takes unto itself an element of boundlessness like the plain and of fury like the winds that sweep.

Umba was moved by the defiant attitude of the captive, for womankind loves bravery. She was charmed by the magnificent brown limbs, the powerful chest, the fierce eye.

Wabisgaha was taken before Pedavashaloo, who stood at the door of his lodge. The bold eye of the captive met the stern glance of the chief, and for a while both were silent. Then the chief spoke:

"Why do you come among my people?"
The captive threw back his head, and in a fierce gutteral, said:

"My people and your people have been friends; your people stole Wabisgaha's horse; give him back that Wabisgaha may return in peace to his village."

The eye of the chief flashed with sudden anger.

"My people do not steal!" he thundered. "My people make war; you are a captive; to-morrow you shall die!"

That night the women who slept in the lodge of Umba were often awakened by her moaning. She was thinking of Wabisgaha. But he, lying bound and guarded, did not moan; he was thinking of his horse. Now he was going to the land of the spirits. How lonely he would be without Laughing Thunder. through the night he prayed to Wakunda that his horse might be killed and go with him. When the sky paled with the early morning he slept and dreamed. He stood upon a high hill and the clouds were about him. The feverish red sun was sinking below him. Suddenly the clouds glowed as when a prairie fire roars and crackles through the night, and then there burst upon his ear a mighty neigh, half laugh, half thunder, and a burning steed galloped through the parting mist toward him. He awoke, and the Dawn looked in at the door! It was a good omen; he would not be afraid to die. When the sun was scarcely an arrow length above the hills he was led out from among the lodges into the open valley.

The whole village trooped behind him, shouting and mad with expectation, for it was great fun to behold a captive dragged at the heels of a horse. The rabble grew thicker as he advanced. A band of shrieking squaws pushed their way to him and spit in his face. Many times he was dragged backward by his long hair onto the sand by the frenzied warriors. All this was borne with a dogged patience by the captive, for was he not going to the land of the spirits?

It was an ancient custom among the Pawnees that if a captive should receive a morsel of meat from one of the tribe he was to be spared, as thus being favored by the Great Spirit

Suddenly the shouting ceased, and the tall imperious form of Pedavashaloo was seen pushing a way through the rabble. Behind him a young squaw followed, carrying a morsel of meat in her hand. Rushing up to the surprised captive, she put the meat to his mouth. Wabisgaha seized and ate the meat greedily, and for the first and last time looked with kindness into the appealing eyes of Umba.

Then a great change came over the multitude. The warriors, but a moment before thirsting for the blood of the captive, now fell back in awe as though the hand of Umba had been the visible hand of the Great Spirit.

Dumb with amazement Wabisgaha stared about him, until Pedavashaloo motioned him to follow; and in silence they took their way to the big chief's lodge. After they had sat down, the chief took two long pipes, and lighting both, handed one to Wabisgaha. Silently they smoked the pipe of peace.

After a while Pedavashaloo spoke, bluntly, after the manner of the prairie: "Umba weeps for Wabisgaha. Come

back in the month when the frogs sing (April) and take her for your squaw!"

Then Wabisgaha said: "I will come back in the month when the frogs sing and take her for my squaw. Give me my horse that I may go back to my people."

"Pedavashaloo will feed the horse with his own hand until Wabisgaha comes," the chief answered.

The next morning a band of Pawnees rode out of the village, and among them rode Wabisgaha; but he was not riding Laughing Thunder.

Until noon the band attended him across the prairies; then they turned backward, and alone Wabisgaha rode mournfuly northward toward the village of his people.

In the absence of Wabisgaha strange rumors had grown among his tribe concerning him and his horse. The wise old men whispered strange things about the demon horse and its rider. Ah, yes, Wabisgaha had at last ridden to the land of the Thunder Spirits. And the listening youths crept into their blankets very closely at night, dreaming weird dreams.

So when Wabisgaha rode his jaded pony sullenly over the brown brow of the hill and entered the village his people had no cry of welcome for his ears; but slunk away in fear and awe. For had he not been to the land of the thunder spirits? Day by day Wabisgha sat alone in his lodge, brooding bitterly over the loss of his horse. And the winter swept down from the north and howled across the prairies. Far southward in the village of the Pawnees Umba sat in her lodge and gazed long hours into the crackling fire. There was no winter in her dreaming. She was thinking of the time when the frogs sing, for then she would be the squaw of Wabisgaha.

Many days passed, but Wabisgaha did not leave his lodge, and his people began to wonder, for no one knew in what manner he procured wood for his fire. Then it was rumored about that the thunder spirits dwelt with him in his lodge. Yes, for one whose curiosity led him one night to creep up to the strange man's door had heard him muttering busily with his eyes upon the fire. Yet he was alone. So it happened one night in the stormy

month when the lone goose flies (February) that he was summoned before the seven chiefs of the council. In their great tepee they sat, cross-legged, about the fire. Wabisgaha stood before them, and as they gazed upon his face, they shuddered with fear, for it was the face of a sick man's dream, and the eyes were cold but glowing, for he had mourned much and eaten little.

Then one of the chiefs spoke as one who speaks to a spectre:

"Where did Wabisgaha go in the month of the sunflowers?" (August).

Then Wabisgaha's silence passed, for he could speak of Laughing Thunder. He told them how the Pawnees had stolen his horse; how he had followed the trail to their village; how they would have slain him but for the gift of a morsel of meat. He spoke with all the eloquence of a wronged man and with all the pathos of a simple heart that is wounded. But the seven chiefs were silent. They feared him and doubted his story. After talking together for some time, they again spoke to him:

"If Wabisgaha has been wronged, we will give him revenge. He shall lead a war party against the Pawnees, but he must not return alive!"

So Wabisgaha withdrew to his lodge. All night he brooded by his fire. Why should he have a squaw? He would lead a war party against the Pawnees. He would have revenge for the stealing of Laughing Thunder. A great, wild happiness came over him; after that he went about the village with a glad heart and his people ceased to fear him.

One morning, in the time when the frogs sing, the war party started southward, and Wabisgaha rode at their head. All day their ponies scurried across the green hills. All night they rode, and long before the east was gray they halted upon the hill that overlooked the valley of the broad and shallow stream where the Pawnee village nestled.

At the time when the flight of an arrow could be discerned, Wabisgaha rode in front of his band, and, dismounting, he raised his eyes to the gray heavens and uttered his last prayer to Wakunda. Then he seized a handful of dust and

tossed it above his head. Thus a brave ever does before going to certain death. Then he mounted his pony, and, with a terrible yell, the war party swooped down the hill into the sleeping village. The Pawnees could make but little resistance, and those who were not slain fled in terror, followed by the frenzied Omahas. But Wabisgaha did not ride in pursuit. His knife was red with revenge, and now he would die!

Some distance from him he beheld the tall form of Pedavashaloo standing before his lodge in defiance. His arms and breast were besmeared with the blood of the Omahas, who lay in a semi-circle about him. His long, sinewy arms were corded with the stress of fight, and his hand clasped the terrible hunting knife.

Wabisgaha cast away his bow and quiver of arrows, and dismounting, he took his knife in his hand, and, raising his arms to the skies, he uttered a low wail four times. Then he rushed at the defiant chief. There was none to see the struggle, for the clamor of the fight came dimly from far down the valley, and the muffled wail of the women was heard from the lodges. Each knife found a bare, brown breast, and side by side the enemies lay, choking, until their spirits passed into the happy land where the tribes are at peace.

That night, amid the silence of the stricken village, Umba crept from among the terrified women, and, hurrying to where Laughing Thunder was staked by the lodge of her father, she led the horse to where the body of Wabisgaha lay among her dead kinsmen. With great effort she placed the body across the horse's back, and, taking a bow and arrow from one of the dead warriors, she mounted behind the body and rode off into the still, clear night of the prairies.

After riding many hours, she dismounted in a valley and placed the body on the ground. Then fitting the arrow to the string of the bow, she sent it into the heart of Laughing Thunder. Now Wabisgaha would find his horse in the land of the spirits. Then Umba sat beside the bodies and moaned.

nda. The night passed and the sun looked and over the green hills into the valley and Digitized by MICTOSON

found Umba watching by the bodies. All that day she waited, singing softly a wild Indian song to the spirit of Wabisgaha. And the crows came out of the horizon in a low trailing cloud, cawing in anticipation of their meal. Umba kept them away by shaking her robe above her head and singing louder. Then the crows, with a dismal rustle of wings, would soar above the three, cawing clamorously. The evening came and the frogs sang in the valley. Yes, it was the time of the singing of the frogs. This was the time when she should have become the squaw of Wabisgaha. Plaintively she moaned at the thought, gazing upon the pinched face beside her. The night fell, and Umba was very faint with hunger and watching. So she laid her head upon

the breast of Wabisgaha. Maybe she would wake and be with him in the land of the spirits.

The night passed, and when the sun looked into the valiey, Umba was lying motionless where she had lain down to sleep.

The crows swooped down, chattering; they were not frightened away.

Months afterward a hunting party of Omahas, finding upon the prairie three skeletons, one of a squaw, one of a buck, and one of a horse, returned to the tribe and told a story at the evening fires

But they could not know how Wabisgaha died for his horse and Umba died for Wabisgaha.

### TO MY VIOLIN.

#### BY ELOISE DAVIS.

Hast heard the moan of the wind among the trees, And the cry of the bird, winging his weary flight Across the silent spaces of the night; Hast heard all other mournful sounds than these, All sadnesses that sound in minor keys?—
The ceaseless waves, sobbing their potent might Out of the darkness, to the flushing light, The wail of the world unto the seven seas? And then, the love-songs of the stream, dost know?—
The chime of bells, the joyous, trilling lark, Singing his matins to the flowers a-row?
For these same sounds to comprehend, O hark! My violin voices all, in harmony
That hints the measure of Infinity.

# A Matter of Opinion

AT THE present writing the West is not alone threatened with a general labor agitation; it is confronted with it. During the month "Fight It last past so large a number Out." of employes have "gone out" as to greatly embarrass employers and cause

serious difficulty in carrying on those branches of business affected. The Western unpleasantness is of course only a phase of the great strike which has been intermittently seething in the East among the steel workers and the laborers in the collieries. And as the area of trouble has been larger so has the general incon-The situation venience been greater. was first keenly felt in San Francisco during the Cooks' and Waiters' strike when the Presidential party was in California. The disaffection spread among the various branches of trades until it settled in its present form in the general "walk-out" along the water front, the strike among the teamsters spreading to the longshoremen and thence to the sailors, seriously tying up the commerce of the bay and doing an inestimable amount of damage to the perishable stuff ready for transportation.

This general strike has done much to bring the labor question vividly before the business men of San Francisco and the State at large. What in campaign times was little more than a plank in a political platform became much more than a question for debate on the day when non-union laborers called for police protection along the city front. It was then that the voice of capital began to express itself in no uncertain tone-and it was a matter of some surprise when several men of wealth were put on record as saying: "Let there be a general strike and the labor question settled on the merits or demerits of the case, once and for all."

Despite the inconvenience, or even suf-

fering which a national strike would produce during its operation, no dispassionate thinker can but acknowledge that such a course would clear permanently the storm which is now lowering over capital and labor. The danger of such an event is, of course, the peril of a class war, which must needs be a cruel and bitter one. The lower classes when self-governed are too often ill-governed, and we want no repetition of the French Revolution.

Unless a strike be universal it can hardly be other than harmful to both parties involved. The fact that a man has refused to work at just the time when he is the most needed is not calculated to infuse his employers with an everlasting sense of gratitude. "None of my men went out," an employer was heard to say in the present local strike. "They struck once before and they know what to expect." Petty strikes more than frequently result in loss for the employer and permanent idleness for the employed. There is might, however, in a multitude, and if the fight be carried on along civilized lines, it would be well if the two great armies of capital and labor gather together their forces and "fight it out."

IN THE East, where the labor situation is much more strained than in the West,

Take Up the White Man's Burden. the employers have already begun to turn their attention toward a laboring class that never listens to

the allurements of a walking delegate, knows not the name of union and is always willing to render a dollar's worth of service for a dollar. In a word, it has been proposed that the Chinese be employed to take the places left vacant by disgruntled workmen. While the prejudice against the little yellow man has been considerable in the West, none can

deny that one Eastern scheme has its advantages. Unlike the Occidental laborer the coolie is always willing to work. By the wholesale employment of Chinese in a time of industrial dissension the wheels of progress could be set in motion almost at once and a bad time at least tided over. The employment of Chinese, we take it, would benefit the employer more in services rendered than in actual saving of money. Any merchant or manufacturer of standing is willing to pay an honest wage to an honest workman, and the Chinese seldom underbid white labor.

The problem of Chinese employment is so far only a scheme, but should labor still persist in its present policy of shortsighted stubbornness the employers will be well justified in taking what means they may to save that which they have built up with so much care. The seemingly endless recurrence of strikes in the East has done much to hurt the cause of organized labor and to sorely try the patience of capitalists, with the result that anti-exclusionists are becoming more common every day. 'i'hese Chinese are, in fact, more sought after in the East than on the Pacific Coast, where their bating now and in former years has had its effect. Their good treatment in the Atlantic States and Middle West is causing them to gravitate eastward in ever increasing numbers. More than this, the Oriental population is not growing in America, as rabid exclusionists are so fond of proclaiming. Statistics show that our Chinese population is actually falling off and that there has been a shrinkage of 17,675 in the past decade; in short, that they are either dying off or leaving the country at the rate of 1,750 a year. At this rate we may expect the American Chinese to become an extinct race a few years from now.

"Yellow competition" is a factor which the walking delegate has ever been loud to denounce as an injustice to the working classes. If the labor agitators who are making so much mischief far and wide wish that popular bogie to become smaller in the land, it rests with them to do less to encourage it. In the light of late industrial history white labor must suffer at times by comparison with

yellow labor and the capitalists and legislators are quick to see this.

It only remains for our lawmakers to knock away the barriers between the Chinese and American people to introduce a factor that would bring the chronic strikers quickly to their senses. As a matter of international justice we owe to China the admission of her people among us. The members of the Epworth League saw this while in San Francisco when the labor unions petitioned them to take some action toward the renewal of the Geary Exclusion Law. The Epworth Leaguers, as a Christian body, could ill understand how we can afford to put a barrier in the way of the people to whom we have been sending the missionaries who have stirred up so much strife in the Orient. We have made war on the Chinese because they have driven out our countrymen: at the same time we have excluded the Chinese and expected them to make no sign of retaliation. That is a blatant fault of logic which has done much to make the Chinese war a historic crime. A rule should work both ways, whether it applies to a people or a nation, but the American people have certainly seen the rule of Chinese exclusion in an extremely one-sided light.

The action-or lack of action-on the part of the Epworth League with regard to the petition of the unions may be further taken as an indication of the way the wind blows in the East. The visiting delegates did not represent the so-called "monopolists." They were mostly taken from the middle and upper middle classes of the Eastern and Middle Western States. Yet it would take no political specialists to see that their silence in regard to the petition was due to a prevailing feeling of friendliness toward the Chinese, a sentiment of Christian justi :9 toward a much abused people. The people of the East have had a much more trying experience with labor agitations than we, and their patience has been relatively diminished. Naturally they have turned their attention to the easiest mode of remedy, and they have found it-or think they have found it—in the Chinese.

In the present unpleasantness in San Francisco the citizens most affected by the strike might find Chinese labor an unmixed blessing. Prevailing exclusion laws might stand in the way of employing non-resident coolies to take the place of dissenting whites, but there are enough yellow citizens in the city and State to do at least a large share of the work demanded. There is almost no branch of common labor at which the coolie could not do as well or better than the Caucasian. Chinese drivers might man the idle trucks, ship as able seamen in the vessels which are lying crewless in the port, handle merchandise along the water front, work in the canneries, and, in fact, restore to its former activity our hampered trade.

That the universal employment of the Mongolian would have its disadvantages to both capital and labor, the employers appreciate as well as the employed. The device is looked upon as an expedient, not

as a remedy. If the laboring classes refuse to do the nation's work it must be laid to the door of the laboring classes if the capitalists are obliged to resort to foreigners to supply the demand. We have men in plenty to do the work and work in plenty to keep them occupied. It lies with those of our nationality to decide if they shall turn the wheels of our commerce or if we shall trust to a strange, alien race to "take up the white man's burden."

It will be worth while for the laboring classes of the nation to think these matters over and decide whether the strikes they are participating in are strikes for their dignity and advancement or agitations which will result surely and finally in opening the doors of our country to the much-abused and little appreciated Chinese labor. The whole matter lies in their hands.

# Current Books

### Reviewed by Grace Luce Irwin

In "Out of the Pigeon Holes," Dr. E. S. Godhue has essayed a collection of alternating essays and verse, something as Mr. James Whitcomb Riley undertook several years ago, but with considerably less success.

George F. Butler Publishing Company, Alma.

Grand Thoughts on Young Girls.

Sarah Grand's books, notwithstanding the fact that it is quite possible to range one's

opinions against hers, are always readable. But there is no doubt that she is very opinionated. She never writes a novel unless it is done with an idea of proving something or other. Without being exactly didactic she is always trying to convince you—a very feminine, it such subtle knowledge, as Babs shows.

but not altogether artistic, occupation. And yet the questions she brings up are tremendously interesting. You found yourself developing a theory of your own before you were half through "The Heavenly Twins," or "Ideala," although you had once vowed to yourself to have only one theory hencetorth, and that was-to have no theories. In her last book, "Babs the Impossible," she discusses the same question Henry James propounded in "The Awkward Age"-how much or how little a young girl should know about things she hadn't ought to (which is a femininism for you.) Babs is a young English girl, and so perhaps not to be judged by our standards. But certainly no American girl out of pinafores (and Americans never wear them), would show such sublime and idiotic innocence,

Whoever she kissed proposed to her, because she had golden hair, and she had a very good time of it, yet she is always mourning over how little she had been told, and how badly she had been brought Her figure is lively and lovable, and her impossibilities would not have seemed so unconventional anywhere out of the traditional atmosphere of an English country house. Cadenhouse, the man she finally recognizes as the one she loves, is a typical young Englishman of the aristocratic class, of conservative manners and nature, who always wears correct riding breeches and does the nice thing. He is well drawn, as are all the other characters in and about the country place of Babs' mother. Ridiculously limited as are the ideas on most subjects of these people, they are always "elegantly expressed," and five o'clock tea occurs with undisturbed regularity. is really dreadful to contemplate what would take place in the study of the English lady novelist (we don't have "lady novelists" in America) if twe o'clock tea were suddenly stricken from the English code of morals. The Heavenly Twins or Babs could never have made their humorously shocking remarks in any other mètier, for nowhere else would they have been in the least degree shocking. Jellybond, in "Babs," is tremendously well done. He is almost Dickenesque in his small, good natured hypocrisies, his idiosyncracies, his relations with all classes. The book as a whole is very entertaining in spite of "The Opinion."

("Babs," by Sarah Grand. Harper & Bros., New York.)

Miracles and Epigrams.

The author of that cleverly epigramatic book, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," will always command her market. She writes

as the very cleverest woman of fashion one has ever known talks. Her books have dash and verve. Her characters are complex, modern: people one would like to meet out at dinner. She has out now a new book of short stories called "Sirius, A Volume of Fiction," but to the reading public's surprise they find it full, not of epigrams only, but of mysticism. Odd, trials and tribulations are recorded in

one has never before chanced upon so strange a combination, epigrams with visions and miracles. It is a new and interesting side of her mental make-up Miss Fowler has betrayed. liant and incisive method is as fresh as ever, but it does not seem to go naturally with the new and singular mystical strain in which she dwells upon visions and miracles. At the time her first book appeared, a well-known critic said of Miss Fowler's work that it showed how she was yet enjoying life too well to entirely evade superficiality. Her season's social pleasures in London still colored her work. May this book of short stories not perhaps presage a transition period, through which she will pass to something more serious, or is it only containing earlier written tales and experiments, for which she "dived into her barrel?" At least we enjoy with her her "visions and miracles."

("Sirius." A Volume of Fiction. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. D. Appleton & Co., New York).

Mrs. Ward Discusses the Servant Question.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps prefers to write upon homely subjects, and up-

on subjects which particularly appeal other women. And into these simple themes she manages to put all her power of realism and feeling for comedy and pathos. In her last book, "The Successors of Mary the First," she is writing a discussion of the servant question, which, like charity, endureth forever, but is not kin. With delightful satire she narrates the experiences of an unpretentious family who have to struggle with this leviathan problem. To some the subject at first thought might appear a dull one; to others a light and humorous one, but Mrs. Ward has shown it to be a very serious one, with always the possibility of depressing occasions arising when there isn't any. Through her pages pass a procession of servants of various degrees of incompetency, obduracy, stupidity and carelessness.

full of a mistress who wrestles, to our sympathy and amusement, with densely unintelligent intelligence offices, and various societies for improving servants and protecting housekeepers.

("The Successors of Mary the First." By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston).

The Strength of Out-of-Doors.

The art of Mr. Hamlin Garland may be called a "soil-fed art." It springs directly from the large and simple life of

Americans in the West, and from direct contact with the large simplicity of its magnificent landscape. In direct contrast with the apparently (to the taste of many) attitudinizing style of such a writer as Henry James or his followers, it shows no conscious arrangement, "posing" of situations and characters. Mr. Garland's art is strong, and descends to no subterfuges. He pictures with a virile, large brush, and spends no time on mere ornamentation. For this very reason he dares to be picturesque as do few realistic writers. He selects picturesque incidents and effective contrasts, instead of the weird word effects, to exploit a paucity of color, or the subtleties of language to display a common-placeness of situation-which are often used by the other school. His prose, as his poetry, is full of a contagious love of nature.

His story, "Her Mountain Lover," by means of his cow-boy hero, and the mountain country he came from, blows into drawing-rooms like a fresh, invigorating breath of air. It is thoroughly American and thoroughly Colorado. The young miner, cow-puncher, and ranchman, Jim Matteson, is twenty-five, when he goes to London in order to sell part of a gold mine in which he is interested. On his way he "stops over" in Chicago and meets his partner's neice, a pretty girl, who makes a vivid impression upon him. Later, in London, he is "taken up" by a clever young woman of the world, an Irish girl, who is a novelist, and finding Matteson so "elemental and interesting," decides to study him and put the result into her next novel. Thereupon begins an affair between the two, which is entertaining for two reasons: it gives an opportunity for the big, broad-shouldered, honest-hearted child of nature to be pictured with a background of the most complex civilizations in the world, and also for the gradual development between the two of fascination and love. He is as alien in voice, words, accents and emotions to any one she has ever known before as she is to him, with her ultra-worldliness and quickness of mentality. She is charming, so he finds her for the time nearer to his inner nature than the pretty girl in Chicago, and asks her-a little thing-to marry him, that they may return together to the Colorado mountains. Here is where the London girl shows herself not big enough, but altogether too wise. He has captured both her imagination and affection, but she decides to bear the wound rather than make the risky experiment of trying to adjust her ways to his. "I fancied," she said, "you would be good game; you end by mastering me. You are bigger than I thought you were. When you go I'm going to be sorry—but the memory of you will be good." What cares Jim Matteson for these refinements of analysis? He has already grown homesick for his mountains, and seized by an uncontrollable longing, heads for Liverpool without even a farewell. Once up the gang-plank he has left all disturbing memories or regret behind. Now he is in very good humor for meeting the pretty Chicago girl again. She is shy of manner, rather spirited, wears blue shirtwaists, and altogether far more suitable. The end of the tale leaves them to their happiness in the midst of the beautiful mountain fastnesses, where the mine yields them untold gold. She is so absolutely girlish, ne so invincibly masculine, —it is a far better combination than with the London Mary, who is wild-hearted but hard-headed, a hybrid which only centers of thought breed. The charm of the book lies largely in the humor of Matteson's words and actions, and in the descriptions of natural scenery. But nothing in the book is more realistic than the personality of Mary herself. Read about her if you wish to know a new type.

("Her Mountain Lover," by Hamlin Garland. The Century Co., New York.) From Modern Chicago to Ancient Persia. Mrs. Reginald de Koven has had published another book. Her first was a story of fashionable society in Chicago, and the one lately re-

ceived, her second, goes back to the times of the Persian king, Artaxerxes, and depicts fashionable society in those days of splendor, "By the Waters of Babylon." She has joined the ranks of historic novelists, yet does not seem to belong to the romanticist school, for there is realism of an almost Zolaesque order in this tale which has for its central interest the passionate love of the sister of the king for a young Jewisa lad. Don't give this book to any young person you may have staying with you. It was not intended for her perusal. If you will notice the books of women writers very often are Evidently they write for men. Amytis, the king's beautiful sister, although married to a valiant general, falls in love, in the manner of Arnold's Potiphar's Wife, with a young Jew, whose character is above reproach, and whose morality is a wonder to the self-indulgent Persians. The Jew is in love with a maiden of his own people, who is in turn loved by the king himself. The priests of Bel, however, covet her for the temple. And the struggle for possession of her is bitter. The priests are aided by the Princess, who wishes the girl removed from her path. The denouement occurs through the priests overacting their roles and the king suddenly taking the part of the lovers, and bidding them be happy ever after.

("By the Waters of Babylon," by Mrs. Reginald de Koven. H. S. Stone Co., Chicago.)

A Tumble from Parnassus.

It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Crockett has also descended from "Parnassus Hill," and entered the arena with an

attempt at a sensational novel. His circle of readers have admired the very homeliness of his tales, their simplicity and lack of ambitious theme. He wrote a love story around a sun-bonnet—and it

Will the same audience like pleased. "Cinderella," his latest book, as well, or will he win new "gentle readers" by it? This is also a tale of homely domestic life, but there is also the tabasco of sensational plot thrown in. The combination is rather surprising. It is all about the adventures of a bag of priceless rubies, and the heroine is accused of stealing what are really her own jewels. manner of this and the manner of her vindication are certainly originally worked out. Mr. Crockett's renown is already so considerable that this book will probably neither add nor detract

("Cinderella," by S. R. Crockett. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Fictional Critique of Italian Society.

Signora Scarfoglio is one of the best known of Italian writers. She uses the nom de plume of Matilde

She has been a journalist for Serao. many years, and her husband is the editor of "Mattino," in Naples. The influences of these circumstances is shown in her latest book, "The Land of Cockayne," which is a study of present social conditions in the Neapolitan capital, dealing especially with the lottery and with the pernicious effect of such an institution upon the people. As a picture of Italian life in the south, the book is gra-The plot is well sustained and phic. highly dramatic, and some of the characters extremely interesting. This is not one of Signora Scarfoglio's most characteristic books, but as most of her later work is healthier in tone. The earlier seemed over-saturated with naturalism. The Mathilde Serao idea of naturalism is that it is the offspring of materialismthe artistic expression of it. "Science, or rather the abuse of science," she says, "has so far prostrated imagination and even art as to have made it her handmaid." Now, materialism seems to have driven the Italian novelist to take refuge in a sort of mysticism.

("The Land of Cockayne," by Matilde Serao. Harper & Bros., New York).

#### Another Historical Novel.

It is quite to be expected that when such a woman as Annie Nathan Meyer—trustee of Bernard

College, chairman of the Committee on Literature at the World's Fair, and clever impromptu speaker-turns her thoughts to novel making, an historical novel "Robert Annys: should be the result. Poor Priest. A Tale of the Great Uprising," is written in a style which is never dull. It has vigor, action, animation. "The Great Uprising" is that remarkable movement of the very poor against the very rich (one of so many), which took place in England toward the close of the fourteenth century. It was caused by the usual class of reasons-intense poverty of the laborers, restrictions put upon commerce, and also upon the free migration from place to place of those unfortunates in need of employment. But the economic grievances of the "man without a job" were further interrupted by that rather unmodern influence—overpowering religious feeling. The teachings of Wyclif and others had spread a feeling of discontent against the Church,-and especially against the churchmen, high in authority, rich in tithes and lands, who led lives of luxury which seemed to taunt the poverty-stricken peasantry with indifferent insolence. Robert Annys was one of those "russet priests," called "poor" by reason and by courtesy, who cast in their lot with the peasantry, and defying the Church urged on the uprising, in hope of touching the carefully guarded conscience of the king. By reason of this situation the book is spoken of as one inimical to Catholicism. Yet the finest character in the book is that drawn as the Bishop of Ely, and his statements in defense of the Church are the strongest made.

Robert Annys, russet-clad, ill-fed, walking from place to place and preaching anywhere—but in churches—is a very human and consequently not untempted person. His first temptation to leave his work among the ignorant common people comes when the powerful and venerable Bishop of Ely gives him the oppor-

tunity to preach in the great cathedral. The force and possibilities of large influence in the young enthusiast have been noted by the wise churchman, and he is offered a high place in the Diocese if he will re-enter the fold. He refuses, however, after the proper, dramatic amount of struggle for guiding light, and continues his meetings in the market places. The "poor priest" believes in marriage, so he becomes engaged to a young girl, who is lovely, saintly, but for whom he feels nothing more than affection. forthwith Rose Westel dawns upon the scene of his betrothel-Rose, beautiful, passionate, capricious, the incarnation of the temptation of the flesh. Unable to overcome his unquenchable longing for this entirely unworthy girl, or to find content longer with her cousin, he wanders away. At length, meeting her again, he is driven for safety into a monastery and straight back into the arms of the Church against which he had been preaching. Rose, meanwhile, having fallen in love with a young Marquis, becomes his mistress for the brief period before he tires of her and marries. Her career is a study in heredity, which offers some excuse for her impulsive and headstrong temperament. It is at her plea (in order to save the life of the Marquis) that Robert Annys comes out of the monastery to take control of his people during the uprising. Rose brings her unhappy life to an inherited end-by drowning herself.

Briefly outlined this is the story. The characters are neither complex or conceived with any especial originality, the scenes only historically correct, and the force of the tale lies in the power of The the emotion displayed. priest," successfully living down his temptations in the refuge of the Church, yet coming forth at the time of the uprising to the aid of his people, is a noble, but pitiable, figure. His deserted betrothed seems more justly to deserve the title of virtuous. We must own that the historical time and events of the book are far from the most interesting or significant that Mrs. Meyer could have chosen.

gives him the oppor. ("Robert Annys: Poor Priest. A Tale

of the Great Uprising." By Annie Nathan Meyer. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York.)

One of a Brilliant Coterie. Ten years ago a number of brilliant men were graduated from Princeton University. Booth Tark-

ington was among them, Walter Wycoff (author of "The Workers"), Jesse Lynch Williams, Robert Bridges, and Post Wheeler. The last-named is also the last to achieve fame, but his volume of verse just published bids fair to place him in the front ranks of the younger poets of promise. He calls it "Love-In-A-Mist," and it is spoken of as verse of a newspaper man, which is in no sense "newspaper verse." For many years readers of the "New York Press" have found a poem of his daily on the editorial page. They have been almost without exception lyric gems. He has evidently given of his best to his paper. The poems which have most appealed to his readers as well as to the author himself have been selected, retouched, and presented in a form worthy of their high quality. The book will touch that chord in the popular heart which is always responsive to a true expression of the passion that since song began has been the throned theme of the poet. Mr. Wheeler's genius as revealed thus far, seems to be entirely lyric, with a tinge of the reflective. If he has had any master it has been Tennyson.

After graduation from college, Mr. Wheeler went to Paris, where he was intimate with Israel Zangwill and Paul Verlaine. Later he lived in Morocco, with a Bedowa tribe in the mountains. He then returned to New York to receive the degree of Litt. D. from Princeton, and remained for several years. His last flight was to the wilds of the Alaskan country, where prospectors found him living with the Indians. So that his musical lyrics have been composed in the silences of the long, white Arctic night, as well as on the African desert.

("Love-In-A-Mist." By Post Wheeler. The Camelot Co., New York.)

A Frenchman, writing for both French American readers—that is how Georges Ohnet strike us in his new book, "In Deep Abyss"; it shows us how more and more foreigners study our types and imitate our ways, even our slang. M. Ohnet laments that his countrymen lack two of our most admired virtues, our traveling propensities and our physical strength. He places what purports to be the drawing of an American girl in his story-but she is rather coarse, an unpleasant creation, lacking the nervous cleverness of the actual type, but evidently in the Frenchman's eyes a fine creature. The story is that of the rescue of a young Frenchman condemned to lifeimprisonment on the island of Noumea. A suspicion has grown in the mind of a friend that the prisoner was guiltless of the murder for which he had been committed. The murdered one was a young girl. The friend persuades another friend of his belief, and they journey togethe to Noumea and successfully effect the escape of the convict. The tale then resolves itself into the solution of the prollem-who did commit the murder? complication occurs when they apparently discover the actual girl who was supposed to have been the victim. She turns out, however, to be only her double in appearance, and she herself confesses that jealousy on the part of her own lover had caused him to bring about the unjust condemnation of the young Frenchman. Thus the tale wags merrily on with no purpose but the engrossment of the reader. The actual murder, however (more thrills) was done by the woman at the instigation of her lover (and well-known villain of melo-drama). The book ends in a delightfully tragic manner by this girl committing suicide in the role of Juliet, that she is singing in the opera. Could anything be more entirely satisfactory and calculated to make one certain of an anodyne for forgetting realistic surroundings? As to the faults of the book, who will notice them-while under the influence of the anodyne?

("In Deep Abyss." By Georges Ohnet. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.)

## San Antonio, Texas, City of Parks

#### BY VINTON S. JAMES.

HE ancient but modern City of San Antonio lies on the plateau between the foot hills of the Guadalupe Mountains and the plains of Southwest Texas.

The San Antonio River rises in the northern part and meanders through the city, its erratic course often forming a letter S. The river bank is lined with the tall pecan, liveoak, elm, willow and many varieties of plant life. Its waters have a rapid current, with a clear greenish hue, sometimes flowing over gravelly shoals and forming into large deep pools, in which are many varieties of fish. The most prized is the black bass. The landing of La Salle on the coast of Texas, in 1685, followed by his death, and the proximity to French possession of Louisiana,

who established in 1715 a presidio on the west bank of the San Pedro, a small stream one-half a mile west and running parallel with the San Antonio River.

In 1731 an important event occurred on the arrival of thirteen families, pure Spaniards, from the Canary Islands. Their influence was immediately felt. Civilization and missionary work began now with a vengeance. Wild Indians are captured, brought into the presidios and forced to embrace Christianity. The foundation of the Mission Conception is laid one mile south of the Pueblo on the San Antonio River. The Apache Indians, who made their headquarters at Bandera Pass, fifty miles northwest of San Antonio, became a terror to the colony; their depredations even extended as far west



San Pedro Park Springs.

led France to lay claim to this entire territory. Spain hastened to remove this shadow from her title by sending a garrison of soldiers with Franciscian friars.

as the Rio Grande River. On May 8th, 1744, the building of the Alamo commenced, which, with its blood-stained history, afterwards made many men's

names famous in Texas history.

The next forty years elapsed without any unusual events transpiring, and in 1765 the population was hardly five hunworth of red paint and about one hundred and thirty dollars' worth of presents, and were sent away rejoicing. The undisciplined rebel army was in turn at-



Milam's Grave.

dred Europeans. In 1807, Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike, U. S. A., afterwards famous as an explorer, passed through San Antonio under escort bound for the States; he having lost his way with an exploring party and fell into the hands of the Spanish authorities in New Mexico and was carried to Santa Fe under arrest. In 1800 the population was 2,000 inhabitants, consisting mostly of Spaniards and Creoles, civilized Indians and halfbreeds, but few Americans and Frenchmen.

In March, 1813, a rebel army of adventurers, composed of Americans, Mexicans and Indians, captured San Antonio from the Royalists. Many of the hated Spanish were put to death, and the spoils were divided among the victors. The Indians received as their share two dollars'

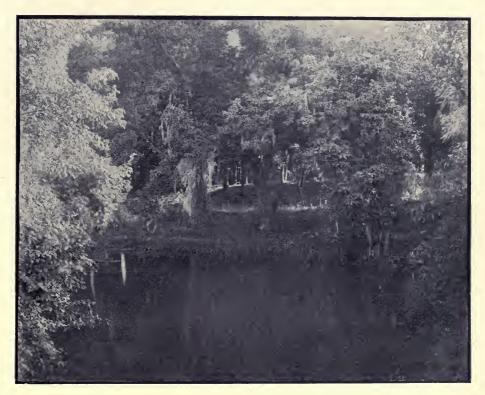
tacked by the reinforced Royalist troops of about 3,000 soldiers; the battle was against the rebels in the beginning, but the Texans fought with the fury of devils, and the Royalists were again defeated, with a loss of 1,000 men.

In August, 1813, Arrendondo, the Spanish general, surprised the rebel army and defeated them with slaughter. He entered San Antonio in great triumph. History runs along smoothly for many years. In 1833, Sam Houston, in company with James Bowie, visited San Antonio. Two years afterwards the colonists quarreled with Mexico and the war for Texas independence was on. General Burleson laid seige to San Antonio and after many efforts to capture the city he decided to abandon the fight when he received encouraging news from escaped American

prisoners, but which was insufficient to inspire him to make another effort, when a hero stepped out from the ranks of his faltering comrades and exclaimed: "Who will follow Old Ben Milam into San Antonio?" On December 5th, 1835, the storming of Bexar commenced and Milam was killed. His monument, lettered with his inspiring words, adorns a beautiful park bearing the same name. His grave, surrounded by weeping willows, orna-

Texan, was captured, the survivors butchered and their bodies burned on the Plaza. Here fell the gallant Crockett, Bowie and others. After annexation to the United States, in 1845, the town began to improve, and in 1856 its population was 10,000 souls.

The location of San Antonio as a military post was recognized by the Spanish, French, Mexican, Texan and our National Government, and almost successively for



Brackenridge Park.

mented with beds of beautiful flowers, lies almost in the shadow of some of San Antonio's most modern and costly buildings. On December 10th, General Cos surrendered to General Burleson, but the Texan's victory was not for long. On February 23rd, 1836, General Santa Ana, with a large army, appeared suddenly before San Antonio and demanded unconditional surrender on the 6th of March. After the most desperate fighting, the Alamo, the last shelter of defense for the

the past 200 years some military organization has been quartered here. Many famous generals of American history were commanders in San Antonio; such notables as General Harney, General Worth, Albert Sidney Johnson and Robert E. Lee. Fort Sam Houston is the second largest military post in the United States. It is beautifully located on a hill overlooking the city, ornamented with shade trees and well kept lawns. Some \$900,000 have here been expended by the

Government in improvements, exclusive of the site.

The Alamo is in a good state of preservation, but the three missions below town on the river are in a state of rapid decay.

The town tract of San Antonio comprises within its limits 38,000 acres of land. Here, formerly, were many irrigating ditches, but crowded thoroughfares have caused these agricultural projects to be abandoned. San Antonio has three daily papers and ten other pub-

persons who have here regained their health, and also by the crowded conditions of the hotels in the winter. The climate is dry and is sufficiently removed from the extremes of heat and cold to make it delightful the year round. Its altitude is 650 feet and its interesting relics, beautiful parks, sparkling waters and pure sanitation leave nothing to be desired for the tourist and health seeker. Natural gas and oil have been discovered near the city. At present the supply is



Brackenridge Park.

lications. The water supply is pure and furnished from artesian wells, with an even temperature of 70 degrees Fahr. There are 175 miles of water mains and 650 fire hydrants distributed over the city, with one large reservoir and two pump-houses. The sewer system has seventy-five miles of pipe and cost \$500,000, and is a perfect success. The reputation of San Antonio as a health resort is substantiated by the yest number of

not sufficiently developed for commercial purposes. San Antonio has the finest equipped and managed electric car system in the South; many improvements have lately been made; its roadbed in the business and principal resident streets is over asphalt and mesquite block roads, while in the suburbs macadam is used. It has forty-five miles of street car track and 100 electric cars in operation.

The river is spanned with thirteen iron

and six wooden wagon bridges. are three public natatoriums, one of 70 degrees Fr., one of hot sulphur water with highly curative qualities with a temperature ranging from 104 to 106 degrees, and hotel capacity sufficiently large to accommodate 100 people. The city has fifty public and private schools. The public schools have a fine reputation for learning, large commodious buildings supplied with all modern conveniences and saniconveniences, and its many resources. splendid location, many points of interest, fine hotels, pure water and beautiful parks make it the most interesting city and the most popular health resort in the South. Its population, according to the United States census for 1900, is 53,321 inhabitants, exclusive of the military post and three populous suburbs outside of the city limits, and which is almost 10,000 people more than any other city in the



Alamo Plaza Park and Post Office.

tary arrangements. The schools are ably managed by a Board of School Trustees elected by the people and free from politics. The streets in the business part of the city are paved with mesquite blocks, vitrified brick and rock asphalt, and there are at present under construction six miles of additional asphalt streets. The cash to pay for same when completed is in the city's depository. San Antonio is certainly up to date in Lone Star State.

In the Mayor's annual message for the year ending May 31st, 1900, he stated: "That the receipts for the city of San Antonio from all sources amounts to \$773,791. The bonded indebtedness of the city of San Antonio amounts to \$1,971,000, bearing interest, the average rate being 5.117 per cent. The receipts for the sinking fund was sufficient after paying \$50,-000 of bonded indebtedness and interest modern improvements, sanitation and Coupons to the amount of \$106,260, a bal-

ance was still in the hands of the Treasurer of \$67,809.78." No default in the payment of principal or interest on bonded debt or any other obligation has ever been charged to the city. The assessed valuation of real and personal property for the same years is \$31,621,-895, which is about 60 per cent of the cash value. Real estate and improvements owned by the city amounts to \$2,000,000, exclusive of the value of many

rabbits and squirrels still have their haunts. Many miles of beautiful drives have been lately laid out and so shaded by these grand trees that the sun in midday can hardly pierce its foliage. It has been the aim of the Hon. Ludwig Mahncke, the Park Commissioner, that "Prince of Gardeners," to improve the drives without the cost of sacrificing any of the natural beauty, and how well he has succeeded in this work of love is at-



Main Plaza and County Court House.

miles of paved streets. Brackenridge Park, at the source of the San Antonio River, is without any question the most beautiful natural park in the South. For hundreds of years this ideal spot, with its crystal water, beautiful foliage and many varieties of fern life has been protected by private ownership; large live oak trees, centuries old, laden with hanging moss in all its sombre grandeur,

tested to by all visitors. This magnificent park was the gift to the people of San Antonio from George W. Brackenridge, whose personality will ever be associated with his beautiful charity to the people of his home city, and his name will be as everlasting as the park. San Pedro Park, at the head of the San Pedro, is famous for its transparent waters, alive with many varieties of fish, which can be seen tangled wild wood in which the quail, sporting in the clear water, many grass

plots, walks shaded with the tall pecan, graceful elm and giant cottonwood trees. All credit is due to the Hon. Marshall Hicks, the present Mayor, who reclaimed the park from the most woeful neglect of former administrations. Many other lovely parks adorn the city's thoroughfares, giving ample breathing spots for the people. Alamo Plaza, Main Plaza, Travis Park and many others are distributed over the city and are beautifully kept.

Among the many points of interest at Brackenridge Park is the deer inclosure, in which many graceful deer and fawns are to be seen gamboling under the beautiful trees. The Park Commissioner hopes soon to include some elk and buffalo.

The Zoo at San Pedro Park contains many rare specimens of bird and animal life, while on the lake sport many beautiful water fowl.

In the center of Travis Park is the commanding Confederate Monument, erected by the "Daughters of the Confederacy." Beautiful flowers and roses bloom luxuriously in the many parks the year round.

The following is a list of San Antonio's parks with the area of each:

Name—	Area.
Main Plaza Park	1½ acres
City Hall Park	1½ acres
Alamo Plaza Park	2 acres
Travis Park	4 acres
Maverick Park	4 acres
Madison Square	6 acres
Crockett Square	7 acres
Milam Square	6 acres
Franklin Square	4 acres
Washington Park	3 acres
City Hospital Park	2 acres
South Heights Park	6 acres
Seventh Ward Park	½ acre
Moser Park	½ acre
Jones Park	⅓ acre
Lippold Park	¼ acre
Market House Park	2¼ acres
Walton Peteet Park	½ acre
San Pedro Park	60 acres
Brackenridge Park3	00 acres

Eighth Ward Park, one and a half acres, and Seeligson Park, one acre.

The Mayors' Convention was held at San Antonio on the 19th of April and was attended by over 100 representatives of the principal cities of Texas. A Mexican supper followed by a banquet in their honor was celebrated in San Pedro Park Pavilion. The waiters on this occasion were beautiful señoritas, daughters of our best Mexican citizens. Their services were complimentary and performed in such a graceful and charming manner that captivated many a heart in that municipal gathering. The "Battle of Flowers" parade celebrated the anniversity of Texas independence, the battle of San Jacinto. The beautiful natural floral decorations, representing historic events in Texas, were viewed by thousands of spectators.

West End Lake, on the western border of the city, has many beautiful homes surrounding its shores, and during the Winter many flocks of wild ducks are daily seen swimming on the lake. Of all the many interesting drives, with its fine gravel roadbed, none surpass Roosevelt avenue, named after the gallant Roosevelt, who here within the shade of the historic missions organized the famous Rough Riders' Regiment. Here many volunteers of the aristocratic, rich and pampered young men of New York found comrades in that rough product of the plains, the cowboy.

San Antonio is in the center of a fine hunting and fishing region. It is also the headquarters of the live stock trade of Western Texas. The Union Stock Yards has a cold storage plant and is well patronized. The Southern Pacific, I. & G. N. R. R., S. A. & A. P. and Gulf Shore Railroads have their separate depots here and in May next the M. K. & T. Railroad completes its track to the city. The San Antonio Brewery, with a capital and improvements of \$1,000,000, is one of the best paying institutions in the South. The Lone Star Brewery has handsome improvements and a large trade.

The San Antonio International Fair commences October 19th and closes October 30th, 1901. Texas and Mexico will

Twenty parks. Total.....409 1/2 acres

Plans have also been made for the becrepresented by the many varied pro-

ducts on exhibition common to both countries.

Marshall Hicks, the present Mayor, is now serving his second term and is the most progressive executive that has ever graced the office. He is only 35 years of age and has performed wonders for the city's improvement in paved streets, beautiful drives and ornamental public buildings. His zeal in the pursuit of his the greatest State in the Union.

Texas is only in her infancy. Her broad rich prairie lands are capable of sustaining a dense population. Her great hidden treasures are jealously guarded, and lately a miracle has been performed at Beaumont, Texas, where fifteen oil wells are now in operation, three of which furnishes a supply of fuel oil equal to one-half of the entire production of the



Brackenridge Park.

arduous municipal duties is guided by the highest principles. His temperate habits and the quiet and pure life of his home furnishes him with rest and recuperation. He has many qualifications as an executive officer, as an orator, tireless energy, splendid intellect, and his popularity with the masses would be a credit as chief executive to the grandest and soon to be

world supply, and furnishes a long felt want for Texas manufacturers. This is only the beginning of an era of prosperity. These wonderful fields for investment will attract the idle capital of the world and before many years the growth of Texas will be phenomenal, the extent of which will surpass the wildest dreams of her pioneers.



# FREE TRIAL

## Death to Hair

ROOT AND BRANCH



New Discovery by the MISSES BELL.

A Trial Treatment Free two stamps for mailing. to Any One Afflicted with Hair on Face

We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that too without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin.

.. The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, which they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALL-HAIR," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent free of charges, to any lady who will write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment, "KILL-ALL-HAIR," will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women. ....

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending

THE MISSES BELL,

Neck or Arms. Univ Calif - Digitized by 78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A REMARKABLE OFFER TO OVER LAND MONTHLY SUBSCRIBERS.

## NEW 20TH

# Century Encyclopaedia Britannica

### 31 VOLUMES

Our circulation department has arranged with the publis hers to advertise and distribute for them, on the Pacific Coast, the first edition of this work and at the same time increase our own circulation. With this end in view we have set aside, with the compliments of the publishers, for distribution, while they last,

### ABSOLUTELY FREE

each alternate book throughout the entire set together with one year's subscription to the OVERLAND MONTHLY.

#### IT CONTAINS

16,509 separate articles.

3,399 articles written and signed by specialists, or 142 per volume.

16,255 pages compiled by special contributors, forming

four-fifths of the entire work. 338 full-page engraved plates, containing over

900 separate illustrations. 675 maps and plans, including 237 colored

Nearly 12,000 illustrations, exclu-

AMERICAN

sive of

maps and plans.

#### 12,000,000 More Words

than the largest English dictionary extant. It

has been prepared

at a cost of

about

\$3,000,000

Britannica is a library so complete that it covers the entire range of human knowledge and is so reliable that it has become the standard of all English speaking countries. It means for you the help of the world's greatest specialists in every department.

The

Can you afford to be without it?

Cut out the attached inquiry blank an mail it to us, or send a postal giving name nd address; on receipt of same a brief besume of the plan of distribution concisely set forth will be promptly forwarded.

#### OVERLAND MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION CLUB.

206 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal.

I am interested in your proposition relative to the distribution of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and I should be pleased to have you forward sample pages and other information.

Name

Street

State . . . . . . . . . . . . .





## MAJESTIC

MALLEABLE IRON AND STEEL

## RANGE

Increasing Sales Each Day: Increasing Satisfaction for Ambitious Home Keepers.

### WHY?

Works equally well with wood, hard or soft coal. Heats all the water needed almost instantly. Saves one-half the cost of fuel. Does not clog with ashes or clinkers nor allow smoke and dust to escape into the kitchen. Made of the very best grade of malleable iron, cannot crack or break, saving annoyance and expense-flues lined with ashes tos board one-fourth inch in thickness. Entire range riveted (not bolted), air-tight and dust-tight-Works well all the time, and lasts for generations.

Ask for the new booklet "All About Majestic Ranges and Kitchen Arrangement." Postal brings it.

#### Majestic Mfg. Co.,

2014 Morgan St. St. Louis, U. S. A.

The booklet will be furnished and full information given by the following dealers, who carry a stock of MAJESTICS and can fill orders promptly.

McCabe-Johnson Co., Spokane, Washington; Louis E. Spear Co., San Francisco, Cal.; Salt Lake Hdwe Co., Salt Lake City, Utah; Harper & Reynolds Co., Los Angeles, Cal; Pier Hdwe Co., Portland, Oregon; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash.; Coffin & Northrup Co., Boise City, Idaho.

# California

GREATEST SUMMER AND WINTER RE-SORT IN THE WORLD

Best reached via the

VARIOUS ROUTES

of the

## Southern Pacific

Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of routes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

Southern Pacific

Write to

4 Montgomery St., 349 Broadway, San Francisco. New York. 238 Clark St., Chicago. Rolling

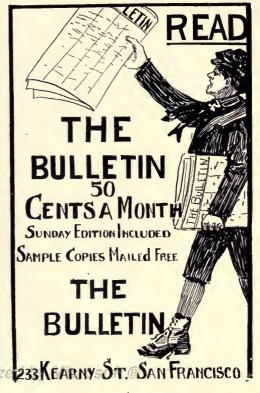
# Rolling Inn

Swift and splendid rolling on the California Limited San Francisco to Chicago in 75 hours

# Santa Fe

Ticket Office, 641 Market St.





# To Our Readers:

Since the OVERLAND MONTHLY changed ownership one year ago, its improvement has been continuous. Its circulation has steadily increased. Many thousand new subscribers have been added to its lists.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY is practically the only illustrated magazine of the West. We intend that this fact shall be thoroughly recognized and no efforts will be spared to increase its popularity.

We want the friends of our subscribers as regular readers. We therefore ask you to send to us on the accompanying blanks the names and addresses of your friends and acquaintances. It will be a favor to us and to them, for the attractions of the OVERLAND MONTHLY will be at once placed before them. We thank you in advance.

F. MARRIOTT, Publisher.

### FILL OUT THESE BLANKS WITH THE NAMES OF YOUR FRIENDS.

Name	Name
Address	Address
Name	Name
Address	Address
Name	Name
Address	Address
Name	Name
Address	Address
Name	Name
Address	Address
Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®	

# California

------

CREATEST SUMMER AND WINTER RE-SORT IN THE WORLD

Best reached via the

VARIOUS ROUTES

## Southern Pacific

Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of routes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

### Southern Pacific

Write to

4 Montgomery St., 349 Broadway, San Francisco. New York. 238 Clark St., Chicago.



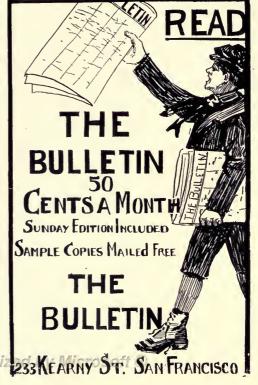
# Rolling Inn

Swift and splendid rolling on the California Limited San Francisco to Chicago in 75 hours

## Santa Fe

Ticket Office, 641 Market St.





# To Our Readers:

Since the OVERLAND MONTHLY changed ownership one year ago, its improvement has been continuous. Its circulation has steadily increased. Many thousand new subscribers have been added to its lists.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY is practically the only illustrated magazine of the West. We intend that this fact shall be thoroughly recognized and no efforts will be spared to increase its popularity.

We want the friends of our subscribers as regular readers. We therefore ask you to send to us on the accompanying blanks the names and addresses of your friends and acquaintances. It will be a favor to us and to them, for the attractions of the OVERLAND MONTHLY will be at once placed before them. We thank you in advance.

F. MARRIOTT, Publisher.

### FILL OUT THESE BLANKS WITH THE NAMES OF YOUR FRIENDS.

Name	Name
Address	Address
Name	Name
Address	Address
Name	Name
Address	Address
Name	Name
Address	Address
Name	Name
Address Univ Calif - Digitize	Addressd by Microsoft ®

### FILL OUT THESE BLANKS WITH THE NAMES OF YOUR FRIENDS.

Name	Name
Address	Address
Name	Name
Address	Address
	N
Name	Name
Address	Address
Name	Name
Address	Address
Name	Name
Address	Address
Name	Name
Address	Address
Name	Nama
Name	Name
Address	Address
N	Nama
Name	Name
Address	Address



A scene on the MURPHY RANCH, near Sunnyvale.

## Crossman & Orvis, Agents

42 E. SANTA CLARA ST., SAN JOSE, CAL. Lands for sale in all parts of Santa Clara County.

WRITE US FOR CATALOGUES OF OUR PROPERTIES

## AUTOMOBILES

WE BUILD TO ORDER



Gasoline Automobiles
Steam Automobiles
and Automobile Parts

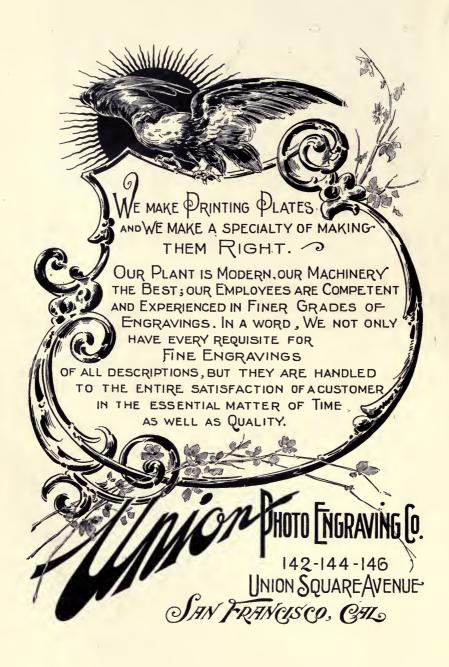


All Automobiles Built by this Company are Guaranteed for One Year. Automobiles cared for, repaired, and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on Monthly Payment Plan.

## California Automobile Co.,

FACTORY: 346 McAllister St., Tel. Jessie 366. MAIN OFFICE: 222 Sansome St. W. L. H. GELDERT, AGENT,
6 North 2nd St. San Jose Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO.





California Advertiser.

Devoted to the Leading Interests of California and the Pacific Coast.

As An Adver tiser

You desire to reach people of wealth and refinement on the on Pacific coast? \* \* \* \* There is no more direct manner to do this than through the columns of the 5.F. News Letter \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Established in 1856 it has ever enjeyed circulation and influence \*\*
wherever read not equalled by any
other publication. Its contents are
of a character which make its
certain that every reader wills.
peruse each issue carefully.
Get sample copy and rates from
any advertising agent.

\* \* \* F. Marriott \* \*

5½ Kearny St., San Francisco

#### IRVING INSTITUTE

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

#### 2126 CALIFORNIA STREET

Accredited to the Universities. Conservatory of Music, Art, and Elocution.

For Catalogue address the Principal. Reopens Aug.

REV. EDWARD CHURCH, A. M.

#### SHORTHAND

Sentences written in an hour by the PERNIN, non-shad-

ing, non position, connective vowel method. Highest World's Fair award. Taught by mail, Instructor, \$2.00. FREE LESSON and circulars. Taught by mail, Self-Write H. M. PERNIN, Author, Detroit, Mich.

#### The Music of our Churches

would be greatly improved if more organists and singers knew the methods of the

#### New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

We will send to any one interested an illustrated catalogue and all particulars relating to our School of Music and Elocution.

George W. Chadwick, Mus. Direc. Address all correspondence to

FRANK W. HALE, Gen. Man., Boston, Mass.

## Saint John's School

Santa Barbara. Cal.

COLLEGE PREPARATORY AND FINISHING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, located in the healthful and beautiful Montecito Valley, three miles from the city of Santa Barbara. The members of the Faculty are all graduates of leading universities,

The course prepares for eastern and western

The course prepares for easiern and western universities and scientific schools.

For particulars and for catalogues address the Head Master, REV. ALFRED H. BROWN, at DELHI, N. Y., until September 1st.; after that date at Santa Barbara.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Gold Medal, Paris, 1900. E. & S. CALIFORNIA.

Stands without a peer in point of purity and deliciousness.

Sold by all first-class druggists and grocers.

50c. and \$1.00 a bottle.

EKMAN-STOW CO.,

No. 1 Montgomery street. **OROVILLE** CALIFORNIA

## A. Zellerbach & Sons

PAPER.. OF ALL KINDS

416-426 Sansome St., S. F.

Los Angeles Branch-311 N. Main St.

#### BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

TELEPHONE MAIN 199.

Dealers in

55-57-59-61 First St., S F. Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles, Cal. Blake, McFall & Co., Portland, Or.

#### Bed Wetting Cured

MOTHERS should know NATURE'S treatment that NEVER fails to CURE ANY case of involuntary wetting the bed in children or old people. Strengthens the body and mind, and A Positive Cure. For information address,

DR. A. T. NOE, Kirksville, Mo.

Ladies to do plain needlework for us at home. We furnish materials and pay \$7 to \$10 per week. Send stamped envelope to STANDARD CO.. Desk, O M., Indiana Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

## PAINLESS AND PERMANENT HOME CURE ORDINATION A Trial Treatment Free. Sent to anyone addicted to the use of Morphine, Opium or other drug habit. Contains Vital Principle heretofore unknown and lacking in all others. We restore the nervous and physical systems and thus remove the cause. Confidential correspondence invited from all. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, 46 P. Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

BYRON MALTAY PIANOS WILL SOR ST. S. F.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

## DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 53 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of simi-

lar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them. I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe.

**HEADQUARTERS** 

## **Telegraphic Codes**

All the Standard Codes and Ciphers Kept in Stock

#### JOHN PARTRIDGE

Importing and Manufacturing Stationer

Printer, Lithographer and Bookbinder

306 California St., bet. Battery & Sansome
San Francisco, Cal.

Send your Magazines to me to have them Bound Telephone Main 614

The

## Murdock Press

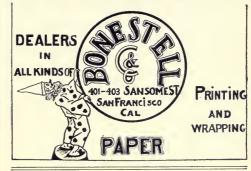
C. A. Murdock & Co.

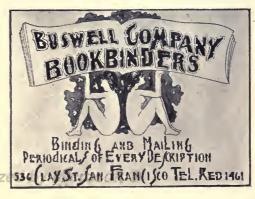
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS

532 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal.









one in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1901 model bicycle of our manufacture. YOU CAN MAKE \$10 TO \$50 A WEEK besides having a wheel to ride for yourself,

Models High Grade \$10 to \$ & '99 Models Best \$7 to \$ 500 Second Hand Wheels \$3 many good as new....

We ship any bicycle ON APPROVAL to anyone without a cent deposit in advance and allow

absolutely

in ordering from us, as you do not need to pay

a cent if the bicycle does not suit you.

DO NOT BUY a wheel until you have written for our FACTORY PRICES and FREE TRIAL OFFER. This liberal offer has never been equaled and is a guarantee of the quality of our wheels, a reliable person in each town to distribute catalogues for us in bicycle. Write today for free catalogue and our special offer.

WE WANT a reliable exchange for a bicycle.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEP'T 32 P., Chicago.

# Dr. Lyon's

## **Tooth Powder**

AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.



THE AURAPHONE is a new invention which will restore the hearing of any one not BORN deaf. Invisible in the ear, causing no discomfort. Send for Pamphlet,—malled Free. Address F. F. FINLAY, 529 Ellis St., San CURED Francisco. Francisco.

#### YPEWRITERS GREAT BARGAINS



We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast.

Send for Catalogue.

Supplies of standard guality always on hand.

The Typewriter Exchange 536 California St., San Francisco. Tel. Main 2



Sewing Machines

STANDARD PATTERNS Scatalogues Free

J. W. EVANS

1021 Market St., near 6th, South Side



## \* HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA.



The soceity resort, winter and summer, of California; fifty minutes from San Francisco; sixteen trains daily each way: Otis passenger and baggage elevators; ·electric lights; service, tables, and appointments not excelled by any hotel; dark room for amateur and professional photographers. Average thermometer in the winter months 64 degrees, excelling the temperature of Mentone, the famous health resort of Southern France. Open all the year. The climate will give immediate relief to the worst case of asthma, and seldom fails to permanently Special rates by the month.

There is no more handsome, cure. comfortable or desirable hotel in the United States than the Hotel Rafael, with its beautiful grounds, handsome cottages, elegant drives, magnificent scenery, and all forms of amusements. No finer tennis courts, bowling alleys and club house can be found.

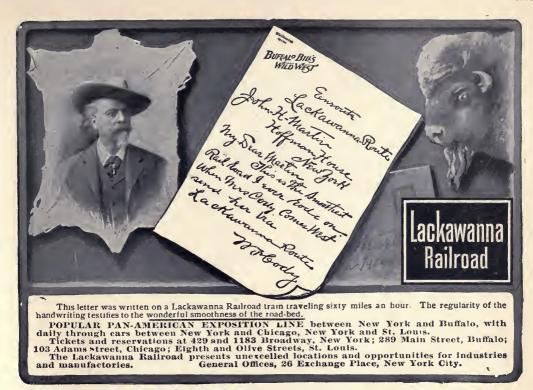
#### Rates:

By the day.....\$2.50 upward (According to room.)

By the week......\$15.00 upward



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®







WHY?

T pleases the fastidious because it is made of clean materials, it satisfies the careful ones because of its purity, it appeals to the economical because it can always be bought at a reasonable price; there are many others, no doubt, who use it without thought of materials, purity or cost, simply because they find it pleasant for their toilet and bath. Whatever their reasons may be Ivory Soap is used by a majority of the cleanly, comfort-seeking people; if you who do not use it will but try Ivory Soap you will have your own reasons why. Valif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST



OCTOBER 1901

PRICE TEN CENTS Univ Calif - Dig ized by Vicrosoft @

## Arlington Hotel

## Santa Barbara

## The Finest Summer Climate

Sea bathing every day in the year. The best green turf golf links in California. Five minutes' street car ride from the hotel. Special low rates during the summer.

E. P. DUNN, Proprietor.

# Round the World Tours

30TH SEASON, 1901 DEPARTURES:

From San Francisco....October 15 From San Francisco....October 31

Illustrated descriptive programmes on application.

Nile Programmes now ready.

THOS. COOK & SON,
621 Market Street, San Francisco.

## GOLD SEAL" Rubber Hose



#### IS THE BEST MADE

Rubber Belting and Packing-Boots and Shoes

Mackintoshes and Raglans

ALL KINDS OF RUBBER GOODS

#### GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.

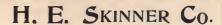
R. H. Pease. President.

F. M. Shepard Jr., Treas, C. F. Runyon, Sec'y,

PORTLAND

SAN\_FRANCISCO

73-75 FIRST ST. 573-5-7-9 MARKET ST.



416 Market St., Below Sansome San Francisco



Navajo Indian Blankets, Baskets, Curios, Fire Arms, Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle.

Send for Catalogues.

## The California Commercial Guaranty Co.

Collects **Bad Bills** and **Ac=counts** in all parts of California **for Members Free.** 

#### **GRATIS**

Furnishes Legal Advice (written or oral) on all subjects.
Gives Legal Consultations at any hour.
Furnishes competent and reliable attorneys to defend all suits and actions brought against its members.
Supplies correspondents in all parts of the United States.

Many other advantages.

Membership Fee, \$25 a year.

CALIFORNIA COMMERCIAL GUARANTY GOMPANY, 40 Chronicle I dg, San Francisco. F. A. JARRIOTT, Manager.

## \* \* \* A TRIAL FREE \* \* \*

# TAR=PINE Catarrh Cure.



A New Discovery that Positively Cures, The Greatest Boon Ever Offered to Sufferers from Those Dread Diseases—CATARRH and HAY FEVER.

NOTHING LIKE IT UNDERTHE SUN

BELL DRUG CO.,
4 and 6 East 14th Street,

Thousands have studied and experimented for years to discover a remedy that would not only relieve but cure catarrh and hay-fever, absolutely and permanently, but all have failed in giving any more than merely temporary relief...We have the only positive and complete remedy in our

#### TAR-PINE CATARRH CURE

and the reason for this is simply in the fact that we have used in the formula new remedies that have never before been tried in the treatment of catarrh and hay-fever.

In order that everyone afflicted may have an opportunity of testing the merits of our remedy, we will send absolutely free, a trial treatment of our Tar-Pine Catarrh Cure, to anyone who will write for it, and enclose two two cent postage stamps for mailing. . . You can use the trial treatment and see for yourself the great good you will derive from it... Our treatment contains absolutely new ingredients which have never before been used in curing catarrh and hay-fever... They are the result of a recent discovery by one of the greatest medical authorities in the world, whose name the ethics of the medical profession prohibit us from making known......

Send for the trial treatment at once and obtain immediate relief... There is no reason why you should still suffer when the remedy is so easily within your reach... Remember, the trial treatment is absolutely free, if you send us two two cent stamps for mailing.

## Overland Monthly

#### AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

## OCTOBER, 1901

#### **CONTENTS:**

Frontispiece	н	Yow
The Chinese Question	.Ho Yow	249
Illustrated by Arnold Genthe.		
Pablo Guticrrez and the "Americanos."	Mary Harding	259
Story. Illustrated by William Lewis	3.	
As a Little Child	. Helen E. Richardson	262
Story.		
Recollections of Lincoln and Seward	.James Matlack Scovel	265
San Francisco Diplomatic Corps	.W. J. Weymouth	272
Illustrated from Photographs.		
The Man with the Cap	.Sol. N. Sheridan	278
Story. Illustrated by William Lewis	3.	
The Triumph of Seha	.John G. Neihardt	282
Story.		
The Days of Gold	.Jessie T. Aitken	285
Story.		
The Constitution and the Territories	.N. P. Chipman	289
The Banyan Tree at Avalon	.Benjamin F. Field	305
Poem. Illustrated by E. B. Brown	n.	
Beno Slim	.George D. Abbott	306
Story.		
On the Firing Line	.George S. Evans	309
Story.		
Two Privates and a Corporal	.Cecil M. Marrack	310
Story.		
Alkali Plains	.Amy Dudley	312
Poem.	•	
A Matter of Opinion	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	313
Editorial.		
Current Books	.Grace Luce Irwin	314

FREDERICK MARRIOTT, Publisher, 5½ Kearny St., San Francisco. Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter.

Subscribers not receiving the Overland Monthly regularly, will confer a favor on the publisher by notifying the office zed by Microsoft  ${\mathbb R}$ 

The OVERLAND MONTHLY will be sent postpaid for one year to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, for one dellar; single numbers, 10c. For back numbers more than 3 months old, 5c additional for each month. Postage to foreign countries is 60c per annum. Money may be sent by express order, P. O. money order, bank draft, or registered letter. Money sent in letters is at senders' risk. When change of address is desired always give former address.

## Eames Tricycles



An Ideal Machine that brings the pleasures of cycling within the reach of all; any one that can walk can ride one of these wheels.

We have also Tricycles for those who require something to propel with the hands, and easy Pneumatic-tired Rolling Chairs for Invalids.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

#### EAMES TRICYCLE CO.

2100 Market Street San Francisco . . . Silver in every form and finish

**Prevents Silver Wear** 

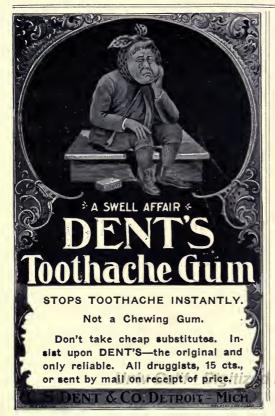
## ELECTRO SILICON

Lessens Silver Care.

It cleans without a blemish.

Cliff St., New You

Redington & Co., San Francisco, Cal., Wholesale Agents for Pacific Coast.





## A GOOD INVESTMENT

A few shares of stock for sale. The Automobile craze has been the means of immensely increasing our business. Men of business will readily see the great opportunity now presenting itself to invest with a company who have the facilities for turning out machines, not alone of a high grade but possessing speed and durability. For full particulars address

## California Automobile Co.,

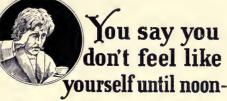
222 SANSOME STREET

FACTORY, 346 McALLISTER STREET.

'PHONE JESSIE 366.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

## An Experiment.



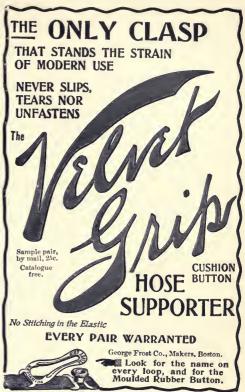
You had Coffee for breakfast~ Try an experiment:

Drink



#### GROCERS EVERYWHERE

"Drop a postal to 64 Irving Place, N. Y., for free booklet and mention name of your grocer if he does not carry our goods,"



### **Prints**

directly from the face of the type like a Printing Press.



The "Beautiful Work" of the

Yost

Typewriter

has made it famous.

United Typewriter and Supplies Co.,
327 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. 177220

#### SIMPLICITY SPEED DURABILITY

Three things you should insist on having when purchasing a typewriter.

#### THE FOX

combines all these features as in no other machine.



Model 3, 76 characters. Model 4, 88 characters.

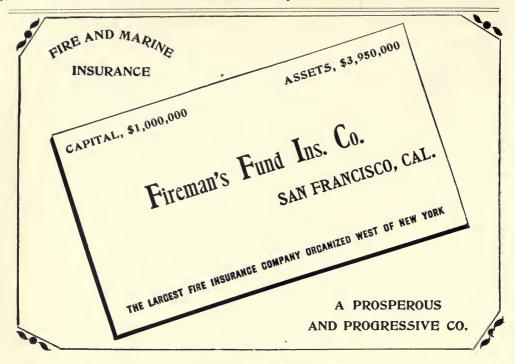
During the time "The Fox" has been on the market it has gained a reputation for

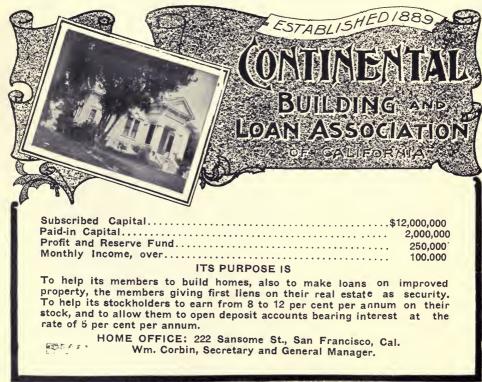
#### Honest Construction

that is unequalled. New Models have every Automatic feature. Art Catalogue on request.

AFOX TYPEWRITER CO.,

\$ Grand Rapids, - N ተ Grand Rapids, - N









Ho Yow, Chinese Consul-General at San Francisco.

# Uverland Monthly October, 1901.

No4



COLONY ILLUSTRATED BY

IMPERIAL (HINESE CONSUL-GENERAL \*\*
TO THE PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ARNOLD GENTHE.

HE Labor Council of San Francisco . has brought up the question of the exclusion of the Chinese from the United States, and I therefore deem it appropriate to say a few words on the ward by the labor unionists to the admission of the Chinese are, I understand, upon the following grounds:

First: That the Chinese work for cheaper wages than the whites, thereby



subject, for we think by raising the bar against the Chinese and permitting them to come into this country, commerce as well as labor will be greatly benefited

ruining the labor market.

Second: That the Chinese send their money back to China.

Third: That the Chinese are an unthereby. The main objections put for cleanly class and will bring undesirable Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft (8)



diseases into this country to infect your homes.

Fourth: That they take the work away from the American laboring classes.

Fifth: That if the bars are raised against the Chinese they will come in great numbers to swamp the country.

I will answer them according to this list of reasons and in this order.

As to the Chinese working for cheaper wages than the whites, it is now generally known throughout the country that the Chinese demand higher wages than even the best of the white laboring class, notwithstanding which there is still a great demand for Chinese labor.

While it is true, to a certain extent, that the Chinese send their savings to China, in our opinion this is beneficial to all, for by doing so their relatives and a certain class of Chinese in China become wealthy enough to consum or buy many of the luxuries and products from this country which are now beyond their knowledge and reach. Money must circulate. If the Americans had not made their money, as many of them did, through the European market, there would not be as much gold as there is at present in this country.

As to the question of cleanliness, the Chinese laboring class is just as clean as the corresponding class of any other nationality. If a comparison could be instituted right here in San Francisco of the same classes in all nationalities, my statement would be verified. The Chinese in this country must be regarded, generally, as of the laboring class and





Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



adjudged as such. It is unfair to compare the Chinese laboring classes with the white middle or higher classes. There is no reason why the Chinese are likely to introduce more dangerous diseases into this country than any similar classes from other countries. Were the Chinese responsible for the great historical plague of London? There were no Chinese in

and spiteful.

That they take away the work of the Americans: In our opinion this has very little effect on the labor market. We contend that the Chinese do a different class of work than the true white laborers. The Chinese work at manual, unskilled occupations, doing a lower class of work than the great majority of the whites. The Americans are more skilled, requir-

London then. The Chinese are laboring under many disadvantages, but there is no reason why they should be made into bacilli to suit the pleasure of the selfish and high manipulative and administrative ability, fitting them particularly for foremen, engineers, draftsmen, high-grade mechanics, and the like, while the Chinese do more of fruit picking, truck gardening, and work of a lower type, and are not what would be considered skilled laborers. The Chinese, in a measure, do conflict with the imported paper labor of Europe, which in no sense can be termed typical American white labor.

As to the contention that if the bars against the Cninese are raised they will come here in great numbers to swamp the country: It is not generally known, but it is nevertheless so, that the Chinese who come to this country are natives of the Province or State of Kwong Tung, in the south of China. The inhabitants of this province are limited in number. All the Chinese here are from this province of Kwong Tung, and they speak quite a dif-



ing and possessing technical educationitized by Microsoft ®

ferent dialect or language from the Chinese of the other eighteen provinces of China. No Chinese from these other provinces will migrate to this country, nor have they ever done so. They have no friends here, and could not converse with the Chinese in America. quently, even were the bars raised, no inducement could tempt these strange Chinese to come here. Even assuming that the Chinese from the provinces other than Kwong Tung should conclude to migrate to this country in after years, it would then be time to raise the question of restriction. In other countries where the Chinese can now go without restraint or hindrance, no Chinese from any other province but this province of Kwong Tung, excepting, possibly a few from the province of Fukien, have ever gone in any number. We further submit that the exclusion of the Chinese will not do any good while the unskilled pauper laborers of different countries are allowed to come here. It is just like shutting the back door to the Chinese and letting all the others come in at the front.

We do not for a moment advocate the exclusion of all such classes, but simply point out the folly of Chinese exclusion. By admitting the Chinese, this country would gain many more advantages than it does from the admission of the same classes from other countries. You would get commercial and other beneficial returns from China in a large and profitable measure, while you would not get half as much from the others. Many countries whose emigrants you are admitting are manufacturers themselves, and keen commercial rivals of America: therefore you would not get much from that quarter, whereas the Chinese at present are nonmanufacturers and but limited producers. They require, and will require, your manufactured goods and products as fast as you can supply them. This is a very propitious time for America to profit in just such a way. The recent trouble in China has placed the Chinese confidence in the Americans through the noble stand that the United States has taken. admitting the Chinese, they will, by constant intercourse with Americans, be-



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



come a good medium for the introduction of your goods and products into their country. The Chinese have hitherto developed this State and built your railroads. Without them the far-reaching Central Pacific, Southern Pacific and Canadian Pacific railway systems would never have been built. There are at this day many industries which could not

have been started, nor would they have flourished, without the help of the Chinese. There are many branches of trade that cannot do without them. By employing Chinese labor you get your money's worth of faithful, steady toil, and, at the same time, those admitted help to manufacture goods for you to supply to China at a profit to yourself, thus using the



Univ Calit - Digitized by Microsoft (9)

Chinese to doubly benefit your country. By excluding the Chinese, the truly American laboring class is not actually benefited; in reality, it is an advantage to the pauper labor of other countries. No country can trade exclusively among themselves, for trade is barter. By placing a wall between China and the United States, the trade of the two countries must necessarily suffer. The demand in China for your products will, in time, be equivalent to about one-half of your total export trade to the world.

As far as the moral nature of the Chinese is concerned, as compared with the whites, it is proven and universally admitted that the Chinese are a sober, temperate, and industrious class; they are intelligent and easy to control, and their commercial integrity is second to none in the world, which is a very essential consideration in commercial as well as in social life. It is true that there are

vices among the Chinese, just as there are among the whites. There is this distinction, however; the vices of the Chinese have been forced prominently before the public. They have a way of regulating their vices; therefore, to the casual observer they are prominent, while among other races the vices are hidden under various masks. Therefore, it is unfair to say that the Chinese bring their vices here, and that they affect the morality of the white classes. If the Chinese gamble at all, they gamble among themselves. Life itself is but a gamble.

I take this opportunity of bringing this matter before the American people, trusting to their high sense of honor and fairness, and believing that they will allow the Chinese their just rights, in keeping with the Divine and common laws. For it is the Golden Rule to do unto others as you would that others would do unto you.





Ho Yow's Card (Actual Size.)



Pablo. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

#### Pablo Gutierrez and the "Americanos."

#### BY MARY HARDING.

HE day was warm and the outlook picturesque but discouraging. Vast stretches of undulating plains, marked here and there by a sage brush or a cactus by way of vegetation, rolled along in uncompromising lines to the low streak of foothills. The fierce heat beat down upon Pablo's head and made him glad to pause once in a while in his easy, ambling gait, to light a cigar-This he would put between his glistening white teeth with a sigh of satisfaction, the while his eyes gazed far off on the undisturbed, placid scene; on the highest peak of the low outline, which to his fancy had always seemed to rise forth so it could be nearer the beautiful blue mist of sky that hovered over it. But aithough Pablo's eyes were resting upon the scene, he saw something strangely different. Bits of yellow hair would toss before his eyes; a fair hand held his an instant; then two eyes as blue as the bluest tints of sky in Mexico, his own native land, would smile upon him-then laugh at him. That was the trouble: they would laugh at himhim-and they were never anything but adorable when they looked upon that "gringo" brother of hers.

The "Americanos" had only been in the small town two weeks, but during that short while Pablo had seen much of "la alma de su vida" (the soul of his life) as he had somewhat fantastically styled her. She had informed him that her brother was busy surveying and away the greater part of the day. This speech she had followed by inviting him to drop in and while an hour away when he felt inclined. "Some morning," she had added, as she waved her hand and left They had never really been presented to each other. The whole thing was desperately informal. It had happened in this wise; One morning, the arrived, Pablo had been doing an errand for a "compadre" of his who kept a "tienda"; suddenly his eyes had encountered those wonderful blue ones, that had haunted him ever since. He stared a great while, and when he dared not look at them any longer his gaze wandered a little higher and he saw the mysterious gold hair, like mist, so fine and delicate; bit by bit he found perfection, and when she had passed he stood staring stupidly into space. His reverie was broken by the sound of a slight outcry; turning he saw that she had evidently slipped and fallen. With an alert movement he was at her side: for an instant his strong arm was about her as he lifted her to her feet. He did not know that as she stood there she was thinking that he was one of the handsomest man she had ever seen,-a Velasquez, or some old Spanish grandee come to life,-nor that she had already decided within herself that she would see more of him. She was alone so much of the time, and there was nothing to see or do in a place of about four hundred inhabitants, and such inhabitants! He only knew that her beauty had created havoc in his soul; that he had felt the weight of her loveliness for an instant and that the memory of it all would stay with him forever.

She thanked him in the charming way that was peculiarly her own, and after five minutes' conversation she had extracted his life history. She knew that he was twenty-five; that his name was Pablo Gutierrez, and that he had come from the city of Mexico two years ago, and had started keeping a little store in the forsaken place he now lived in, with the hope of making money. She had laughingly asked him if he was hoarding his bank account with the ultimate object of matrimony, and before those clear second day after the "Americanos" had angel blue eyes he had stammered the



He found her alone.

truth, that he was. But she knew even then that he was hers—and—well, it was so exceedingly dull. At that time it had also seemed to her like the work of Providence, this bit of prospective diversion for the long dragging days, although somewhere in her thoughts there ran the old saying concerning the moth and the flame.

After that Pablo had lived every morning for an hour or two, and was dead all the rest of the while to all but his dreams. These glowed in his heart and set it aflame. Now he pictured her as he had first seen her, then each successive time: all she had said, the intonation of her voice, her graceful gestures. There were always presented to his view a thousand charms to love. In his greatest heights he imagined her as his wife, for he knew that sometime he must violate the bonds of friendship-must ask her for herself. After this thought there always followed a dreaded blank, a dark abyss from which he could glean no answer. And yet come what might he knew that he must ask.

One night when the mysterious beauty of twilight was enveloping the country in a dull gray mist, he broke the promise he had made, that he would never come at any time save in the morning unless she notified him. She had established that rule immediately, as she explained that her brother would never countenance a proceeding of such informal character.

He found her alone in the small room that served as parlor and reading room to the only notel in town. She waved before his eyes like a beautiful flash of sunlight, and her gown fell about her in soft folds of palest blue. She frowned and waited for his apology at his intrusion. She even imagined the low voice and brokenly worded English she knew so well, but he did not speak. Instead he walked over deliberately and held her closely to him and kissed her: kissed her with all the pent up longing and fire and faith-of a lifetime, it seemed to him. For an instant she lay there unresisting, then struggled to free herself, but her attempts were futile. He was blind; he held her in his arms; like an avalanche passionate words and kisses left his lips. Suddenly her words, her threats, everything seemed small and useless before the love she had inspired; she seemed in a dream. Through the window she saw a horseman dismounting.

"Pablo, let me go!" she almost shrieked.
"He is coming! Pablo—listen! I am married—he is not my brother—he is my husband!" Even then he was blind.

"Pablo, he will kill me!" She repeated it over and over again and suddenly the arms about her fell aside. She was alone.

The next morning Mrs. Jack Derringsforth persuaded her husband that the heat was simply unbearable; that she would die if she staid in the musty old town another day, and from her tone he knew that it was useless to argue, so they left by the first train.

In Mexico there is a dusky-haired girl whose heart throbs and whose eyes look love dreams at the name of Pablo. She does not know yet that he will never be hers, but some day, because of the caprice of a fair lady, her heart will be



broken.

#### AS A LITTLE CHILD

#### BY HELEN E. RICHARDSON.

HE general manager was later than usual. It was a quarter after nine, and Barker, the book-keeper, was still the only one in the office. He sat, as he had sat for over an hour, bent closely over his trial balance, a green shade pulled down over his eyes; the comings and goings of others disturbed him not. He did not even hear the general manager enter his private office, which adjoined Barker's, and a sudden "bur-r-bur-r-" beside his desk acted like the sound of an alarm clock in the ears of a sleeping man.

Barker slid off his stool instantly, and opened the door between the two rooms.

A slight, blonde man, not yet out of his thirties, sat at a desk nervously turning over a pile of freshly-opened correspondence.

"I gave Miss Whipple's call," he said, shortly, glancing up.

"Miss Whipple's not here this morning, Mr. Needham."

"Not here?" and Needham looked up inquiringly.

"She sent a telephone message saying she was sick and wouldn't be down."

The fair skin above the rather small blue eyes gathered into a frown. He gave an angry grunt of impatience and threw the letter opener onto his desk beside the pile of letters with a little sidewise twirl.

"I'll be hanged if I can stand for this any longer," he said, jumping from his seat and walking down the room, his finger tips thrust into his trousers pockets. "It's a confounded nuisance," he continued, turning. "This is the second or third time that she has failed me lately when I had something particular I wanted done. I wish you would write out an advertisement for an assistant book-keeper and stenographer and send it down to the office. Get a man; I won't take chances on another girl—she might not be any

more reliable than this one."

Needham dropped into his chair and hitched it up to the desk with a jerk that made the casters rattle and closed all argument in advance.

Barker retired with reluctance to carry out the order. He glanced at the long rows of filing cases above his desk, carefully labeled in a neat, round hand, and down at the small oaken desk beside his own, whereon lay a black sateen apron folded just as she had left it the night before. The typewriter still retained its black japanned casket, and possibly it was its funereal appearance that caused a lump to rise in his throat. He resumed his seat on the high stool, and reached mechanically for a piece of scratch paper.

Arthur Needham took up a pen, and, jabbing it savagely into an inkwell, set about the tedious task of answering some of the most important of the numerous communications before him. The machinery in the factory outside rolled and thundered, but it disturbed him not so much as the twitter of a bird outside the window would have done. As Miss Whipple had once remarked, with an unconscious Hibernianism, it was doubtful if he ever heard it except when it stopped. A silence in the factory was verily a call to arms in the office.

Something like an hour had passed, when there came a sharp little rap at his hall door.

Needham leaned back in his chair, his pen poised in the air, and called, "Come in."

A stout little woman of about fifty entered. She had a round, beaming face, almost childish in its sweetness and simple assurance. The brown, wavy hair, liberally sprinkled with white, was parted under a bonnet of the fashion of several seasons back, and Needham's critical eye noted at once the errors in fit of her home-made. "tailor-made" gown. The face

looked familiar, but before he could trace the resemblance to its source, she began:

"Good morning! I suppose you're Mr. Needham. I'm looking for my daughter, but I guess I got into the wrong door. I can go right through here, though, can't I?" she added, advancing a step or two toward the inner door and then pausing. "I just came down this morning, an' she ain't expectin' me, so I thought I'd better come right here and let her know." The last was said half-apologetically, halfinquiringly.

"Miss Whipple is not here this morning," he replied.

The sunlight faded from the mother's face.

"It is not unusual, and may not be serious," added Needham with doubtful assurance.

Mrs. Whipple dropped her plump figure into the nearest chair.

"Well, now, I just had an idea that she wasn't all right," she launched forth. "She always did get run down and kind of peaked at this time of the year. I just used to have the hardest time when she was at home tryin' to think of things to cook up that she would eat. She just naturally ain't strong. Why, do you know, Mr. Needham, I never thought I'd be able to raise her at all, up to the time she was about eleven. We moved out onto the ranch then, an' she did kind of pick up a little. She kept gettin' better every year, and after awhile I commenced to feel easier about her. But then we lost the place on the mortgage and she was bound and determined she'd come down here to work, and since then I haven't been able to find out how she was. write an' write, but I can't get nothin' out of her about herself. But she's that way," and the mother shook her head and heaved a sigh that added breadth to her last statement.

There was a silence for a few moments. Arthur Needham sat looking down. The little woman's eyes shifted to a basket which she was balancing on her knee.

"I'm glad I brought this put-up fruit." she continued. "She likes it, an' it's good for her. She says she don't git hardly any where she bo rds. I can't see what their fruit, for my part. Oh, yes,"-and she straightened up with a sudden recollection and placed her hand on the basketlid-"I brought somethin' else, an' I'm almost glad Florence ain't here for one thing. I made a batch of pies yesterday to leave home for the men folks, and I just told my husband I was goin' to bring one along to you. I know men are all pretty much alike when it comes to mince pies. Of course I know you are able to buy most anything you want to eat, but Florence said you lived in a hotel, an' hotel things ain't like home. My son George-he's about your age-he's been boardin' that way a long time-an' he lives pretty good, too: pays as much as fifty cents some times for his meals-an' he says he gets awful tired of 'em. He seems just as pleased as a boy to sit down to one of my regular ordinary din-

"I expected some trouble with Florence about this," she continued, producing a flat package wrapped in newspaper, "because I wanted her to bring you a glass of some extry good strawberry jam I was makin' when she was up home last, but she just se, her foot down: she wouldn't. Said you'd think she was toadyin'-jes' doin' it to git favors, she meant, an' I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself to judge people that way, but I didn't insist on her bringin' it, for I thought after all it might be kind of dauby for you to have 'round here 'mongst your papers. An' then it's awful hard to get her to do anything when she don't want to, jes' like her father."

Mrs. Whipple rose and placed the pie on the desk in front of Needham, exposing its flakey surface to view by lifting the corners of the paper.

Arthur Needham was a man well accustomed to making formal speeches. He had done the honors at many a banquet table, but words failed him at this moment. At last he began falteringly:

"Really, Mrs. Whipple, I---"

But her hand was raised to check him. "Now, don't you bother to thank me, because really it wasn't any extry trouble at all, hardly. When you have the dough an' the meat all made one pie or less don't makes city folks of me and stingy with C make hardly any difference. I'm going to hurry and git right home to Florence now," she said, making a quick move toward the door and laying her hand on the door-knob. "I'll nurse her up good tonight, an' I guess she'll be able to git 'round to-morrow. Good-mornin'," and she gave a little nod and a smile and moved through the doorway, partly closing the door behind her and then reopening it. Putting her head back she said:

"I guess it's just as well not to say anything at all to her about the pie." Needham nodded and she withdrew her head, closing the door audibly after her.

The general manager rested his elbows on the desk, his head on his hands, and regarded the large white disk with its splashes of rich brown juice and its five-fingered fern design in crust perforations. His thoughts were traveling away back and away off, almost to the Atlantic seaboard. The objects before his eyes grew dim and he saw a little woman, not unlike the one who had just left him, transporting just such a pie from an oven to a kitchen table, where already reposed half a dozen or more of its kind. A small boy was standing by the corner of the table, one bare foot lapped over the other, wondering how long it would be before a pie would be cool enough to cut, and idly tracing above the nearest, with a small brown finger, the wonderful design of the five-fingered fern. At last the man reached behind him, and drawing forth a large piece of freshly laundered linen made a little dash at each eye.

With a sudden apprehension he arose and turned the catches on both doors. He walked slowly back to his desk and stood there a moment regarding the pie again, and then, with a quick impulse went down into his pocket and drew up a handsome pearl-handled jack-knife. Deliberately and accurately he cut the pie into quarters, and extricating a section on the blade of his knife, seated himself with his feet on the waste-basket, his chair tipped back to the limit of its capacity, and bit off a large piece with genuine anticipation.

He sat long in the same position, af-

ter he had swallowed the last mouthful, looking out through the dusty windowpanes at the small patch of blue sky visible above the smoking chimneys of the neighboring factories.

The book-keeper was in the act of inspecting a new pen-point when a second call came. He answered promptly. When he opened the door the general manager was sitting exactly as he had been sitting when Barker first saw him that morning.

"Has that ad. gone to the paper?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, send down and have it changed. I have decided to keep Miss Whipple and get another girl to help out. She can assist you on the books and I will have her to fall back on for the correspondence in case Miss Whipple lays off occasionally. We will be getting busier from now on, and don't want to be short-handed," he added, in answer to a slight expression of surprise on the book-keeper's face.

"All right, sir," replied Barker, moving away.

"And say, Barker—"
Barker turned.

"As you go down town to-night I wish you'd stop in and get a new chair for Miss Whipple's desk. I think one of that kind they have in Bell Bros.' office with the spring back and the padded shoulder rest would be the best," he added with affected carelessness.

Barker almost staggered back to his desk.

A moment later the hall door of the private office closed and someone went whistling down the hallway. Barker could hardly believe his ears. There was an unwritten law in the place against whistling. He shifted around on his high stool and leaned out of the pay window. He saw only the retreating figure of the general manager himself.

"Behold! A new heaven and a new earth," murmured the wondering Barker, and then, as his eyes wandered back to the typewriter desk for the twentieth time that morning, he, too, began whistling softly to himself.



## Recollections of Lincoln and Seward

#### JAMES MATLACK SCOVEL.

T was Seward's own famous saying, "Politics is the sum of all the sciences;" and in his entire career, eight years a Cabinet minister during the dark days of the second revolution, under two Presidents, Mr. Seward, as the second in command, proved himself a national pilot of commanding genius and a consummate political philosopher as well. Recognized as the leader of his party, and joyfully accepting the odium heaped upon the advocates of the "higher law" at a period in our national history when human bondage "clasped the Bible with hand-cuffs and festooned the cross of Christ in chains," he found himself discarded in a Presidential period for the comparatively unknown statesman from Illinois, Abraham Lincoln, in the hour of his party's triumph. But he lived to admit that this man of humble origin was just what Wendell Phillips called him, "the bright consummate flower of the civilization of the nineteenth century," andto use Secretary Seward's own words-"a man of destiny, with character made and moulded by Divine Power to save a nation from perdition."

Never were men more unlike than these two; but the love of David and Jonathan or of Damon and Pythias was not more close and tender and constant than the personal and political affection of the President and his minister. Seward represented the culture of the East, Lincoln the backwoods logic of the yet undeveloped West.

The many-sided mind of the Western lawyer, his breadth of vision, and his farreaching wisdom, were shown in the selection of his cabinet. Cameron, Bates of Missouri, Chase of Ohio, and Seward of New York, had all been more or less prominent as Presidential candidates before the same convention which had the good sense to select Abraham Lincoln as the Republican standard-bearer.

The Presidential worm once developed in a politician's bonnet suffers change into a chrysalis that soon becomes a butterfly big with ambition. There was dissension in the cabinet when the war began. Chase, a conscious and cultivated intellect, who had been in the field as an anti-slavery leader long before Seward took an aggressive position on the questions that divided the sections, never concealed his jealousy of both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward. He became a red-hot candidate for President. But when dissension was rife the wily and diplomatic Seward, in one of his remarkable and oracular speeches delivered at Auburn, New York, and flashed by the midnight wires from St. Albans, Vermont, to where "the Oregon hears no sound save its own dashing," poured oil on the troubled political waters. This sweet-tempered optimist spoke of the grim-visaged Stanton of the War Department, as the "divine Stanton," and complimented in graceful phrase the great but jealous Chase upon his marvelous financial banking system, which gave unlimited wealth to a nation struggling for its life. But while wearing a velvet glove, the gentle-mannered head of the State Department wore beneath that glove an iron hand.

That the Secretary of State who had foiled the reactionary power of Europe was justly proud of his achievements no one can deny. But he never claimed as his own the honor which the historian of the future will accord jointly to Lincoln and Seward—the honor of the delicate and difficult task which gave to liberty the rebel emissaries Mason and Slidell, captured by one of our own steamers in mid-ocean.

In an elaborate address over the grave of Mr. Seward, Charles Francis Adams gave infinitely more credit to Seward than to Lincoln, as the master-mind which "sat pensive and alone above the hundredhanded play of its own imagination," while the great work progressed.

Mr. Adams, whose appointment abroad was due more to the influence of Seward than to the personal wish of Lincoln, did not hesitate to regard Seward as the master and Lincoln as the man. But Adams was in London, far away from the horrid front of war, and he never understood the rough, uncouth, and (to the cold and cultured mind of the Massachusetts statesman seemingly unstatesmanlike habits of thought and expression in which Mr. Lincoln delighted to indulge. Mr. Adams grew up under influences, moral and social, such as those under Seward's mind was moulded. While the Minister to the Court of St. James was watching blockade-runners, the plain, many-sided President was corsponding with the Queen of Great Britain and trampling out the little side-bar rebellion of Napoleon and Maximilian in Mexico.

To see these two men together was enough to decide who possessed the master-mind. It was the habit of the Secretary of State, during the progress of the Rebellion, to spend the morning hours, after a nine o'clock breakfast, with Mr. Lincoln at the White House. The President's favorite apartment was the large East Room. Here he was wont to receive the general public and indulge in what, in his quaint phraseology, he called his "baths of public opinion." No matter what the claimant's cause was, he generally got a hearing, though he might be laughingly bowed out of the room at the end of the seance, with a story that "pointed a moral," if it did not "adorn a tale"; but the casual visitor always went away in good humor with both the President and himself.

But Sunday morning from ten to twelve o'clock was usually accorded to the Secretary of State and the Presidential barber. Mr. Lincoln knew whom to trust, and many a solemn conclave has been held in this historical room between two men who held in their hands the fate of a nation. It was as good as a liberal education to hear two of the most important men in the world, with the simplicity of children discount the overteent

the day, when half a million men stood fronting each other on the battle-field.

Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia, met Seward in 1845 at the residence of Josiah Randall, a leader of the old Whigs. Mr. Seward was asked to meet half a dozen then famous Philadelphians, all now dead save Vaux, who says that Mr. Seward "charmed everybody at a dinner, which lasted five hours, with his gracious diction, his good humor, and his copious and varied information on all questions of public interest."

He showed to best advantage at his own dinner-table, where his sweetness and light charmed all comers, even Lincoln, who often became a good listener when any question of statecraft occupied the mind of the Sage of Auburn. And when not talking himself, the quiet twinkle in the Secretary's eye gave ample evidence that he thoroughly enjoyed the abounding humor of the President.

This trend of Lincoln's mind was amusing to Seward, but it always angered Stanton, who did not often try to suppress his wrath. Lincoln once tried to read to Stanton and Seward a chapter from Artemus Ward's book. Stanton left the room in a pet, after declining to listen to the "chaff," as he called it, but giving the President a parting shot by asking him, "How do you like the chapter about yourself." Lincoln only laughed and answered, "Do you know, it may be queer, but I never could see the fun in that chapter."

In conversation Seward was slow and methodical till warmed up, when he was one of the most voluminous and eloquent of talkers. No statesman in the country had a vaster range of reading, or wider experience in the management of public affairs. He had been almost continuously in public life since he was thirty, and was educated in a State where adroitness and audacity are needed to make a successful politician, who must sometimes pretend "to see the things he sees not."

men who held in their hands the fate of a nation. It was as good as a liberal education to hear two of the most important men in the world, with the simplicity of children, discuss the events of zecould act in such absolute and perfect

accord. I doubt much if they ever seriously disagreed, while the imperious Stanton often went out with his feathers ruffled considerably.

When the cabal of Chase, Henry Winter Davis, Vice-President Hamlin, Ben Wade and a bare majority of the United States Senate, threatened to defeat Mr. Lincoln's renomination, then Seward's hand was seen in certain changes in the Cabinet. Both Chase and Montgomery Blair of Maryland, who had developed an eager ambition to be President, were told that "their time had come," and the wisdom of Seward's advice was seen in the sudden collapse of the respective Chase and Blair booms for the Presidency. The latter was snuffed out instantly, and the Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, though made Chief Justice, fed and fattened his Presidential bee till even his decisions during the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson were colored by the desire he still cherished to wear the Presidential purple.

Lincoln was much disturbed by the committee on the conduct of the war. Bold Ben Wade, Senator from Ohio, always had a quarrel on hand with the President. With half a dozen Senatorial friends, in the East Room of the White House during the dark days of the Rebellion, Mr. Wade proceeded in his arrogant way to interview Mr. Lincoln.

"It is with you," he said, "all story, story. You are the father of every military blunder that has been made during the war. You are on the road to Hell, sir, with this Government, by your obstinacy, and you are not a mile off this minute."

President Lincoln, with that wonderfully good-natured twinkle in his eye, with bubbling over humor, looked straight at Senator Wade, and replied, "You think you are a mile away from Hell, Senator. That is just about the distance from here to the Capitol, is it not?"

Wade was a very hot-tempered man. He seized his hat and cane, and never entered the White House again.

After the Senatorial cabal had gone, Lincoln said to Ward Lamon, whom he loved much, "If I had done as my Washwith their tongues at a safe distance from the enemy would have had me do, Grant, who proved himself so great a captain, would never have been heard of again."

I had gone through the State of Pennsylvania from Indiana County to Delaware preaching the gospel according to Abraham Lincoln, while the fate of the Government trembled in the balance. The night before the day of the election which was to decide whether Andrew G. Curtin was to be elected Governor. and whether Pennsylvania was still for the war, I walked up to the White House. The door opened, and I was ushered into the President's East Room, where he grasped me by both hands.

"Boy," said he, eagerly, "what news from your pilgrimage from beyond the Alleghanies?"

Never had I seen that face light up. with such a burst of gladness as when I answered, "Have no fear of Pennsylvania. The Methodist preachers are all on the stump for Lincoln and Curtin, and the young women are wearing rosettes with their names entwined. The old Keystone is good for twenty thousand majority, and that means your renomination as President." This was answered with a wild Western laugh which could have been heard over at the War Department. Lincoln for the moment was a boy again. He said, "Now we will go over and see Secretary Seward."

As was his wont, he entered the Seward mansion unannounced. The Secretary with slow, stately step, advanced to greet the President. Their greeting was warm, even affectionate, and the courtly Seward, smoking a strong Havana, soon had his guests seated before a blazing hickory fire in his own open parlor grate. Both men were keen and eager to know the prospects of the next day's election, big with their own fate. They enjoyed my running account of the scenes and incidents of the hottest administration campaign ever waged in the Keystone State. "We've won the fight," said Lincoln, joy beaming in every lineament of his face.

The wily and now well-pleased Secretary of State had a habit when things ran his way of softly rubbing his palms ington friends, who fight battles only together. This he did, smiling blandly, as

he touched his little bell, the counterpart (a small silver bell) of the one he had in the State Department, whose light touch had, as Seward boasted, sent many a man to Fort Lafayette. His servant brought in brandy and cigars. Lincoln smiled, but touched nothing. He neither smoked nor drank.

Soon after this I went abroad as bearer of despatches to Minister William L. Dayton at Paris and to Charles Francis Adams, in London, carrying also letters of introduction from Mr. Lincoln to Richard Cobden and John Bright. I spent ten days at Rochdale at John Bright's home, and three days at the country house of Richard Cobden at Hazelmere. one hour's ride from London. Both men heartily sympathized with the Union cause and sent words of good cheer to President Lincoln. Cobden spoke in warm words of praise of the great patience, courage and wisdom of Lincoln. and compared him with William the Silent of Holland. Of Secretary Seward he did not entertain the same lofty opinion, regarding his prophecy "that the war would last but ninety days," as belittling the great revolution. Cobden told me that he owned much valuable property in America in the State of Illinois, and at one time expected to move there and take an interest in the management of the Illinois Central Railway. But Cobden died before the war ended, and did not live to see his fellow-soldier in the fight for the liberation of humanity, John Bright, take his place in the Cabinet.

I went to Europe in November, 1863, and returned in February, 1864. Again I met the President and his Secretary in the East Room of the White House, and gave an account of my experiences in Paris and London. Both were in deep perplexity at the efforts of the Senatorial cabal to defeat the President's renomination.

During the conversation which ensued the President rallied Mr. Seward on the particularly bitter attack made by a segment of the New York press against the Secretary, presumably inspired by the Senatorial cabal, who believed that if they could bounce Seward they could control Lincoln or defeat his re-election. Z State just \$15,000 to send his ultimatum

"Ah," Seward replied to this badinage, his face passionless, "I am sure if it pleases the newspapers it does not hurt These assaults on you and on me remind me of what the Prince de Conde said to the Cardinal de Retz in Paris when the latter expressed his surprise at a pile of abusive pamphlets lying on the French statesman's table. 'Don't these bitter and unjust assaults on your fair fame disturb your slumbers, Conde?' 'Not in the least, Cardinal,' said the Prince. 'The wretches who write those diatribes know that if they were in our places they would be doing themselves just the base things they falsely endeavor to fasten on us."

Lincoln paused a moment, smiling, and said, in his lawyer-like fashion, "Yes, Mr. Secretary, the Prince's point was well taken."

The seance ended, and the good President followed me to the head of the stairs, grasping both my hands with a parting "God bless you, my boy!" which lingers in my memory like a benison even to this day.

Twice afterwards I saw Secretary Seward—once at his own house when Andrew Johnson was President. I recall to-day how his birds of bright plumage were chattering in the dining room, whither the charming optimist led us, while the same Scipio Africanus of another administration brought out the brandy and water in the old Lincoln decanter. drew Johnson's Secretary of State had his crest "full high advanced." He introduced me to Provost Paradol, who represented the "Man of December," Napoleon III,-the same minister who the next summer shot himself to death at his Washington residence. After the French minister had taken his departure, he said, "This is the happiest day of my life, for I have this morning received official intelligence from the French ambassador that France and Austria have finally abandoned the Tripartite Alliance, which boasted that it would place Maximilian on the Mexican throne and menace the United States with a foreign protectorate over Mexico."

It cost Mr. Seward as Secretary of

to the "Man of December," Napoleon III, by telegraph, that the French must withdraw from Mexico eo instanti. Napoleon vacated within a week, leaving Maximilian to be shot and the Austrian Queen, his wife, in a mad-house.

Later I saw Mr. Seward for the last time. He had perceptibly aged with the cares and anxieties of office, but he was the same bright, happy, chirpy optimist and delightful talker. It was in his beautiful home in Auburn. Andrew Johnson had ceased to be President, but had returned to Congress as one of the Senators from Tennessee. Horace Greeley, his ancient enemy, who later adopted Seward's policy of peace and reconciliation in 1872, still lived, and still hated the man from whom he had snatched the nomination at Chicago. Mr. Seward had just returned from his journey around the world. His Presidential aspirations, with all other worldly ambitions, were laid aside. Kings and Princes had done him honor abroad. When I sent him my card I received a summons to dine with him that day. He was in a reminiscent mood, and some things he told me cannot here and now be repeated. In defense of his own policy under Johnson he recalled to me the story of Conde and the Cardinal de Retz. He read me a letter from Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, in which this memorable phrase occurred: "When lenity and cruelty play for power, the gentler gamester is soonest winner."

We sat with post-prandial cigars beneath a shade-tree, near the present mausoleum of the great patriot, and the gentle philosopher said, "I have never had occasion to regret the policy of reconciliation I sought to make acceptable to the country. I was pledged to it before Lincoln. I said in my last public utterance, 'Some pilots may be washed off the decks of the ship of State during the violence of the storm, but the ship will sail on to a safe harbor at last.'

"No one man is needed to carry on this Government of ours. Others will be raised up to do our work when we have laid it down. Here under my own vine and fig-tree I live, waiting the end, serene and happy in the consciousness izechim." Microsoft 8

that I can wait the coming on of time for my vindication. I hope I can say, with Cicero in his old age, 'Sweet are the recollections of a well-spent life."

Abraham Lincoln made no secret to his intimate friends or having written more than one personal letter at the time of the Slidell and Mason affair to Queen Victoria, to all of which prompt replies that were sent by that noble and good woman, whom the President called "The most womanly of queens and the most queenly of women."

He read the first of these answers in the East Room of the White House before Mr. Seward and the writer of this. The President said, "I think the friendship of Queen Victoria will carry America safely across the dangerous quicksands of diplomacy threatening to involve the United States in war with England in regard to the capture of Slidell and Mason." History has bitterly censured Seward for his political fidelity to Andrew Johnson. I cannot. It was Mr. Seward, with Thurlow Weed, who nominated Andrew Johnson for Vice-President against Lyman Tramaine of New York, who was Horace Greeley's candidate. The Secretary of State felt responsible for Andrew Johnson, and his wisdom, possibly, saved the country from civil war during the storm and stress period of reconstruction.

Mr. Lincoln's Pniladelphia speech on his first journey to Washington was a key to the unselfish and pathetic selfabnegation of his pure and lofty life. And he died in the battle for the liberation of humanity, as a common soldier dies, slain by a dastard, when the hottest of the fight had ended, in that immortal conflict for the imperishable and imperscriptible rights of man.

Bancroft speaks of Lincoln's "wanness of heart"-a comprehensive expression for the underlying sadness and tenderness of his nature. The President's manners came from the abounding sincerity and from the soul of gentleness and considerate goodness within the man.

"Consideration like an angel came And whipped the offending Adam out of

When the brigadiers would come to the White House, as they often did, with complaints of each other, Lincoln would say, "General, you remind me of two good sound Methodist men, both friends of mine in Sangamon County, Illinois-Farmer Jones and Fiddler Simpkins,-both big men in their way. Jones was proud of his acres and of his gifts in prayer, while Simpkins, a rollicking good fellow, semi-occasionally a Methodist, could always call the country side to rejoice anywhere at the sound of his violin, of which he was master. Simpkins could play but he couldn't pray. One night at the Wednesday evening meeting Father Jones made a wonderful prayer which touched the spirit of the assembly. Simpkins thought it became him to say something. He said, "Brethring and sistring, I ain't gifted like Brother Jones-I can't pray like nim-but by the grace of God I can fiddle a shirt off him."

Andrew G. Curtin was known to fame as a war Governor of Pennsylvania. A. K. McClure, the brilliant editor of the 'Times of Panadelphia, but a doubleender and a mugwump in politics, for a quarter of a century was always credited with being a power behind the throne while Curtin was Governor. If Mr. Mcclure had been out of the game, when the North was looking for candidates for the Presidency among the war Governors, Curtin might have been President of the United States. Mr. McClure was so close to Curtin that he has been known to say, "that it was better to own a Governor than to be a Governor." Governor Curtin complained a great deal, and Edwin M. Stanton, who was often irritable, would carry Curtin's ugly sounding despatches to Lincoln and make his remonstrances.

Governor Curtin was earnest, able and untiring in keeping up the war spirit of his State, but was, I admit, at times over-bearing and exacting in his intercourse with the general Government; on one occasion he complained and protested more bitterly than usual, and warned those in authority that the execution of their orders, in his State, would be beset with difficulties and dangers. The tone of his dispatches gave rise to

an apprehension that he might not cooperate fully in the enterprise on hand. The Secretary of War, in great wrath, laid the despatches before the President for advice and instruction. They did not disturb Mr. Lincoln; he knew Governor Curtin, and his complaints only amused him. After carefully reading all the papers, he said, in a cheerful and reassuring tone:

"Never mind, Mr. Stanton, these despatches don't mean anything. Just go right ahead. Governor Curtin is like a boy I once saw at the launching of a ship. When everything was ready, they picked out the boy and sent him under the ship to knock away a trigger and let her go. At the critical moment everything depended on the boy. He was ordered to do the job by one direct and vigorous blow, and then lie flat and keep still, while the ship slid over him. The boy did everything right; but he yelled as if he was being murdered, from the time he got under the keel until he got out. I thought the skin was all scraped off his back, but he wasn't hurt at all. The master of the yard told me this boy was always chosen for that job, that he did his work well, that he never had been hurt, but that he always squealed in this way. That's just the way with Governor Curtin. Make up your mind he is not hurt, and that he is doing the work right, and pay no attention to his squealing. He only wants to make you understand how hard his task is, and that he is on hand performing it."

After General Cameron came home from Russia, Mr. Lincoln sent Curtin as Minister to the Czar's dominions.

After the battle of Antietam, which was fought September 17th, 1862, Ward Lamon tells how he sang for Mr. Lincoln on the battlefield a pathetic song, beginning:

"I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree—

Upon the school-house playground that sheltered you and me.

But none were left to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know

Who played with us upon the green some twenty years ago."

In speaking of suffrage to the black man the President said, "General James Wadsworth of New York, one of the grandest men of the war, was shot and killed while on horseback leading his brigade in the bloodiest day of the battle in the Wilderness. In General Wadsworth's pockets was found my own letter to him, stained with a soldier's blood. This letter said: 'We have clothed the black soldier in the uniform of the United States, we have made him a soldier. He has fought for his right to be a citizen; he has won it with his blood; it cannot be taken away from him.'"

Had Lincoln lived and Thurlow Weed died before Mr. Seward, Andrew Johnson's Secretary of State would never have said what Hilary Herbert quotes in the Atlantic Monthly for April, 1901.

Mr. Seward said in April, 1866: "The North has nothing to do with the negro; they are not of our race; they will find their place; they must take their level; the laws of political economy will determine their position, and the relations of the two races; Congress cannot contravene this."

Continues Mr. Herbert, sadly: "But Mr. Seward and his views were then in a woeful minority;" but God and Abraham Lincoln say this country has too much to do with the negro in every way. But that question is too vast for this paper; it will be settled in the coming on of time, for, as Napoleon said at St. Helena:

"There is no power without justice."

To see and know Abraham Lincoln unreservedly, in his daily official life, as I did, was to feel,

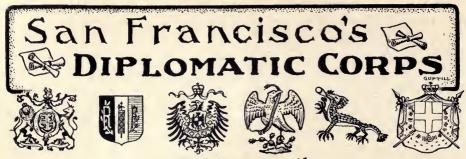
"All Paradise could by the simple opening of a door

Let itself in upon him."

The last time I saw him was but a few days before the 14th of April, 1865.

I went to Washington to present the President with a pair of cuff buttons I had caused to be made for him in Philadelphia. He was as joyous as a child (Lee had surrendered on the 9th of April) and neither of us then thought that the triumphant road of justice must forever be watered with human tears. He put the sleeve-buttons on in a playful mood, and wore them that awful night in April. I recall that interview as the happiest hour of my life. He had come back from Richmond with his little boy. Jefferson Davis had gone South in a hurry, and peace had come, and come to stay. His soul was full of joy, as he rose, six feet four in height, and bidding me good-bye in the White House, taking me by both hands, a habit he had when aroused, and with luminous face bade me again be seated. He said, "Young man, if I am permitted to rule this nation for four years more this Government will become what it ought to be, what its Divine Author intended it to be, no longer a vast plantation for breeding human beings, for purposes of lust and bondage, but it will become a new Valley of Jehosaphat, where all the glad nations of the earth will assemble together worshiping a common God and celebrating the resurrection of human freedom."





By W.J. Weymouth

EMOCRA'11C principles, no matter how sincere, do not destroy a people's love for glittering uniforms and for the trappings of

royalty as displayed by its representatives. Gold lace, epaulets and decorations have a certain fascination, and the word "diplomat," "embassador," "minister," "envoy" or "consul" brings up mental visions of rich attire and court ly manners. Manners make or undiplomats, unmake to a large extent-a power to please without sacrificing the interests of those they represent is a necessary qualification. This, with the other attributes they are supposed to possess -and generally do possess-make voys, ministers, consuls, and consul-generals an interesting men.

Very San few Franciscans realize how large a consular corps is quartered

in this city. San Francisco's vast amount of commerce, her location, and her cosmopolitan population, make her of importance in the diplomatic world. The service here has increased much of late years, both as to the number and the rank of the men sent to the city. Thirtyfour nations are represented, and on the

> occasions these men get together they make an imposing display. Many of them-representatives of republics - wear no uniform, but there are enough who do to add pomp and circumstance to the meetings.

> " Consul" an d "Consul-General" are two ranks held by the members of San Francisco's diplomatic corps. Each has one or more assistants, ranking as vice-Consuls or Sec-Some of retaries. the diplomats are in business here, their consular duties not taking all their time. of them. Most though, have enough official duties keep them fully occupied.

Consul-General is the higher rank, and San Francisco

there are several men bearing that title. Adolph Rosenthal, Consul-General of Germany, is the Dean of the Corps, chosen as such by his fellow Consuls on account Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



Consul-General Adolph Rosenthal. (Germany.)



Consul-General George Hall. (Turkey and Armenia.)

of the seniority of his appointment. The diplomatic body is governed by laws of its own making, and to the Dean is referred all questions as to precedence, etc.

While there is not much formal social life among the diplomats, what there is is governed by the strictest rules.

The death of a sovereign brings out the entire diplomatic corps. It is the rule in such cases that all members of the corps must attend, in full uniform, services in commemoration of the dead, and flags are half-masted over each diplomat's headquarters.

When a new Consul arrives he calls first on the civil and military authorities of the town, and then formally pays his respects to his fellow Consuls. There is much informal visiting back and forth, and a spirit of thorough good-fellowship prevails.

Naturally, among such a body of men, there are many with interesting histories.

For instance, Mr. Alex Coney, Consul-General for Mexico, once saved the life of President Diaz, then a political refugee. He showed the greatest nerve and bravery, and risked his own life. This was in 1872. That, even if republics are ungrateful, their rulers are not always so, is evidenced by the fact that Mr. Coney has been Consul or Consul-General to many cities. In 1877 he was made Mexico's private agent in St. Nazaire, France. He was made Consul to the same place in 1880, and was sent to Paris as Consul-General in 1884. In 1885 he was sent to San Francisco as Consul-General, and has remained here ever since.

A very interesting personage is Kisaburo Uyeno, Consul for Japan. He has spent ten years in diplomatic work, entering the service in 1891, the year after his graduation from the Commercial High School in Tokio. In the following



Ex-Consul-General Adolph de Frobriand (France.) Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

year he was appointed Chancellor of the Japanese Consulate at this port. In 1895 he was transferred to the Japanese Legation at Berlin, Germany. In 1898 he was promoted to the office of Consul at Hongkong, and in February of the present year he was made Consul at San Francisco. The large and increasing Japanese population makes his office a very important one, and he and his staff of able assistants find plenty of work to do.

The Republic of France is well repre-

of age, he has shown that he possesses remarkable aptitude as a diplomat. A statesman by both nature and training, a cosmopolitan through travel and education, he is eminently fitted for the position of Consul-General in San Francisco—the most important diplomatic office in the service of the Chinese Government, except that of Minister to a national capital, his jurisdiction extending over all the territory west of Chicago. It was only after he had been tried and found capable that the office he now fills was given to



Consul-General How Yow and Legation Officers. (China.)

sented here by M. Henry Dallemange, who was appointed in April of this year. Previously he was Consul at Bosna-Serai, and was Consul-General at New Orleans. M. Dellamange is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He succeeded M. Adolphe de Trobriand, a descendant of General Trobriand, aide-de-camp to Marshal Davont, who served under Bonaparte.

A man who is gaining fame as a diplomat is Ho Yow, Imperial Consul-General in San Francisco for the Chinese Government. Though only thirty-one years

Mr. Ho Yow. He began his diplomatic work in 1897, when he was sent to Washington as a member of Minister Wu Ting-Fang's suite, going as Mr. Wu's private secretary. In 1898 the Chinese merchants of San Francisco became involved in trade disputes, which became so serious in their nature that Mr. Ho Yow was sent here as Consul, with instructions to use his best efforts to bring about peace between the warring factions. He was thoroughly successful in harmonizing conditions, and in 1899 he was ap-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

pointed Consul-General, being now in his second term. He is the youngest Consul-General ever appointed by the Chinese Government.

Mr. Ho Yow is a son of the late Dr. Ho Yeong, a scholarly man who held many high positions in China. He is one of a family of eight children, four sons and four daughters. One of his sisters is the wife of Minister Wu Ting-Fang, and was recently in San Francisco, where she was much entertained by leading people. Mr. Ho Yow received a good education in his native country, and then went to England, where he was educated at the University of London, graduating with high honors. He studied law, and was admitted to practice in the English Courts. All of his brothers received English educations. One of them, Dr. Ho, graduated from the University of Edinburgh, receiving a gold medal and a fellowship in the Royal College of Surgeons. He afterward studied law, and was admitted to the English bar before he reached his twenty-fourth year. He is now in China, where he holds an important Government position.

Mr. Ho Yow has, without losing his own identity, entered thoroughly into Western life. Knowing the class and race feeling that exists here against the Chinese, he has made its removal his principal object, co-operating in that line with his distinguished relative, Minister Wu Ting-Fang. He has striven in every way, laboring with both sides, to bring about a better feeling, and is succeeding remarkably well. He has lent valuable assistance to many public and quasi-public enterprises, setting an example which his fellow-countrymen in San Francisco are following. When the University of the Pacific was in a bad way financially a year ago, Mr. Ho Yow headed a subscription list which, through his efforts, assumed noble proportions. He also raised a large sum for the reception of the First California Volunteer Regiment on its return from the Philippines, and lent all the assistance in his power to provide funds for the entertainment of the Presidential party last spring. The sacred Chinese dragon, nearly one huncription, used before only in Chinatown celebrations, has been, at his suggestion, sent to several flestas throughout the State, where it was received with wonder and enjoyment. This dragon is astonishing to behold, embodying all the rich Oriental ideas of color, and is a most artistic and ingenious piece of mechanism.

One of Ho Yow's most noteworthy achievements for the good of his countrymen here is the establishment in the heart of Chinatown of a medical dispensary, with white physicians in charge, where Chinese are treated, the poor ones free of charge, those who can



Consul-General Henry Dellamange

dred feet long and gorgeous beyond de-Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft (8)



Consul L. F. Lastreto (Ecuador and Nicaragua.)

afford it paying what they feel able to for their treatment. It has proven a great benefit, and is being extensively patronized.

Mr. Ho Yow speaks and writes English fluently, and is much in demand as a lecturer, having delivered many addresses before prominent societies. He has also contributed largely to current He presents the Chinese magazines. question to the public in a new light, and has succeeded in removing much of the prejudice that has existed against his race. Mr. Ho Yow is married, and has a large establishment on Stockton street, where he and his family, his attaches, and a large retinue of servants live. He has three children, the eldest of whom, a boy of ten years, is receiving both a Chinese and an English education. Madame Ho Yow is very prominent in the higher circles of local Chinese society, and entertains extensively.

Mr. Ho Yow is a great lover of horses, owning several very speedy animals, and was very successful on the racing circuit this summer. He is often to be seen in the Park behind a fast trotter.

Considering Mr. Ho Yow's youth and the mark he has already made in the world, there is a great future ahead of him, as the Chinese Government is quick to recognize merit in those in its service, and advances them rapidly. He is modern in every respect, and seems to have thoroughly absorbed the go-ahead Western spirit. One coming in contact with him

receives new ideas of China and its people. Whatever their faults they also have virtues, and Mr. Ho Yow is doing more than any other man ever sent here by his Government to bring people to a realization of this fact.

Prominent in the diplomatic corps is Mr. George E. Hall, Consul-General for Turkey and Persia. Mr. Hall was born in France of American parents. He has lived much abroad, and recently returned from a seven-months' sojourn in Europe. He was appointed Consul in 1891, and in 1896 was advanced to the rank of Consul-General. His territory includes everything west of the Mississippi River. The Turkish and Armenian population of the United States is larger than is generally supposed. There are over six hundred natives of these two countries in San Francisco, and over three thousand five hundred in California. Mr. Hall is located in the Parrott Building, where he has luxurious quarters, fitted up in Oriental fashion, and filled with curios, souvenirs of travel, and works of art.

Mr. H. H. Birkholm is Consul for Denmark, and was appointed to that position in May, 1898. There is a large



Consul Kisaburo Uyeno. (Japan.)

Danish population in San Francisco and vicinity, and there are many demands upon him.

Mr. Leon Guislain was, up to the first of September, Consul for Belgium and the Netherlands, but is now in Manila, where he was sent in the same capacity. Mr. Wilfred B. Chapman is now Honorary and Acting Consul.

Mr. L. Lastreto, a California pioneer, is Consul-General for Nicaragua and Consul for Ecuador. He was made Consul ad interim in February, 1899, and in January of the present year his promotion to Consul-General was cabled to him. He has been in the service of Ecuador since 1897, during which year he was Vice-Consul. In the following year he was made Consul. Mr. Carlos B. Lastreto is Vice-Consul and Acting Consul for Ecuador, a position he has occupied since August of last year.

A death that caused much sorrow in diplomatic circles was that of Mr. William Clayton Pickersgill, C. B., Consul-General of Great Britain for the Pacific States and territories, who died on July 20th in a sanitarium at Alameda. He was in the service of the British Government for many years, and in 1883 he was gazetted a B. C. in the civil order for distinguished services. In 1892 he was appointed Consul to the Portuguese possessions in West Africa, and later Consul to the Independent State of Congo, where he remained until 1898, when he was made Consul-General for California, Nevada, and for the territories of Utah Mr. Pickersgill was ill and Arizona. during the whole of his stay here. was buried with official honors, the Consular Corps attending in a body. Since his death Mr. Wellesley Moore, formerly Vice-Consul, has been Acting Consul.

Mr. Paul kosakevitch is Consul for Russia, having been appointed in June, 1900. He has been in diplomatic service for years. Mr. Horace G. Platt, San Francisco's well known lawyer and clubman, is Vice-Consul, a position he has held for twelve years.

Austria and Hungary are represented in San Francisco by Consul Francis Korbel, he having held the office since 1893.



Consul Leon Guislain (Belgium.)

The other countries are represented as follows: Argentine Republic, Consul W. Y. Loaiza; Guatemala, Felipa Galicia, Consul-General also for Bolivia; Brazil, Enrique de la Vega, also Acting Consul for Venezuela; Chili, Juan M. Astorga Colombia, Escipion Consul; Pereira, Canal, Consul; Costa Rica, W. E. Von Consul-General; Johannsen, Greece, Henry S. Martin, Consul; Honduras, Estorjio Calderon; Italy, Chevalier Carlo F. Serra, Consul; Paraguay, P. J. Loben Sels; Peru, Enrique Grau, Consul; Portugal, J. de Costa Duarte, Consul; Salvador, E. Mejia, Consul-General; Spain, D. J. del Ams, Consul; Sweden and Norway, Henry Lund; Switzerland, Antone Borel; Uruguay, Jose Costa; Germany, Adolph Rosenthal, Consul-General.

The office of Consul dates back to the middle of the twelfth century. The Italian Government, awaking to the necessity of having representatives in the ports of the world for the protection of its commerce, established the office, but it was not until the sixteenth century that the custom became universal throughout Europe. Since then the Consular has become one of the principal branches of Government service.

# THE MAN WITH THE CAP

BY SOL N. SHERIDAN.

HE evil that men do makes newspapers."

"And the good?"

"My dear boy, men no longer do good. It is an obsolete notion. Wherefore, we are all striving now to get our names and our doings and our pictures in the newspapers. The man who does not succeed in this may be considered to have made ducks and drakes of his life."

Fitz Stratton spoke with the cheerful cynicism of a man who has exhausted all the virtues at five and twenty. He stood in the doorway of his club, on Post street—keen-eyed, alert, faultlessly dressed, the sun shining down upon him and the afternoon life of San Francisco on a bright day in winter rolling before him. His friend, Willard Fenton, equally faultless in dress and somewhat vacuous in expression, made a good foil to him.

They had been talking of the mishaps of a mutual friend, a bank cashier and former fellow clubman, who had married and gone in for the superintendency of a Sunday School and the heavy respectable lay generally, and who had finally gone wrong in relaxation of the double strain of business and respectability—and whose photograph, with a detailed account of his peculations, had thereupon been used for the decoration of the first page of the leading local journal.

"Willard, old man," Fitz said, irrelevantly, looking across the street at the forlorn figures of the vagrants who sat on the benches that dot the green lawn of Union Square, and taking into his glance a small boy in a cap who passed them, whistling, "can you tell me why it is that a boy always looks well in a cap, whereas a man in a cap looks as though he had come to a lame and impotent conclusion?"

"Possibly because a cap is boyish." Willard was of serious mind, rather.

"May the boy, then, not be 'cappish'? The Stratton family residence, as you Honestly, old man, I do not think you go may or may not know, for I am a marvel deep enough. You are inclined to treat of discretion about some things, is in

the subject with a certain levity. Now, I would not go so far as to say that there is always something wrong, morally speaking, with men who wear caps, because I can conceive of cases in which the cap may be entirely extraneous. And there are always the bicycle fiends, who are not mentally responsible. But I will go to the length of saying that the man who wears a cap of his own free choice is at least open to suspicion. Even the army does not justify him. Look at the newspaper pictures of Dreyfus! Would the world have accepted the oaths of the whole French General Staff against him, if it were not for the plain moral obliquity of his cap, contrasted with the portraits of itself which the staff was wise enough to have taken bareheaded?"

"But how about our friends who golf, and the like?"

"Same rule, only substitute mental obliquity for moral. They are wrong in the head, dear boy, and put the wrong covering upon it, consequently, by a kind of irresistible impulse. Let me tell you a story, Willie."

"Let us go up into the club first, then, and take a high-ball."

Fitz agreed and they went. The smoking room caught them, and a couple of easy chairs, and presently the high ball. They were as much alone as if all the old fogies of that particular club had been still at their country houses and their money-making—their making of money that young fellows like these two were to lavish in the coming time. And it was a wonderful club for rich old fogies. That was a part of its respectability.

"And the story, Willie. It is about a man with a cap, and it will be brief. It was several years ago, when I was younger, of course, and committed the youthful indiscretion of living at home. The Stratton family residence, as you may or may not know, for I am a marvel



"And the story, Willie\_\_\_"
Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Oakland. I used to spend my evenings on this side of the bay, but I always caught the last boat, and was at home, therefore, something after midnight. The cap was brought to my attention, not because the man wore it, but because he held it in his hand, something after the manner of an organ grinder's monkey, and solicited an alms of me one cold night in November, just as I was about to enter the ferry station. It was a peculiar cap, of some heavy cloth, such as I used to wear in winter when I was a schoolboy, and possibly some old flash of memory led to a pause when the man held it in front of me. Now, the man who hesitates before a street beggar is lost. I never can pass one, anyhow, without a curious wobbling at the knees, which I wish some eminent professor of psychology would explain to me. I hesitated, and I dropped a quarter into the cap. Of course, I expected to see the beggar make a bee line for a water front bar. They always do in that neighborhood. And I stopped a moment to watch him. He made a bee line, instead, for the ticket office and bought a ticket to Oakland.

"I felt for a moment as though I had been defrauded, and then I consoled myself with the reflection that it was some tramp who wanted to get out of the city for the winter. Presently it occurred to me that a man on a newspaper had once told me that tramps do not get out of the city for the winter. They go into the country only in the summer months, when living in the open air is easy. So the feeling that I had been defrauded came back to me. The beggar had got his ticket by this time, and brushed by me through the open gate. He wore the hairy cap, and the unripe look common to men who wear caps. You will say that the cap might have been a necessity -but that peculiar look is never to be mistaken. I had caught one glimpse of the face as he held the cap out to me, and I caught another now-and the face drew me. There was a certain pitiful childishness about it, an appealing weakness, but whether it was in the eyes or quavering unsteadiness the seemed to be always moving in the lips

and chin, half hidden by a straggling growth of pale, yellow beard, I could not then, and cannot now, tell.

"At all events, I followed him on board—and was not greatly shocked to see him go at once to the bar. You see, his ferry ticket had made him good as far as he might want to ride on the local train on the Oakland side, and the fifteen cents remaining of the quarter might as well be spent for whisky on the boat as anywhere else: Besides, I felt that his visit to the bar contained my own justification. I followed him again. Ferry boat whisky is pretty bad, of course, but one must sacrifice one's stomach if one is to study humanity.

"He had the fifteen cents on the bar when I followed him in, and a large glass of red liquor before him. Will you order another high ball, Willie, or shall I? Thank you!

"As I have said, he had his drink and his money before him. The barkeeper took the money, and my friend of the cap took the drink. Every man to his trade.

"'Will you have another, my friend?' I asked, as affably as I could.

"He knew me at once, but it never feazed him. There was only the pitiful working of the muscles about the mouth a little more apparent, and I saw, now, that his eyes even were of pale blue, and that there were tears unshed in them. 'Gimme the same,' he said, pushing back his glass. The same was good enough for me, in the cause of the study of humanity, and we drank with no further ceremony. He set down his glass and went out without a word, walking back toward the open deck at the stern of the poat, where there was a kind of half darkness, and I followed him. I do not know why. He was standing by the rail, alone, and I began conversation with the easy assurance of youth.

"'You seem down on your luck, old man,' I said.

"'Luck!'" he answered, and even in that light I could see the working of the muscles about his mouth. 'Luck! What have such as me to do with luck?'

"'Not very much, I should say. from your appearance.' You see, Willie, youth at its best is impertment.

"'Look you, young man! You have money to throw to the dogs. You never threw it to a more friendless, a more utterly abandoned dog than you did tonight. Pray to your God that drink and the devil-or a woman, and that's the same thing-may never drive you into the gutter with the dogs. I was young once, like you. I was rich once, like you. I spent my money, as you do. I threw it to the dogs of the street, as you do, and patted their heads, too, when they took it and licked my hand in their poor gratitude. It is an old story, and a short one. Keep your hand out of your pocket. I do not want any more of your money. You have already bought me all that I shall ever want in this world. Take that, if it is any payment. Take my poor story, too, if that is anything on account. It is little enough for the man who has done so much for me, even though he does not know what he had done, and meant to do no more than gratify his own momentary impulse.'

"I give you my word, Willie, I was beginning to be impressed.

"'I do not know why else I tell you all this,' the man went on. 'A woman came into my life. I was married. I had little children, two of them, and then—well, the serpent followed the woman. That is the old, old law, is it not? It drove me mad, mad. She left me, and the children, and although I sought her, I thank God that I did not find her, then. I took to drink,—and my money went, and the children died. I think they starved to death, but I did not know it then. All my

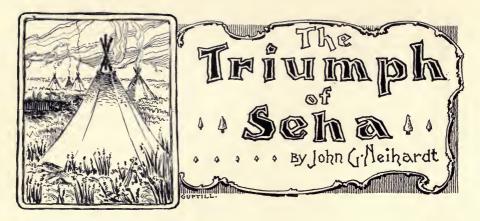
friends had deserted me.' His voice had gone lower and lower, Willie, as he told me this, and the tears that had been in his weak blue eyes seemed to have got into it. 'It was better that they did die. I have been a beggar and a drunkard for three years now. To-night I saw her, my wife,' his voice had gone lower and lower. It was almost a whisper. 'I saw her, in a carriage, with the man for whom she left her home and her children-left her children to starve to death. She was smiling, happy, and the man tossed me a coin as their carriage all but ran me down in the street. It fell at my feet and rolled in the gutter. I had not got low enough, low as I was, to search for itbut I had almost reached the end. Then I came down to the ferry. The newspapers will have another story from me-and she will read it, and know what she has done. That is my consolation. You have helped me to the last step, and I thank you. That is Goat Island, is it not, looming out there in the dark, and the water is deepest just here. Will you shake hands? It is a dying man who asks you.'

"And then he climbed upon the rail of the boat."

"And did you permit him to jump overboard?" Willard Fenton asked, horror in his eyes.

"I do not well see by what right I could have stopped him. The man had certainly played the string out. And, besides, there was the ultimate weakness of wanting the woman to know, and the whole natural sequence to the idiosyncrasy that had led him to wear a cap."





HEN Seha had grown to be a tall youth, he said to the old men: "Now I am almost a man, what shall I do?" for being a youth he dreamed of great things. And the old men answered: "That Wakunda knows; therefore take yourself to a high hill; there fast and pray until sleep comes and with it a vision."

So Seha arose and laid aside his buffalo skins, and naked he went out on the prairies. When he had gone far, he climbed to the top of a lonely hill, bare of grass, strewn with flakes of stone, that made its summit white like the head of a warrior who had seen many battles.

Then he knelt upon the flinty summit, and raising his palms to the heavens, he cried: "O Wakunda, here needy stands Seha!" Four times he uttered the cry; yet there was no sound save that of the crow overhead and the wind in the short grass of the hillside. Then he fell into an agony of weeping, and wetting his palms with his tears, he smeared his face with mud. Then he cast his streaming eyes to the skies and again raised his hands and voice in supplication.

"O Wakunda, Seha is a young man; he would do great things like the old men; send him a vision."

The night came down and still he held his eyes upon the darkening heavens, crying for a vision. But only the coyote answered him. The wan stars looked out of the East and steadily climbed upward, gazing upon his tearful, upturned face. But when the gray of age began to grow upon the forehead of the Night, he

grew so weary and weak with hunger that he fell forward upon his face and slept. And lo! the vision came. It seemed that the skies were black and flerce as the face of a brave with anger; the lightning flashed like the eyes of a hungry wolf in the darkness; and the thunder shouted like a warrior in the front of the battle. Then the clouds split and through them rushed a mighty eagle with the lightning playing on its wings, and its cry was like the shriek of a dying foe, and its eyes were bright with the vision that sees far. Its wings hovered above him, and it spoke:

"Seha shall be a seer of things far off; his thought shall be quick as the lightning, and his voice shall be thunder in the ears of men!"

Seha awoke, and he was shivering with the dews of morning.

Then he arose and walked back to his village, slowly, for his thoughts were great. Four days he went about the village, speaking to no one; and the people whispered: "Seha has had a vision; do you not see that his eyes are big with a strange light?"

One night when the four days had passed, Seha arose from his blankets and creeping stealthily out of his tepee, he went to the lodge of Ebahami, who was a great medicine man, for Seha wished to tell of his vision.

Pulling back the buffalo robe that hung across the entrance, he saw the great man sleeping by a low fire. Entering, he touched the shoulder of the sleeper, who awoke with a start, and sitting up,

gazed at the young intruder. Then Ebahami spoke:

"Seha has come to tell his vision; I knew he would come; speak."

"You are a great man," began Seha, "and your eyes are like the sun's eyes to see into the shadow; hear me and teach me." Then he told of his vision on the lonely hill.

As Ebahami listened to the wonderful thing that had befallen the youth, his heart grew cold with envy; for certainly Wakunda had great things in store for Seha, and might it not come to pass that the youth should grow to be even greater in power than Ebahami himself? So when the youth, breathless with the wonder of the thing he told, ceased speaking, the old man said coldly: "Wakunda will teach Seha; let him go learn of the wind and the growing things."

Then the youth arose and left the lodge. But the big medicine man slept no more that night, for jealousy is sleep-less.

At that time it happened that the winds were hot from the Southwest, and the maize grew yellow as the sun that smote it, and the rainless air curled its blades. And the old men cried to Wakunda for rain; but the skies smote back a baking glare for answer. Then a great moan went up before the lodge of the big medicine man: "Ebahami speaks with the thunder spirits; let him pray to them that we may have food for our children."

And Ebahami shut himself in his tepee four days, fasting, crying to the thunder spirits and performing strange rites. But every morning the sun rose glaring like the eye of a strong man who dies of fever, and the hot wind sweltered up from the southwest, moaning hoarsely like one who moans with thirst, and the maize heard the moan and wilted.

Then when the people grew clamorous before the lodge of Ebahami, he came forth and said: "The thunder spirits are sleeping; they are weary and drowsy with the heat." And the hooting of his people drove him back into his lodge.

Then Seha raised his voice above the despairing murmur of the village, saying: "Seha is a young man; yet the thunder spirits will hear him, be they ever so

drowsy. Seha will call down the rain."

The murmur of the people ceased, for so strange a light was in the eye of the youth that they believed. "Let Seha give us rain," they cried, "and he shall be a great man among us."

Then Seha strode out of the village and disappeared in the hills. His heart was loud within him as he walked, for would he not be a great man among his people? He believed in his power with that belief which is the power. All day he walked, and when the red sun glared across the western hills like an eye bloodshot with pain he came to a clump of pines that sang upon the summit of a bluff.

The thunder spirits love the pines, for they rise sternly from the rocks, reaching their long hands into the clouds, and they cry back at the storm with a loud voice. Where the pine trees sing, there the thunder spirits sleep, and the thunder birds, the hawk and the eagle, watch with keen eyes.

Under the trees Seha stood, and raising his hands and eyes to the heavens, he cried: "Hear Seha, for he is a thunder man; send the big clouds boiling before the wind; send the rains that my people may have food for their children!"

The pines only tossed their branches above him while they sang softly in the wind.

"O Thunder Spirits," he cried again, "you are not asleep; I hear you whispering together in the tree tops. Hear my cry, for am I not a thunder man?"

Then a dead calm grew; the pines were still. Suddenly they groaned with a cool gust from the East. The groan was like a waking man's groan when he arises stretching and yawning from his couch.

Then Seha lay down to sleep, for were not the thunder spirits awake?

When the night was late he was awakened by the howl of the thunder. He saw the quick lightning pierce the boiling darkness in the East; then the rain drops danced on the dry hills with a noise like the patter of many happy voices.

Seha was glad, and the answered the shout of the thunder. His people in the village were glad, and their tongues were loud with the name of Seha. The maize was glad, and it looked up to the kind

skies, tossing its arms in exultation.

When Seha returned to the village he was a great man among his people. And when they asked whence he had such strange power, he said: "I caught it from the growing of the maize; I heard it in the blowing of the wind."

But there was one who did not greet the mysterious youth. Ebahami shut himself in his tepee, for had he not failed to awaken the spirits, when a youth had succeeded?

Ebahami sat sullenly in his tepee, thinking great and fierce thoughts; and after many days of fasting his magic came back to him. Then he summoned to his lodge, one by one, the men of his band, and he said to each: "Behold, Seha speaks with evil spirits; may he not destroy his people? Then let us perform the rite of Wazhinade against him that he may be forsaken by man and animal, and so die."

The men of his band believed Ebahami, for his magic was great, and he forced them to believe.

So each man went to his tepee, and shutting himself in, fasted, thinking strongly against Seha. This is the manner of the rite of Wazhinade.

Then after his enemies had thought strongly for many days against him, Seha was seized with a strange weakness; his eyes lost their brightness and he could not see far as before. All through the days and nights he went about the village crying for his lost power, and the people said: "The coyotes are barking in the hills;" they could not see him for the

mist cast about him by the terrible rite.

Then Seha wandered out on the prairies wailing as ever for his lost power; and after many days he lay himself down by a stream to die. But he did not die; he slept and the vision came again. When he awoke he was strong again, and his eyes could see far as before. Then he said. "I will cleanse myself in the stream and go back to my people, for I am strong again."

But lo! as he leaned over the clear stream, he beheld the reflected image of an eagle soaring far above him.

Now a medicine man can change himself into any form that flies or walks or crawls or is still, and as Seha watched the image he knew that the eagle was Ebahami. So gliding into the stream, he quickly changed himself into a great fish, flounting himself temptingly upon the surface. The eagle, which was Ebahami, being hungry, swooped down upon the fish with wide beak and open talons. But just before the eagle alignted on the prey, Seha changed himself into a huge bowlder, against which the swooping bird dashed furiously, crushing its beak and talons; then it arose and with bloody wings fluttered across the prairie.

Seha stepped out of the rock and laughed a long laugh; and the eagle that was Ebahami heard and knew.

So Seha returned to his people and was a great man among them.

But Ebahiam hid himself in his tepee, and a rumor ran that his arms were broken and his face crushed.

And all the people wondered!



### THE DAYS OF GOLD

#### BY JESSIE T. AITKEN.

IDING along the dusty roads that wind in and out among the foothills on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada in Central California, the traveler is reminded at every turn of the feverishly active, half-barbaric, half-nomadic life of the early gold mining days. Hardly a hill or ravine can be found that does not bear testimony, in some form or other, to man's eager search for the shining, glittering particles that meant and still mean so much. Here is a half-decayed line of sluice-boxes, there an abandoned shaft, and everywhere rocky hillsides stripped of their soil by the play of the powerful streams shot at them by the mighty hose of the hydraulic miner. Here and there, too, is a half-fallen log-cabin, the abandoned shelter of the gold-seeker.

A summer's vacation spent in leisurely wandering through the gold country from Placerville through Jackson and San Andreas to the Calaveras "Big Trees," thence on to Sonora and southward and eastward to the Yosemite, made me familiar with many such a relic of by-gone days. But generally there was little about the dreary, forlorn spots to attract the traveler or hint at anything more romantic than the obvious story of hopes abandoned when the pay-dirt gave out.

However, one day late in the afternoon, I came upon a ruin which promised more than the prosaic story of the ordinary deserted cabin. One side-wall was still standing and the heap of decaying logs beside it was almost hidden beneath a mass of nasturtiums whose brilliant, vari-colored blossoms glowed in the rays of the setting sun, and as the mountain breeze blew over them, seemed to nod and beckon me to come nearer and learn their story.

A story I was sure they had, for nasturtiums are not indigenous to California and the typical pioneer paid but scant attention to such non-marketable products as flowers. So I threw my horse's bridle over a convenient stump and scrambled up the hillside to the ruin.

It was a most picturesque spot. The cabin had faced the sunset, and the view over canyon after canyon to the glowing western sky was beautiful beyond expression. Back and above the cabin stretched the tree-covered hillside, and at one side towered three gigantic pines. like sentinels guarding the little home that nestled quietly beneath.

Just in front of the heap of flower-draped logs lay a great flat rock covered with moss and lichens, and here and there through this veil of Time I thought I discerned the marks of a stone-cutter's chisel.

Scraping the rock as clean as possible, I made out the word "Welcome," and below it a date, of which only the figures "1855," were legible. On both sides of the rock, in front of what had apparently been a porch, were the remains of an oldfashioned flower garden. A few violets and daisies still survived, but the nasturtiums had conquered everything else. Evidently this could be no ordinaryminer's shanty, and great was my curiosity about it. I could gain no information regarding it in the neighborhood, and the old farmer whose eggs and milk varied my usual camp-fare that night could only tell me, "Them 'sturtions kim up thar ev'ry spring, and folks du say the cabin's ha'nted."

Some months later, in describing my summer's experiences to my grand-father, one of the old-timers, I mentioned this cabin. To my surprise he said, "That must be the cabin I helped to build for John Ramsey nearly fifty years ago. I am sure it is, for we planted a garden and laid the door-stone just as you describe it."

Of course we clamored for the story and it needed but little persuasion to induce grandfather to tell it to us.

h non-marketable pro- "Early in the fifties," he began, "the-Iniv Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ® gold fever reached South Grove in Illinois, where your grandmother and I were living, and I caught it. I had it in just about its worst form, and so did nearly every other man in the town. After discussing the matter for a couple of months, a party of fifty men was organized to start for California.

"We left in April and were joined all along the road by other parties bound on the same errand. It was the same old story of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, and the result to many and many a poor fellow was no better than that far-famed 'fairy gold.'

"A number of the men who joined us were young fellows who looked upon the expedition as a sort of 'lark'; still more were gamblers and mere adventurers; but a goodly proportion of our fellow-travelers were earnest, honest men, anxious to gain a fortune for the help and comfort of families or friends.

One of these last, in the party from Haynesville, a little town in Kansas, was John Ramsey, a tall, well-built fellow, only twenty-five years old, bright, clear-eyed and intelligent. I liked him as soon as I saw him. He was so cheery and unselfish, so willing to help every one, that soon he was the favorite of the whole train; every man in it, villains and all, liked and respected John Ramsey.

"Our trip across the plains was uneventful. We passed through several Indian scares, but the savages we actually saw were friendly, although all along the trail we came upon evidences that other travelers had not been so fortunate.

"At last the long tedious journey of four months ended at Sacramento and the train disbanded, each man to take his luck and life into his own hands, and prospect for himself.

"Long before this, John Ramsay and I had become fast friends and had agreed to cast our lot together. We were both anxious to finish our task of making a comfortable 'pile' and get home again, for I had left your grandmother and four little ones in the old home, and John's heart was in Kansas with his wife and year old baby girl.

"After trying our luck In several camps we made our way up the Stanislaus river into the foot-hills, and settled at length at what is still known as Angel's Camp,' though in those days angels would hardly have found the place a congenial home.

"We were, in mine parlance, 'pards,' sharing good luck and bad alike, and finding, as did many another, that fortunes were easier to dream about than to make.

"The first year passed but slowly. We located claims and worked with pan, pick and shovel, washing out the tiny grains of gold and the occasional nugget hidden in the sand and gravel that formed the bed of the little mountain stream. But the 'pile' grew very slowly, and many and many a night we would go back to our little cabin, blue and discouraged. Sitting over the camp-fire, talking of the dear ones at home and all we hoped to do for them, cheered our hearts again, and sent us to our bunks to sleep the sound sleep of the tired out man, and we always waked with fresh courage. John, especially, had such an 'up again and take another' air about him that it would have almost put life into a skeleton.

"With the second year came changes. Some men with capital to back them came out from the East. They bought up a number of claims along the creek, built sluices, and put to work a force of men who were paid regular wages. Ramsey was offered the position of superintendent and manager, and accepted. He came into the cabin that night with a rush, tossing his hat in the air like a school-boy, and, 'Now, Wells,' he said, 'for Mary and Janet!'

"That very night he wrote to his wife, asking her if she would be willing to come out and settle there; and then began to plan for her comfort, so sure was he that she would come.

"The camp was a pretty hard place to ask a young and well-bred woman to come to—just a collection of rude cabins and a population of rough men. There were but two women in the camp. One was as good-hearted an old lady as ever lived, the mother of one of the men; the other was a half-breed Indian squaw, who did all sorts of odd jobs about the camp. John realized this fully, but said, 'It is a rough place, I know, Wells, but

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Mary often used to say 'A husband's heart is a true wife's home,' and I know she'll be happy and make us happy if she comes, and I know she'll come.'

"The summer and fall went by, and the first cold days of winter brought the longed-for letter. She would be so happy to come, but it would be best not to start until Spring. In March, a party would leave Haynesville, and she and Janet would come with them; and she sent a little package of flower seeds to plant about their new home. It was a loving, womanly letter, and I did not wonder that the young fellow wanted her with him.

"All winter John was busy. There was no furniture to be had nearer than Sacramento, and very little there; but Ramsey was handy with his tools, and there was many an odd genius in the camp who was only too overjoyed to help in furnishing the home for Mary and the baby. So through stormy days and long evenings we worked, storing the things as fast as they were finished in an unused cabin.

"John made one thing that might have seemed foolish to other people, but to us miners so far from home and dear ones it was a delight; and we all contributed toward the little doll-house for Janet. Old Swiss Louis, whom we regarded as 'not all there,' put the crowning touch to the toy by carving a doll from wood; and 'Jemima,' as we called the squaw, stained its face with berries and leaves, and Mrs. Watson, or 'Mother,' as the boys called her, made it a wardrobe.

"At last spring came. The site was chosen, the logs were cut, and work on the house begun in earnest. Everybody helped, and when it was done, with its three rooms and front and back porches, it was by far the best cabin in camp. John brought a great flat rock down from the mountain-side and one of the miners, a stone-cutter by trade, cut on it the date and the word 'Welcome,' and we fitted it into the floor of the porch for a doorstone. The furniture, all made in camp, and rather rough, was arranged, but John, who was going to Sacramento to meet the train, hoped to find a few extra pieces there, and above all had set his heart on getting a rocking-chair for his

Mary, and, if possible, a little one for Janet.

"The flower seeds were planted, vines and ferns brought down from the mountain for the little garden, and after Mrs. Watson had added the finishing touches to the inside of the house there was nothing to be done but to wait.

"John had received another letter saying that the train would probably reach Sacramento the last of July, and he began to count the days. As time went on every man in camp shared his impatience, for they were hungry for the sight of a little child.

"The end of July came, but no news had been received from the train. A month went by, and then John said, 'Wells, I am going to Sacramento. I can't stand this any longer. Come with me.'

"In an hour we were on horse-back, and on our way through the mountains. We reached the city without delay, but nothing had been heard from the train. We waited a day or two, and John bought Mary's rocker and began the hunt for There were only two stores Janet's. in the place where furniture could be had and no little rocking-chair was to be found. At last, one of the stcre-keepers, seeing how much John wanted it, took the rockers off a large chair, cut them down, and fitted them to a small woodan chair, and John was content. It was a little red chair with impossible roses painted on the back, but a mist came before my eyes as I looked at it and thought of my wife and babies so far away.

"A teamster was going to Angel's Camp with supplies and offered to take the chairs, so John sent them on ahead. A week went by and the poor fellow was almost frantic with anxiety and a nameless dread. Everybody tried to cheer and reassure him, but he could neither eat nor sleep.

"At last, early one bright morning, away among the hills, we saw the white tops of wagons, and before long a man despatched from the train, dusty and tired, jumped off his horse at Ellwood's store.

"A crowd had gathered around him, and the first question came eagerly from John.

"'Where are you from? Is Mrs. Ramsey with the train?'

"'From Ohio,' came the answer. 'Mrs. Ramsey? No, she was with the train ahead of ours, but they were ambushed by the Indians, and all scalped but one man. We found him among the rocks, half dead, and brought him along.'

"John's face turned livid beneath the tan and sunburn.

"'Are—you—sure?' he said slowly. The crowd was silent as the grave.

"The man hesitated a moment, and then in a pitying tone said, 'Yes, sure. We buried them. There was a child, too, Janet, so the man we saved called her, and when we found her she had a little rag doll fast in her hand. We picked up everything we could about the wreck and——'

"But there was a sudden stiffening of the form before him, a murmur: 'God, my darlings!' and John Ramsey dropped as if shot.

"I was beside him and caught him as he fell. Willing hands carried him into the store, and everything was done to revive him, but all in vain. He was with his darlings.

"I had the whole story later from Mr. Ayres, the rescued man. It was not much. The train had been surprised, and though the men fought hard, they were overpowered. He had managed to escape, and had tried to take little Janet

with him, but she would not leave her mother. He spoke of them with tears in his eyes. 'Everybody loved that sweet baby,' said he.

"When we laid John in his rough pine coffin, against his heart was the little rag doll wrapped in a blood-stained hand-kerchief marked 'Mary Ramsey.'

"The next day I got a team and started for the little cabin on the hillside. The miners had been expecting us ever since the arrival of the supply train. They had put the two chairs in the house and almost hidden the rough walls with greens and flowers.

"As they gathered about the wagon I told them the story, and men whose eyes had long been unused to tears sobbed like children.

"Loving hands carried John reverently into the little home he had made ready with such tender care, and that evening, just at sunset, we raised the door-stone, and in a fern-lined grave sorrowfully laid all that remained of one of the truest men that ever lived. Then we locked the cabin door and wrote a letter to Haynesville telling the sad story.

"The cabin is a ruin now, you say, but as long as there remained in Angel's Camp a man who had known John Ramsey it was kept in repair, and the garden carefully tended. For ten years the little home stood there, a monument, a silent witness to a man's love, waiting for the dear ones who never came."



### The Constitution and the Territories

BY N. P. CHIPMAN, A COMMISSIONER OF THE SUPREME COURT OF CALIFORNIA.

O INCE Scott vs. Sanford (The Dred Scott case, 19 How. 393) no decision of the Supreme Court has elicited such widespread interest or worldwide comment as the adjudication of what the court terms the Insular Tariff Cases, involving the relation of our recently acquired possessions to the United States. The Dred Scott decision stirred the National conscience to its profoundest depths and aroused unrestrained indignation throughout all the free States and the then territories. It was not acquiesced in by the people; and, if in going further than was necessary in disposing of the case, the purpose was to allay the public feeling on the subject of slavery, the decision wholly failed of its object. The Civil war followed not long after and as one of its results slavery was abolished and was forever prohibited by Constitutional Amendment. The Insular Tariff Cases make no such appeal to the passions of the people, and it is not at all likely that they will lead to an amendment of the Constitution. doctrine of these cases addresses itself to the sober, thoughtful, dispassionate judgment of the entire nation regardless of section or political creed. It cannot be truthfully said that the decisions were tinged in the least by partisan politics, nor have the newspaper comments, commendatory or adverse, been confined to party or geographical lines. A fair example of Southern democratic expression is found in The Memphis Commercial-Appeal where it was said: "Constitutions are the work of human hands and brains, and as such cannot be literally and servilely followed at all times, and especially when they conflict with public interest and when they fail to meet the exigencies of those who are now alive. All the rhetoric in the world cannot change the supreme and adamantine fact that the people of our new possessions are not yet prepared for full American citizen-

ship, and are not yet capable of self-government, according to the American idea, and until they are educated up to the responsibilities and duties of citizenship, common sense and common prudence must dictate a withholding of the boon from them."

Events bearing upon the discussion of the cases occurred as follows: In July, 1898, General Miles invaded the island with a military force and on October 18th Porto Rico was evacuated by Spanish forces; December 10th, the treaty of peace was signed at Paris, Spain ceding the island to the United States; February 6th, 1899, the treaty was ratifled by the President and the Senate; March 19th, treaty was ratified by the Queen Regent of Spain; April 11th, 1899, ratifications were exchanged and treaty proclaimed at Washington; April 12, 1900. the Foraker Act was passed providing temporary revenues and a government for Porto Rico.

Let us at the outset understand precisely what was before the court. First: De Lima v. Bidwell was an action against the Collector of the Port of New York to recover back certain duties paid upon certain importations of sugar from the island of Porto Rico, in the latter part of 1899, after the treaty was ratified but prior to the passage of the Foraker Act. At the time this sugar was imported from Porto Rico the tariff act of July 24, 1897, commonly known as the Dingley Act, provided that "there shall be levied, collected, and paid upon all articles imported from foreign countries" certain duties therein specified. The case involved the right to collect duty on this sugar, and this depended on the question whether the territory of Porto Rico acquired by cession from foreign power was a "foreign country," not for all purposes, but within the meaning of the tariff law of 1897.

full American citizen- Second: Downes v. Bidwell, was an Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

action commenced against the same Collector to recover back certain duties paid upon certain oranges consigned to Downes and brought from the island of Porto Rico in November 1900, after the passage of the Foraker Act. This case involved the question whether merchandise thus brought into the Port of New York was exempt from duty notwithstanding the act required the payment of "15 per centum of the duties which are required to be levied, collected, and paid upon like articles of merchandise imported from foreign countries." court has just held in the De Lima case that after the treaty cession of Porto Rico and prior to any legislation by Congress relating to revenues or for the government of the territory thus ceded, the Dingley tariff act did not apply because Porto Rico was not a foreign country within the meaning of that act. Foraker Act, in respect of its revenue provisions, was but a modification of the Dingley Act differing only in the rates of duty imposed on articles, and the question was: Could Congress thus discriminate against articles imported from Porto Rico, or in fact impose any duties at all thereon; and here again arose the relations of the island to the United States. The Constitution, Art. 1, Sec. 8, declares that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." Section 9 of the same Article provides that "vessels bound to or from one State" cannot "be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties to another." If, therefore, these provisions of the Constitution applied to Porto Rico of their own force, it would follow necessarily that the Foraker Act which by its terms applies exclusively to Porto Rico, would be unconstitutional. The remarkable feature of the two decisions, which the lay mind cannot grasp and which the legal mind is much puzzled over is this: How could the court in the De Lima case hold Porto Rico to be a part of the United States and not a "foreign country" within the meaning of the Dingley tariff law, and yet hold in the Downes case that Porto Rico was a "foreign country" within the meaning of the revenue clauses of the Constitution? If the Dingley law could not be enforced

as to articles imported from Porto Rico because the island, after cession to the United States, was no longer foreign, how could the Foraker Act be enforced on the theory that although Porto Rico is a territory belonging to the United States, it is foreign territory within the meaning of the revenue clauses of the Constitution? Dissenting in the Downes case, Mr. Justice Harlan perceived this seeming incongruity. He said: "I cannot agree that it is a domestic territory of the United States for the purpose of preventing the application of the tariff act imposing duties upon imports from foreign countries, but not a part of the United States for the purpose of enforcing the constitutional requirement that all duties, imports and excises imposed by Congress shall be uniform throughout the United States." He said: "How Porto Rico can be domestic territory of the United States, as distinctly held in De Lima v. Bidwell, and yet, as is now held, not embraced by the words 'throughout the United States,' is more than I can understand." Dissenting in the De Lima case, Mr. Justice McKenna was met by the same difficulty. He said: "If at the time the duties which are complained of were levied, Porto Rico was as much a foreign country as it was before the war with Spain; if it was as much domestic territory as New York now is, there would be no serious controversy in the case. If the former (i. e. if a foreign country) the terms and the intention of the Dingley Act would apply. If the latter (i. e. if domestic territory), whatever its words or intention it could not be applied." And the learned Justice suggests the following solution: "Between these extremes there are other relations, and that Porto Rico occupied one of them, and its products hence were subject to duties under the Dingley Tariff Act, can be demonstrated." And he further points out that Mr. Justice Brown, one of the majority in the De Lima case, himself held with the majority in the Downes case, "that even if Porto Rico were domestic territory its products could be legally subjected to tariff duties."

could not be enforced. It is well known that judges sometimes this Calif - Digitized by Microsoft (9)

reach the same goal by travelling different roads, but seldom where in doing so the roads are divergent and have no common meeting point. The judgment in the De Lima case was reached in this remarkable manner. Four judges held that the Constitution inhibited all tariff duties on products coming from Porto Rico, after cession of the island by treaty, and hence were able to unite with Mr. Justice Brown in giving judgment in the De Lima case; but, for the same reason, they were forced to dissent from his conclusions in the Downes case. In the latter case Mr. Justice Brown held that the Constitution did not inhibit the tariff duties levied under the Foraker Act and a judgment was entered accordingly by the concurrence of the four judges who had dissented from his conclusions in the De Lima case. With entire consistency the four concurring judges in the De Lima case dissented in the Downes case because the principle on which they proceeded led inevitably to the same result in both cases. The principle was that the revenue clauses of the Constitution, by their own force, became operative instantly in Porto Rico upon ratification of the treaty of cession and therefore duties under the Dingley Act could no more be enforced on products coming from Porto Rico than on products coming from any State of the Union. For like reason duties were illegally exacted under the Foraker Act. The four judges who concurred in the Downes case with perfect consistency dissented in the De Lima case because the principle on which they proceeded led inevitably to the same result in both cases. The principle was as stated by Mr. Justice McKenna: "That Porto Rico occupied a relation to the United States between that of being a foreign country absolutely and of being domestic territory absolutely," and that the Constitution aid not of its own force go into effect for all purposes in Porto Rico.

In explanation of their position Mr. Justice Gray, in a concurring opinion, tersely, in the Downes case, formulated the following propositions: "The cases now before the court do not touch the authority of the United States over the

territories in the strict and technical sense (referring to the territories with which we are all familiar); but they relate to territory in the broader sense, acquired by the United States by war with a foreign state." He quoted from Chief Justice Marshall as follows: "The Constitution confers absolutely on the Government of the Union the powers of making war and of making treaties; consequently that Government possesses the power of acquiring territory, either by conquest or by treaty. The usage of the world is, if a nation be not entirely subdued, to consider the holding of conquered territory as a mere military occupation, until its fate shall be determined at the treaty of peace. If it be ceded by the treaty, the acquisition is confirmed, and the ceded territory becomes a part of the nation to which it is annexed, either on the terms stipulated in the treaty of cession or on such as its new masters shall impose." (American Ins. Co. v. 356 Bales of Cotton (1828) 1 Pet. 511.) Proceeding. Mr. Justice Gray said: "The civil Government of the United States cannot extend immediately, and of its own force, over territory acquired by war. Such territory must necessarily, in the first instance, be governed by military power under the control of the President as Commander-in-Chief. Civil Government cannot take effect at once, as soon as possession is acquired under military authority, or even as soon as that possession is confirmed by treaty. It can only be put in operation by the action of the appropriate political department of the Government, at such time and in such degree as that department may determine. There must of necessity be a transition period. In a conquered territory, civil Government must take effect either by the action of the treaty-making power, or by that of the Congress of the United States. The office of a treaty of cession is ordinarily to put an end to all authority of the foreign Government over the territory, and to subject the territory to the disposition of the Government of the United States." He then points out certain provisions of the treaty with Spain: for example, admitting certain articles coming from Spain to the ports of the

Philippines free of duty for ten years, which he said could not be carried out "if the Constitution required the customs regulations of the United States to apply in those territories." Continuing, he said: "In the absence of congressional legislation, the regulation of the revenues of the conquered territory, even after the treaty of cession, remains with the executive and military authority. So long as Congress has not incorporated the territory into the United States, neither military occupation nor cession by treaty make the conquered territory domestic territory, in the sense of the revenue laws; but those laws concerning 'foreign countries' remain applicable to the conquered territory until changed by Congress. Such, he asserts, was the unanimous opinion of this court as declared by Chief Justice Taney in Fleming v. Page, 9 How. 603. "If Congress is not ready to construct a complete Government for the conquered territory, it may establish a temporary Government, which is not subject to all the restrictions of the Constitution. Such was the effect of the Act of Congress of April 12th, 1900, entitled 'An Act temporarily to provide revenues and a Civil Government for Porto Rico.' \* \* \* The system of duties temporarily established by that act during the transition period was within the authority of Congress under the Constition of the United States."

Considering the opinions in their entirety, in these now famous cases, it is not, I think, placing too high an estimate on them to say that nowhere in all our judicial literature or treaties upon the Constitution can be found in the same compass so able, so searching and so exhaustive a discussion of the frame-work of our Government, or a more vigorous exposition of the limitations intended to be placed upon the powers of Government. Obviously it would be impossible to present the views of all these eminent judges within the scope of a single article, for they embrace material for a large volume. First: I shall only endeavor to outline the ground on which the decisions rest, in order that we may judge of their Second: I shall try to discover merit. from what has been decided and has been said in the opinions, the probable status of the Philippines. If the questions before the court were still under discussion both sides of the argument should be given; but as the law of these and all similar cases is finally determined, what concerns us most is to know the reasons which support the conclusion reached, not the reasons which were rejected as unsound.

A judgment in the De Lima case was arrived at under circumstances, as we have seen, such as to take from it much of its value. Four of the judges concurred on grounds altogether antagonistic to the views of Mr. Justice Brown, who wrote the opinion of the court. His views as expressed in the Downes case, however, make it certain that he never can be brought to hold with Mr. Justice Harlan of the minority, for example, who said: "When the acquisition of territory becomes complete, by cession, the Constitution necessarily becomes the supreme law of such new territory, and no power exists in any department of the Government to make 'concessions' that are inconsistent with its provisions. \* \* The Constitution is supreme over every foot of territory, wherever situated, under the jurisdiction of the United States. and its full operation cannot be stayed by any branch of our Government in order to meet what some may suppose to be extraordinary emergencies." The opinion of Mr. Justice Brown in the Downes case shows that his mind can never agree to the proposition that after cession by treaty or upon acquisition by purchase or conquest Congress may not enact laws for such territory relating to customs revenues discriminatory in their character. On the contrary, the Downes case presented that very question, and on it Mr. Justice Brown held contrary to Mr. Justice Harland and his associate dissenting Justices. A careful reading of the opinion in the De Lima case will show that his entire argument is constructed to demonstrate that upon ratification of the treaty Porto Rico ceased to be foreign territory and became domestic territory, but not necessarily incorporated as a part of the United States; that as it was not a foreign country the Dingley

Act could not apply to it because by its terms it levied duties only on articles "imported from foreign countries." But it is perfectly plain that in thus holding he did not intend to express the opinion that Congress had not plenary power to legislate for the territory, unhampered by the clauses of the Constitution already referred to. In speaking on this subject he said: "Whatever be the source of this power, its uninterrupted exercise by Congress for a century, and the repeated declarations of this court, have settled the law that the right to acquire territory involves the right to govern and dispose of it."

Much broader questions were involved in the Downes case, and it is to the opinions delivered in this case, together with the views expressed in the dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Mc-Kenna in the De Lima case, that we are to look for a full exposition of the views of the majority of the court upon the powers of Congress. Mr. Justice Brown thus states the momentous issue: "In the case of De Lima v. Bidwell we held that, upon the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain, Porto Rico ceased to be a foreign country and became a territory of the United States, and that duties were no longer collectable upon merchandise brought from that island. We are now asked to hold that it became a part of the United States within that provision of the Constitution which declares that all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States. Art. 1, Sec. 8. If Porto Rico be a part of the United States, the Foracker Act imposing duties upon its products is unconstitutional, not only by reason of a violation of the uniformity clause, but because by Sec. 9 'vessels bound to or from one State,' cannot be obliged 'to enter, clear or pay duties in another.' The case involves the broader question whether the revenue clauses of the Constitution extend of their own force to our newly acquired territories. Constitution itself does not answer the question. Its solution must be found in the nature of the Government created by that instrument, in the opinion of its contemporaries, in the practical con-

struction put upon it by Congress, and in the decisions of this court."

Pursuing the four subdivisions of the argument above stated, each one is taken up and followed to its logical conclusion. I shall follow his reasoning closely, often using his own language, as I shall also do in dealing with the other opinions. In explanation of the nature of our Government and its origin we are reminded that the Federal Government was created in 1777 by the union of thirteen colonies of Great Britain in "certain articles of confederation and perpetual union," each member of which was denominated a State. Provision was made for representation of each State, but no mention was made of territories or other lands, except that the admission of Canada was authorized upon its "acceding to this confederation," and other colonies if agreed to by 9 States. Several States made claim to land in the unsettled west about which acrimonious disputes arose, which threatened to defeat the Confederacy before it was fairly in operation. The controversy was happily settled by relinquishment to the Confederacy, and the Confederate Congress, in 1787, created the first territorial Government northwest of the Ohio River by the famous Ordinance which established local self-government, a bill of rights, representation in Congress by a delegate without the right to debate or vote, and for the ultimate formation of States out of this territory, on an equal footing with the original States. The next step in the evolution of our Government brought out is the formation of the Constitution in 1787 by "the people of the United States," "for the United States of America." All legislative powers were vested in a Congress in which States alone were represented, and no provision was made for representation of the territories. The only reference to them was that Congress was empowered "to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property of the United States." At this time North Carolina and Georgia had not relinquished their claims. Mention is made in the opinion that Chief Justice Taney held in the Dred Scott case that the clause above quoted was not in-

tended to give the powers of sovereignty or to authorize the establishment of territorial government—that the words were used in a proprietary and not in a political sense. But the opinion shows "that the power to establish territorial Governments has been too long exercised by Congress and acquiesced in by this court to be deemed an unsettled question." Looking to these three fundamental instruments, namely, the Article of Confederacy, The Ordinance of 1787, and the Constitution, it is argued that it can nowhere be inferred that the territories were considered a part of the United States; that the Constitution was created by the people of the United States, as a union of States to be governed solely by representatives of the States-in short, the Constitution deals with States, their people, and their representatives. It is claimed that this view is strengthened by reference to the 13th Amendment prohibiting slavery and involuntary servitude "within the United States, or in any place subject to their jurisdiction," which implies that there may be places within the jurisdiction of the United States that are no part of the Union. The phraseology of the 14th Amendment is also referred to as reinforcing the conclusion, for it declares that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside." And it is said that there is a limitation here to persons born or naturalized in the United States, which is not extended to persons born in any place "subject to their jurisdiction." This branch of the discussion apparently would lead to the conclusion that the power of Congress over the territories has no limitation—a view which we shall see later on is not shared by any other member of the court.

Advancing in the argument to history, contemporaneous with the adoption of the Constitution, and the practical construction put upon it by Congress, the opinion comes to the Louisiana purchase in 1803. The intelligent reader has been made familiar with the details of this acquisition and the happy coincidence of pending war between France and Eng-

land that made it possible. Mr. Jefferson, then President, as is well known, entertained grave doubts as to his power to annex the territory and make it a part of the United States, and he had instructed Mr. Livingston, our Minister to France to make no agreement to that effect in the treaty. But the exigencies were such at the moment of action that Mr. Livingston, with whom Mr. Madison co-operated as one of our negotiators, took the responsibility of violating his instructions, and there was inserted in the 3d Article of the treaty the provision that "the inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the union of the United States, and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States; and in the meantime they shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property and the religion which they profess. This," continues the opinion, "evidently committed the Government to the ultimate, but not to the immediate, admission of Louisiana as a State, and postponed its incorporation into the Union to the pleasure of Congress." When the treaty was signed Congress was not in session, and by the time it convened Mr. Jefferson's well known scruples as to the constitutionality of his proceedings were apparently allayed, for when Congress assembled in October, 1803, he referred the whole matter to that body, and in his message said: "With the wisdom of Congress it will rest to take those ulterior measures which may be necessary for the immediate occupation and temporary Government of the country, for its incorporation into the Union." The discussion which arose in Congress in both houses at that cession and the laws which were enacted as the result of that discussion, possess the highest significance as contemporaneous expressions of statesmen who helped to frame our great Chart of Liberty. The treaty contained, as the recent treaty with Spain contains, provisions discriminating in favor of ports in the ceded territory, admitting the ships of Spain and France for

twelve years "in the same manner as the ships of the United States coming directly from France or Spain, or any of their colonies, without being subject to any other or greater duty on merchandise or other or greater tonnage than that paid by the citizens of the United States." The same question was then before Congress as was recently before the Supreme Court, and the same Article and Section of the Constitution was under discussion. The debate embraced the question also as to the constitutionality of the provistion for the ultimate incorporation of Louisiana into the Union. The contention of the administration party was that under the constitutional power to make treaties, there was full power to acquire territory and to hold and govern it under laws to be passed by Congress; that as Louisiana was incorporated into the Union as a territory, and not as a State. a stipulation for citizenship became necessary; that as a State they would not have needed a stipulation for the safety of their liberty, property and religion, but as a territory this stipulation would govern and restrain the undefined powers of Congress to "make rules and regulations" for territories. Replying to the objection that the treaty violated the Constitution in discriminating in favor of French and Spanish ships, Mr. Elliott of Vermont said: "The States, as such, were equal and intended to preserve their equality; and the provision of the Constition alluded to was calculated to prevent Congress from making any odious discrimination or distinction between particular States." Mr. Nicholson of Maryland spoke of Louisiana "as in the nature of a colony whose commerce may be regulated without reference to the Constitution." And he said, if "it had been Cuba which was ceded to us, under a similar condition of admitting French and Spanish vessels for a limited time into Havana could it possibly have been contended that this would be giving a preference to ports of one State over those of another, or that the uniformity of duties, and excises throughout the imposts United States would have been destroyed? And because Louisiana lies adjacent to our own territory, is it to be

viewed in a different light?" Following the debate, Congress passed an Act, October 31st, 1803, authorizing the President to take possession of the territory and to continue the existing government. and on November 10th, 1803, the act was passed making provision for the payment of the purchase price. These Acts continued until March 26, 1804, when a new Act was passed providing a temporary Government for the territory. These Acts were the solemn declaration of Congress that territory may be lawfully acquired by treaty, with a provision for its ultimate incorporation into the Union; and that a discrimination in favor of certain foreign vessels trading with the ports of a newly acquired territory is not a violation of the clause of the Constitution prohibiting any preference of the ports of one State over those of another. And it is shown that such discrimination was possible under the Constitution upon no theory except that ports of territories are not ports of a State within the meaning of the Constitution. The same question arose in the treaty by which we acquired Florida in 1819, and the same construction was adhered to. Numerous laws passed by Congress from the earliest days down to the present time are cited as showing that "Congress has or has not applied the revenue laws to the territories as the circumstances of each case seemed to require and has specifically legislated for the territories whenever it was its intention to execute laws beyond the limits of the States." And it was said that however fluctuating judicial opinion has been, Congress has from the beginning to this day "been consistent in recognizing the difference between the States and territories under the Constitution." Mr. Justice McKenna in the De Lima case referred to the construction given by the Executive Department of Government which strongly supports the decision reached in the Downes case, and he thought should have been given greater weight in the De Lima case. He shows that between December 20, 1803, when possession was delivered to the United States, Louisiana was treated as a foreign country under the customs laws, and duties were levied and collected

upon its products and no one disputed the legality of it.

Before coming to the earlier decisions of the Supreme Court a clear understanding of the points considered, as influencing the minds of the majority, requires that some attention be given to the very able concurring opinion of Mr. Justice White, who spoke for himself and for Justices Shiras and McKenna, and, it is believed, also without the disapproval of Mr. Justice Gray, a concise outline of whose views I have already given. Mr. Justice Harlan quotes from the opinion of Mr. Justice Brown to the effect that the Constitution speaks "only to States, except in the territorial clause, which is absolute in its terms, and suggestive of no limitations upon the power of Congress in dealing with them;" that with the exceptions named, the Constitution was ordained by the States, and is addressed to and operates only on the the States. It is needless to say that Mr. Justice Harlan refused to accept this view. It is probable that Mr. Justice White was led to elaborate somewhat the views of the Justices for whom he spoke in order to remove any apprehension that they shared the extreme position apparently taken by Mr. Justice Brown, as interpreted by Mr. Justice Harlan. prefaces his opinion by a statement of certain very important propositions which may be summarized as follows:

1. That the Constitution is all controlling and the source of all the powers of government, and that no department of government can do any act or proceed in any matter unless authority can be found in the Constitution either in express terms or by lawful implication. 2. That there is an important distinction to be observed between the two characters of restrictions found in the Constitution, namely, those which regulate a granted power and those which withdraw all authority on a particular subject. 3. That instrument is everywhere and at all times potential in so far as its provisions are applicable. 4. That the Constitution has conferred on Congress the right to create municipal organizations as it may deem best for all territories of the United States, but every applicable ex- plication of the provision as to juries has

press limitation of the Constitution is in force, and even where there is no express command which applies, there may nevertheless be restrictions of so fundamental a nature that they cannot be transgressed. though not expressed in so many words; hence every provision of the Constitution that is applicable to the territories is controlling therein and all the limitations of the Constitution, applicable to Congress in governing the territories, necessarily limit its powers. 5. That where territory has been incorporated into and forms a part of the United States, Congress is restrained by the Constitution from laying and collecting duties on goods coming into the United States from such territory. 6. Whether a particular provision is applicable involves an inquiry into the situation of the territory and its relations to the United States, although if the Constitution has withheld all power over a given subject, it does not follow that such inquiry would be necessary.

As an illustration of the plenitude of the power of Congress to create municipal organizations for all the territories, whether incorporated into the United States or not, which Congress has exercised from the earliest days, the District of Columbia is instanced. There have been several different forms of Government given the District, some partially representative, some largely so, but finally, as now, a Government totally devoid of local representation. Congress is the local legislative body, and the Government is administered by officers appointed by the President, and not one citizen of a population of four hundred thousand has any independent voice in controlling its affairs. As illustrating that the situation of the territory and its relation to the United States must be taken into account in determining the applicability of a particular provision of the Constitution, cases are cited where it was held by the Supreme Court that the provisions relating to life tenure of the Judges of courts created by Congress were not applicable; while on the other hand the provisions as to common-law juries are applicable. Then again the ap-

been, under different conditions, considered in a different aspect. For example, the Supreme Court has found power in the treaty making clause to create Consular Courts with authority to try American citizens in foreign countries, without previous indictment by a grand jury or the summoning of a petty jury. Here the situation was controlling. The Court could try the offender by virtue of the treaty-making power, but the provision guaranteeing a trial by jury was held inapplicable. In re Ross, 140 U.S. 453. "Undoubtedly," said Mr. Justice White, "there are general prohibitions of the Constitution in favor of the liberty and property of the citizen, which are not mere regulations as to the form and manner in which a conceded power may be exercised, but which are an absolute denial of all authority under any circumstances or conditions to do particular acts. In the nature of things, limitations of this character cannot be transcribed, because of the complete absence of power." An interesting debate is called to mind in the U.S. Senate, in 1849, when a proposition was made by way of amendment to a bill to extend the Constitution over California and New Mexico. Mr. Webster said: "Mr. President \* \* \* the thing is utterly impossible. All the legislation in the world, in this general form, could not accomplish it. There is no cause for the operation of the legislative power in such a matter as that. The Constitution—what is it? We extend the Constitution of the United States? What is the Constitution of the United States? Is not its very first principle that all within its influence and comprehension shall be represented in the legislature which it establishes, with not only the right of debate and the right to vote in both Houses of Congress, but to partake in the choice of the President and Vice-President? And can we by law extend these rights, or any of them, to a territory of the United States? Everybody will see that it is altogether impracticable." Mr. Webster might have added that as Congress cannot put the Constitution into operation in a territory the Constitution cannot automatically put itself in force in a territory. by the acquiring power in the ab-

Being interrogated as to whether it is not obligatory upon territorial officers to administer the laws according to the principles of the Constitution, as well as upon Congress in legislating for the territories, Mr. Webster said: "I never said it was not obligatory upon them. What I said was, that in making laws for these territories it was the high duty of Congress to regard those great principles in the Constitution intended for the security of personal liberty and for the security of property." "There is in reason, then," says Mr. Justice White, "no room in this case to contend that Congress can destroy the liberties of the people of Porto Rico by exercising in their regard powers against freedom and justice which the Constitution has absolutely denied." And he then states the sole and only issue to be, "not whether Congress has taxed Porto Rico without representation-for whether the law was local or national, it could have been imposed although Porto Rico had no representative local government and was not represented in Congress-but whether the particular tax in question was levied in such form as to be repugnant to the Constitution. "This," he says, "is to be resolved by answering the inquiry, Had Porto Rico at the time of the passage of the act in question (the Foraker Act) been incorporated into and become an integral part of the United States?" The learned Justice then proceeds to examine the subject from the Constitution itself, as a matter of first impression, from that instrument as illustrated by the history of the Government, and as construed by the decisions of the Supreme Court. He then declares the following principle of international law, which he supports by many high authorities, namely, that every Government which is sovereign within its sphere cf action, possesses as an inherent attribute the power to acquire territory by discovery, by agreement or treaty, and by conquest; and that as a general rule whenever a Government acquires territory by any of the modes mentioned, the relation of the territory to the new Government is to be determined

sence of stipulations on the subject. He then shows that our Government has acquired territory by all the modes known to international law. In 1803 Louisiana was ceded by France; in 1819 Florida by Spain; Oregon by discovery, as is now claimed; Texas in 1845 by compact with Congress; California and New Mexico in 1848 by treaty at the close of a war; Gadsden purchase from Mexico, 1853; numerous islands under the Act of 1856, usually designated as the Guano Islands Act; Alaska ceded by Russia in 1867; Medway Island, one of the Hawaiian group in 1867; and Pearl Harbor in the same year; Hawaiian Islands in 1898 came under our sovereignty, and in 1890 by act of Congress they were given the status of an incorporated territory; joint administration of the Samoan Islands, with Great Britain and Germany, in 1890, and in 1900 all rights to certain of these islands were renounced to the United States; and finally the treaty with Spain, which terminated the recent war, was ratified.

If it be conceded that the United States may acquire territory, but it be claimed that all such territory when acquired becomes absolutely incorporated into the United States and every provision of the Constitution which would apply becomes at once controlling, this, says the opinion, "is but to admit the power to acquire, and immediately to deny, its beneficial existence." But it is said: "To concede to the Government of the United States the right to acquire, and to strip it of all power to protect the birthright of its own citizens, and to provide for the well being of the acquired territory by such enactments as may in view of its conditions be essential, is, in effect, to say that the United States is helpless in the family of nations, and does not possess that authority which has at all times been treated as an incident of the right to acquire." Illustrations are given of the discovery of unknown islands, peopled by an uncivilized race, yet rich in soil and valuable to the United States for commercial or strategic reasons. By the law of nations the right to ratify such acquisition and thus to acquire the territory would pertain to the United Univ Calif - Digitize

States. Can it be said that the Government could not exercise its right in such a case without endowing the inhabitants with citizenship and subjecting them not only to local, but also to an equal proportion of national taxes "even although the consequence would be to entail ruin on the discovered territory and inflict grave detriment on the United States, to arise from the dislocation of its fiscal system and the immediate bestowal of citizenship on those absolutely unfit to receive it?" The Act of Congress of 1856, known as the Guano Islands Act, already referred to, is instanced, by which islands discovered by American citizens, unclaimed by other countries, were taken into possession "as appertaining to the United States," of which there are now some seventy under occupation; and the power has been held by the Supreme Court to be lawfully exercised and treated as "appurtenant" to the United States. (Jones v. U. S., 137 U. S. 202.)

The principle is equally applicable where ownership occurs from conquest. Illustrations are given. During a just war the enemy's territory is invaded and occupied. "Would not the war, even if waged successfully, be fraught with danger if the effect of occupation was necessarily to incorporate an alien and hostile people into the United States?" Again, "suppose at the termination of the war, the hostile Government had been overthrown and the entire territory was occupied by the United States and there was no Government with which to treat or none willing to cede by treaty, and it thus became necessary to hold the conquered country for an indefinite period, or at least until Congress deemed that it should be released or incorporated into the United States. If holding was to have the effect to make it an integral part of the United States with all attendant results, would not the retention be fraught with such danger to the American people that the power could not be safely exercised?" But if there should be a hostile Government capable of entering into engagements at the close of a war, and the authority by treaty is limited as is claimed, it would be impossible to terminate a successful war by d by Microsoft ®

acquiring territory through a treaty, without immediately incorporating such territory into the United States.

Looking next at the nature of our Constitutional Government, it is shown that if the treaty-making power can absolutely, without the consent of Congress, incorporate territory, and if that power may not insert in the treaty conditions against incorporation, it must follow that the treaty-making power is endowed by the Constitution with the most unlimited right, susceptible of destroying every other provision of the Constition; "that is, it may wreck our institutions." "If the proposition be true," continued the opinion, "then millions of inhabitants of alien territory, if acquired by treaty, can, without the desire or consent of the people of the United States, speaking through Congress, be immediately and irrevocably incorporated into the United States, and the whole structure of the Government be overthrown." And it is pointed out that such construction of the powers of Government would be an enormous aggrandizement of the treaty-making power on the one hand. while minimizing it on the other, "in that it strips that authority of any right to acquire territory upon any condition which would guard the people of the United States from the evil of immediate incorporation. The treaty-making power, then, under this construction, instead of having the symmetrical functions which belong to it from its very nature, becomes distorted-invested with the right to destroy on the one hand, and deprived of all power to protect the Government on the other."

From another point of view the principle asserted is shown to be antagonistic both to the express provisions and the spirit of the Constitution. If it be true that the treaty-making power is as great as is claimed, what becomes of the branch of Congress peculiarly representative of the people—what is left of the functions of the House of Representatives? That body may be unwilling to consent to immediate incorporation, but if incorporation follows inevitably upon cession by treaty then the consequences are beyond the hope of redress. And yet the Con-

stitution confers upon Congress the power to regulate commerce, the right to raise revenue—bills for which must originate in the House of Representatives—the authority to prescribe uniform naturalization laws, all of which might be set at naught by the exercise of the treatymaking power.

It has been suggested that the evil of immediate incorporation may be corrected by Congress exercising its power to dispose of the territory, i. e., by ceding it away to some other nation or abandoning it to its fate. Justice White meets this solution of the question by the bold, and what must commend itself as a highly patriotic view of the power of Congress over a territory once incorporated and become an integral part of the Union. He holds that relinquishment or cession of sovereignty would be a violation of our fundamental law and beyond the powers of Government. It is shown that when Mr. Jefferson was Secretary of State under President Washington, in a report relating to certain proposed negotiations between this Government and Spain concerning our right to navigate the lower part of the Mississippi, he said to the President: "We have nothing else (than a relinquishment of certain claims on Spain) to give in exchange. For as to territory we have neither the right nor the disposition to alienate an inch of what belongs to any member of our Union." Mr. Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, suggested a possible distinction between the peopled and unpeopled portions of territory. But Mr. Jefferson said, "If we may go out of that instrument (the (the Constitution) and accommodate to exigencies which may arise by alienating the unpeopled territory of a State, we may accommodate ourselves a little more by alienating that which is peopled, and still a little more by selling the people themselves." And it is shown that these views met the approval of President Washington. It is conceded that from the exigency of a calamitous war or the settlement of boundaries, it may be that citizens of the United States may be expatriated by the action of the treaty-making power, impliedly or expressly ratified by Congress; but these conditions cannot

justify the general proposition that territory which is an integral part of the United States may, as a mere act of sale, be disposed of.

It is shown that there has not been a single cession made from the time of the Confederation up to the present day, excluding the recent treaty with Spain, which has not contained stipulations to the effect that the United States, through Congress, would either not dis-incorporate or would incorporate the ceded territory into the United States. This is shown by a careful analysis of the steps taken by our Government throughout the period, both by the legislative and executive department, all leading to the conclusion already indicated. Following an exhaustive examination of the action of our Government, including the acts of Congress relative to the Louisiana purchase, the opinion states as indubitably resulting: first, an agreement among all parties that the Government had the undoubted right to acquire, hold, and govern the territory as a possession, and that incorporation into the United States could under no circumstances arise solely from a treaty of cession; second, it was even strenuously denied by many eminent men that, in acquiring territory, citizenship could be conferred upon the inhabitants within the acquired territory; i. e., it was denied that territory could be incorporated without an amendment to the Constitution; and, third, that agreements by the treatymaking power were but promises depending for their fulfillment on the future action of Congress. And it was in accordance with this view that the territory acquired by the Louisiana purchase was governed as a mere dependency until, conformably with Mr. Jefferson's suggestion, it was incorporated as a territory into the United States by the action of Congress, and the same rights were conferred in the same mode by which other territories had previously been incorporated. After referring to the principles of the law of nations, to the nature of our government, to the mode in which its powers have been executed from the beginning, and to an unbroken line of decisions of the Supreme Court (the into the United State

latter of which I have not as yet stated in their sequence), the learned Justice concludes as firmly established: that the treaty-making power cannot incorporate territory into the United States without the implied or express assent of Congress; that it may insert in a treaty conditions against immediate incorporation, and on the other hand when it has expressed conditions favorable to incorporation they will, if the treaty be not repudiated by Congress, have the force of law, and by the fulfillment of such conditions cause incorporation to result.

The argument is thus brought at once to the treaty with Spain and the question Does the treaty contain a provision for incorporation, or does it, on the contrary, stipulate that incorporation shall not take place from the mere effect of the treaty until Congress has so determined? By Article II "Spain concedes to the United States the island of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty, etc." Article IX provides that Spanish subjects may remain in the ceded territory retaining their rights of property, etc., the right to carry on business subject to such laws as are applicable to other foreigners; in case they remain in the territory they may retain their allegiance to Spain by making a declaration within one year of their intention, in default of which declaration they shall be held to have renounced allegiance to Spain and to have adopted the nationality of the territory in which they may reside. "The civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories hereby ceded to the United States shall be determined by the Congress." Article X secures to the inhabitants "the free exercise of their religion." It is concluded from the foregoing provisions that the treaty does not stipulate for incorporation, but, on the contrary, expressly provides that the "civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territory hereby ceded" shall be determined by Congress; and furthermore that the Foraker Act taken as a whole plainly manifests an intention that for the present at least, Porto Rico is not to be incorporated into the United States.

Finally the provisions of the treaty relating to Cuba are brought into view. Spain relinquished "all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba"; and it was further provided as follows: "And as the island is upon the evacuation by Spain to be occupied by the United States, the United States will, so long as such occupation shall last, assume and discharge the obligations that may under international law result from the fact of its occupation and for the protection of life and property." Here was a complete relinquishment of sovereignty by Spain and complete assumption of sovereignty by the United States. And yet the Supreme Court held unanimously in a recent case (Neely v. Henkel, 180 U. S. 109) that, partly in view of circumstances extraneous to the treaty, Cuba was not incorporated into the United States, and was a foreign country. And the opinion is expressed that the period when the sovereignty of the United States shall cease in Cuba is to be determined by the legislative branch of government.

It remains to notice briefly some of the earlier adjudications of the Supreme Court, chiefly relied on in the argument. It is difficult to determine the precise value of these decisions as influencing the minds of the Court. As often happens among judges, differences of opinion arise as to what was decided in a particular case; sometimes sound principles are set aside as dicta, and judges refuse to be governed by them because not necessary to the decision of the case in which they occur; again, cited cases are "distinguished" from the case in hand often on some fanciful difference in the facts involved; again, some members of the Court will hold the cited case to be exactly in point while others will deny its applicability altogether; often the opinion in a case may embrace questions which might be avoided but which cannot be said to be entirely outside the issues, and judges sometimes take the liberty of holding under these circumstances that the case might have been decided on a single question on which all would agree and that therefore the other questions may be ignored Notably the Dred Scott precedents.

case was of this character. have been disposed of on the question of jurisdiction alone and all the irritating doctrines enunciated might have been avoided. Unfortunately the earlier decisions of the Supreme Court on the subject before us fail as an unerring and accepted guide to the present members of that great tribunal. It would serve no useful purpose to give the conflicting interpretations put upon the cases to which I shall refer. I shall state them so far only as they were interpreted in support of the conclusion reached.

The case of United States v. Rice. 4 Wheat. 246, (1819) was an action upon a bond for duties on goods imported into Castine, in the district (now State) of Maine, during its temporary occupation by British troops in the war of 1812. It was held the action would not lie though Castine was subsequently evacuated by the enemy and restored to the United States; that during British occupation the sovereignty of the United States was suspended and its laws could no longer be enforced there and that during this period Castine was to be deemed a foreign port. Thus the accidental occupation by the armed forces of another country made a port in the State of Maine for the time being foreign territory.

The case of Fleming v. Page. 9 How. 603, (1850) should be considered next, although in point of time the case of U. S. v. 356 Bales of Cotton; 1 Pet. 511, (1828) intervened. Tampico was a Mexican port temporarily occupied by our troops, "the exact condition," as remarked by Mr. Justice McKenna, "which, in the Rice case, made the port of one of the States of our Union English territory." Nevertheless Tampico was held to be a foreign country, within the meaning of our revenue laws and duties were collected on goods coming from Tampico to the port of Philadelphia. The two cases—the Castine case and the Fleming case—are apparently antagonistic. Chief Justice Taney delivered the opinion of the court in the Fleming case. He in effect said that the boundaries of our country could not be enlarged or diminished by the advance or retreat of armies and he

placed his decision partly on the fact that no custom house had been established at Tampico by Congress, and there were no officers there to enforce our customs laws; in short that the laws of Congress had not been put in force there. He said, among other things: "This construction of the revenue laws has been uniformly given by the administrative department of the Government in every case that has come before it. And it has, indeed, been given in cases where there appears to have been stronger ground for regarding the place of shipment as a domestic port. For after Florida had been ceded to the United States and the forces of the United States had taken possession of Pensacola, it was decided by the Treasury Department that goods imported from Pensacola before an act of Congress was passed erecting it into a collection district and appointing a collector were liable to duty. That is, that although Florida had by cession actually become a part of the United States and was in our possession, yet under our revenue laws, its ports must be regarded as foreign until they were established as domestic by act of Congress." The Chief Justice then cited the instance of like rulings in the case of Louisiana, and he asserted that "in no instance since the establishment of the government has the department ever recognized a place in a newly acquired country as a domestic port, from which the coasting trade might be carried on, unless it had been previously made so by Congress."

These two cases illustrate what I mentioned a moment ago as to disagreement among Judges concerning decided cases. Mr. Justice Story in the Rice case said that Castine was a foreign country, within the meaning of our customs laws, as much as if "Castine had been a foreign territory ceded by treaty to the United States, and the goods had been previously imported there." And yet Castine was a port in a State of this Union temporarily occupied by the enemy; in other words was for the time English territory. In the Fleming case, however, it was held that our occupation of Tampico did not make that port American territory for the

time but it remained a foreign country, and duties could be collected on goods coming thence to this country. Mr. Justice McKenna reconciled the two cases by adopting the reasons given by Chief Justice Taney that duties were collectable because our customs laws had not been extended to this Mexican territory by Congress. On the other hand, Mr. Justice Brown rejected the reasons of the Chief Justice as dicta and reconciled the two cases on entirely different grounds after having expunged the alleged dicta. He was forced to do this or overrule the case altogether in reaching the conclusion he did in the De Lima case. Mr. Justice McKenna took the view that "both cases recognized inevitable conditions. At Castine the instrumentalities of the customs laws had been devested; at Tampico they had been invested, and hence the language of the Court: 'The department in no instance \* \* has ever recognized a place in a newly acquired country as a domestic port, from which the coasting trade might be carried on, unless it had previously been made so by Act of Congress." This doctrine had the sanction of great names and was practiced by the founders of the Republic as consonant with our constitutional government.

Returning to American Ins. Co. v. 356 Bales of Cotton (1 Pet. 511,) (1828) sometimes called the Canter case. This cotton had been wrecked on the coast of Florida and abandoned to the insurance companies and subsequently brought to Charleston. Canter claimed the cotton as purchaser at a marshal's sale at Key West, by virtue of a decree of a territorial court consisting of a notary and five jurors, proceeding under an act of the Governor and legislative Council of the territory of Florida. The question was whether this sale devested the interest of the underwriters, and the case was brought in the United States district Court for South Carolina. This court held the proceedings in Florida to be a nullity, and both parties appealed to the United States Circuit Court. This latter Court held that the proceedings at Key West were legal, and transferred the property to Canter, the purchaser, and

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

the underwriters appealed to the Supreme Court. Mr. Justice Johnson, of the Supreme Court, sat at the Circuit to try the case, and his opinion at the Circuit was deemed of such importance that it was published in the report with the opinions of the Justices who heard the appeal with him in the Supreme Court. His decision at the Circuit was affirmed, Chief Justice Marshall presiding and delivering the opinion. Mr. Webster was of counsel in the case and it was in the course of his argument he said: "What is Florida? It is no part of the United States. How can it be? How is it represented? Do the laws of the United States reach Florida? Not unless by particular provisions." The contention of appellants was that the Constitution vested the admiralty jurisdiction exclusively in the general government, and that the legislature of Florida had exercised an illegal power in organizing this court and that its decrees were void. On behalf of Canter, the purchaser, it was argued that the Constitution and laws of the United States were not per se in force in Florida, nor the inhabitants citizens of the United States; that if the Constitution were in force in Florida it was unnecessary to pass an act extending the laws of the United States to Florida. It was in the course of his opinion that Chief Justice Marshall said, in affirming the decree: that the Court "should take into view the relation in which Florida stands to the United States; that territory ceded by treaty becomes a part of the nation to which it is annexed, either on the terms stipulated in the treaty of cession, or on such as its new master shall impose." He held that the courts of Florida were not "Constitutional Courts in which the judicial power conferred by the Constitution on the general government can be deposited," but that "they are legislative courts, created in virtue of the territorial clause of the Constitution; and the act of the territorial legislature creating the court, which awarded the cotton to Canter, was held not to be "inconsistent with the laws and Constitution of the United States." The importance of the case lies in the inference to which it gives rise, namely, that the Constitution and laws of the United States do not of their own force go into immediate operation in ceded territory; that if the clauses of the Constitution relating to the judiciary do not operate in a territory it is fair to assume that there may be other clauses, upon other subjects, which are not applicable. Mr. Justice Johnson made an important distinction between the territory acquired from the aborigines, within the acknowledged limits of the United States, as also that which was acquired by the establishment of a disputed line, and territory previously subject to acknowledged jurisdiction of another sovereign, such as was Florida to the crown of Spain. And as to territory situated as was Florida he said: "We have the most explicit proof that the understanding of our public functionaries is that the government and laws of the United States do not extend to such territory by the mere act of cession."

The case of Cross v. Harrison, 16 How. 164 (1853) was relied on by all parties in the argument at bar, and there was radical difference as to its meaning as expressed by Mr. Justice Brown in the De Lima case and the view taken by the dissenting Justices. For this reason Mr. Justice McKenna said: "It, therefore, challenges the application of the wise maxim expressed by Chief Justice Marshall, 'That general expressions in every opinion are to be taken in connection with the case in which these expressions are used." The case involved the legality of duties on imports into California between the 3rd day of February, 1848, and the 13th day of November, 1849. The first of these dates was that of the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico and the latter when Mr. Collier, who had been regularly appointed Collector at the port of San Francisco, had entered upon his duties. It was claimed by plaintiffs that during this entire period there existed no legal authority to receive or collect any duty whatever accruing upon goods imported from foreign countries. The court held that duties were legally levied during the whole of the period-from February 3, 1848, until sometime in the following Iniv Calit - Digitized by Microsoft ®

fall-under the war tariff instituted by Governor Mason, and after that under the Walker tariff Act of 1846. Harrison was collector of the port by appointment of the Military Governor, Colonel Mason, and he collected duties in question on goods imported into California from foreign countries. If California was then a foreign country in the sense of the customs clause of the Constitution it was contended that the duties were not collectable. It will be observed that Mr. Justice Brown used this case to support his conclusion in the De Lima case, i. e., as showing that Porto Rico was not a foreign territory after cession; but he did not find that California case as standing in his way when he reached the Downes case, and the broader question of the power of Congress over the territories was to be determined. On this point I understand that all his concurring associates in the Downes case agreed. It is, therefore, not important to show the peculiar circumstances and facts, in view of which Cross v. Harrison was decided. These facts were so unlike those appearing in any case that preceded it, that the case loses much of its value as a prece-The fact that the treaty with dent. Mexico brought in the new territory by a change of boundaries was thought to have influenced the decision; again, the military occupation of the country and the action of Colonel Mason, as Military Governor, in establishing a custom house, appointing a collector and proceeding to enforce at first the tariff he had established and later the general tariff law of the United States, either with the previous approval or subsequent ratification of the Executive; these and other facts had more or less influence on the minds of the court in deciding the case. It may be dismissed as cutting but little figure in the main proposition.

There were important side lights thrown upon the discussion of the main question before the court, by citations of other cases, but the foregoing were the principal of the earlier cases relied on. There were many illustrations and reasons advanced in support of the decision in the Downes case, which could not in any reasonable limit be given here.

It is believed, however, that enough has been shown to enable the intelligent reader to fully comprehend what was decided and the chief reasons on which the decision rests; and also to enable us to forecast with some degree of certainty the status of the Philippines. Mr. Justice McKenna in concluding his opinion stated with truth that the demonstration made in the two cases did more than declare the legality of the duties levied on the sugars and the oranges of the several plaintiffs. It aimed to reach a wise and sound construction of the Constitution made from that instrument itself, from the immediate and continued practice of the Government under it, and from judicial authority. In a fervent and dignified statement of the meaning and consequences of the decision the opinion concludes as follows: "It vindicates the Government from national and international weakness. It exhibits the Constitution as a charter of great and vital authorities, with limitations indeed, but with such limitations as serve and assist the Government, not destroy it. \* \* \* All powers of government, placed in harmony under the Constitution, the rights and liberties of every citizen, put to no hazard or impairment; the power of the nation also secured in its great station, enabled to move with strength and dignity and effect among the other nations of the earth to such purpose as it may undertake or to such destiny as it may be called."

The status of Porto Rico is determined and these decisions have in fact ceased to affect that island as to the immediate question before the court, for since its promulgation the legislature of Porto Rico has exercised the option given it by the Foraker Act and absolute free trade between the island and the United States is established. But what of the Philippines? Here are important and extensive possessions containing ten millions of people of alien races, only a small per cent. of whom are presently fitted to take upon themselves the duties and responsibilities of self-government. The islands are rich in varied resources, more or less developed, but capable of indefinite expansion. A large number of the

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

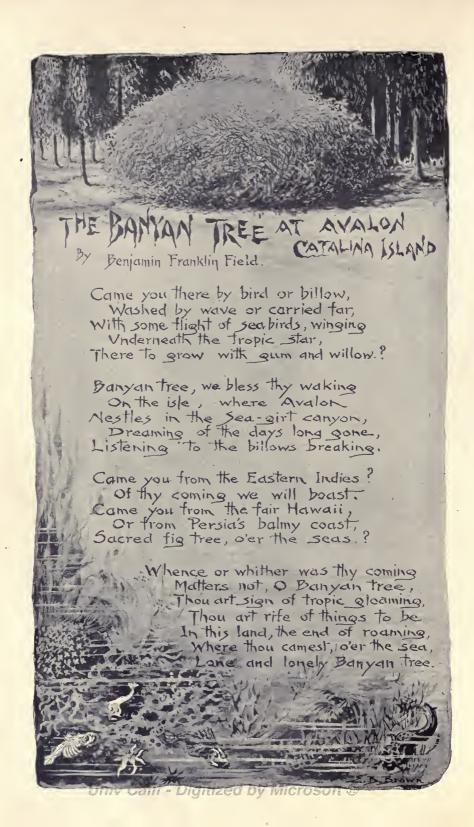


inhabitants, all agree, have capacities for agricultural and mechanical ments. They can be put into the fields as producers of rice, sugar, tobacco and other products which may come into dangerous competition with like products grown in the States: the Filipinos are quick to learn the use of tools and machinery and may be put into factories where, at low wages, their products might become a serious menace to our factories in the States where the scale of living and of wages is much higher than in the islands. Against competition in the direction above indicated the decision in the Porto Rico cases has, I think, erected an impassable barrier and has left the whole subject with Congress. This is perhaps the question of prime importance to the people of the organized States and territories. Other questions concern more particularly the people of the islands themselves. How far they are to become endowed with complete citizenship, are to receive the protection of the guarantees of the Constitution, in the future legislation of Congress, relating to personal liberty, the right of private property, of freedom of religious worship, of the right of contract, of trial by jury, and the provisions generally of our bill of rights, may safely be entrusted to Congress. There is to be found in the history of congressional legislation concerning the territories no justification for apprehending unjust and oppressive action towards the inhabitants of our new possessions. Principles of natural justice are inherent in the very character of our people and will ever be a guarantee against legislation hostile to the best interests of the territories. When apprehensions of danger are expressed that the natural rights of the inhabitants of the Philippines may become engulfed in a centralized despotism, it should be remembered that this is a Government of the people and by the people, and that Congress is but the instrumentality by which the people give expression to their wishes and their policies. To impeach the justice and wisdom of Congress is to deny those attri-

of the majority opinions it was said:
"If those possessions are inhabited by alien races, differing from us in religion, customs, laws, methods of taxation, and modes of thought, the administration of Government and justice, according to Anglo-Saxon principles, may for a time be impossible; and the question arises whether large concessions ought not to be made for the time, that ultimately our own theories may be carried out, and the blessings of a free Government under the Constitution extended to them. We decline to hold that there is anything in the Constitution to forbid such action."

It may be assumed, I think, that in providing municipal Government for the people of the Philippines, Congress will be upheld by the Supreme Court in exercising its discretion subject only to such limitations as are plainly indicated by the opinions I have endeavored analyze. It is to be doubted whether Congress could by any possibility devise a form of organization at the present time that could at once be made applicable alike to all the different islands and peoples of that archipelago as one territory. The people of this country are to be congratulated that the court of last resort has refused to usurp to itself political functions of Government, by denying to Congress the power to deal with the complex political relations of our new possessions to the United States. the hundredth time that great judicial tribunal has with self-poise and a high sense of patriotic duty, left to the executive and legislative department of Government the momentous questions peculiarly committed by the Constitution to these departments, and has practically left with the people themselves, acting through their chosen servants and representatives, the ultimate determination of those great political problems of Government with which the judiciary has, in a spirit of the loftiest patriotism, ever refused to intermeddle.

instrumentality by which the people give expression to their wishes and their policies. To impeach the justice and wisdom of Congress is to deny those attributes to the people themselves. In one indetermined by Congress. So let it be.



#### STORIES FROM AFIELD.

#### "BENO SLIM."

#### BY GEORGE D. ABBOTT.

RIVATE Jonas Strong, as he was known on the Roll of "G" Company, but "Beno Slim" as he was called by comrade and native alike, was certainly incorrigible.

"Nothing can save that man from an untimely death but a term in Bilibid," remarked Captain Barnes, as he sat under the cool roof of his nipa quarters in the sleepy little Filipino pueblo of Santa Clara del Mar, one sunny afternoon. The sun was shining with its tropical intensity, and the plaza fronting the Captain's house was as destitute of life as were two long, straggling palm-lined streets that crossed it at right angles. Even the green leaved banana drooped and took on a dusty shade; the earth itself was parched and crackling, for the hour of siesta is the drowsiest time of the oppressive Oriental day. The natives' presence could only be detected by an occasional pair of bare black feet resting on a window ledge, while the owner, stretched at full length on the floor, was gently dreaming-perhaps of Filipino independence.

Presently the subject of the officer's remark came walking across the plaza, with a tired sentry close behind him. "Yes, Julia," the Captain continued, "that man, who, outside his unfortunate habit of vino drinking, is a thorough soldier, is fast approaching the stage whose finale is coffin transportation to the States; he, simply speaking, is drinking himself to death. Were it beer, or even bad American whisky, there would be hope, but, once acquired, this taste for vino holds a man as firmly as the opium habit."

"But," interposed his wife, "can't you betokens the coming of the tropic sun, appeal to his manly qualities, and save Z Mrs. Barnes bid her husband adios, and

him—he looks like a well-bred, gentle-manly fellow?"

"It is no use, for he has reached the state where manliness, self-control, and even honesty have all been obliterated by his unquenchable thirst for the native poison."

A knock at the door, a piteous, half maudlin appeal for release by the soldier, a curt reply of refusal on the officer's part, and "Beno Slim" once more went back to his usual resting place—the guard-house—vowing that he would get even with Barnes yet.

To the surprise of both soldiers and natives, for he was something of a town character, "Slim" drank no more, and a few days later was doing company duty again. A letter reposing in the pocket of his faded blue shirt was the cause of His mother was dead-the mother who had trusted him so, and but a few months before had said a half tearful. half proud, farewell as the transport had steamed away from the wharf, out through the Golden Gate, bearing that son for whom she had planned, as mothers alone will, such a future. And now he had come to this-a disgrace to his company and himself, the butt even of the Filipinos' ridicule. So he stopped drinking, and while his comrades chaffed he went about his duty with a heart of lead, saying nothing.

Then came an order for all Volunteer officers' wives to leave the islands by a certain date, if they desired free transportation to the United States, and in compliance with it the Captain's wife made her preparations to go. One morning, just as the east took on its glow that betokens the coming of the tropic sun,

started for the railroad in a carrometta, having for an escort a detail of eight of "G" Company's sun-burned and ever weary privates under the command of an equally tired Corporal. (For despite the easy time our boys are supposed to have in the Orient, "the urgency of the situation" keeps the men overworked and wearied, while the officers sit in the shade and smoke choice cigars, and like great spiders, weave a web of drills, fatigue duty, and useless marches for their commands.)

The highway from Santa Clara to the railway station, a distance of sixteen miles, is a typical Filipino trail. Narrow and ever winding it seemed ten times sixteen to the dusty men who tramped beside the carriage. Mrs. Barnes, well protected from the sun, looked with interest upon this familiar picture, which now for the last time was passing before her vision.

Green stately mangos, loaded with their yellow fruit, lined either side, the breaks between disclosing brown rice fields, filled with busy natives stacking the newly cut rice. Every nipa hut was a center of industry. Outside one member of the family was pounding palay for the next mear, in a bowl cut in the top of a huge log, swinging a great sledge that struck with a monotonous thump, thump, thump. Inside others were busily platting hats of bamboo, or weaving the curious cigarette cases of rattan. was peaceful activity; and as she passed along Mrs. Barnes thought how much better was all this, than the struggle these same toilers had been making against authority.

About half of the journey was done, and a rest was being enjoyed by the perspiring guards under the scant shade of a clump of bamboo, and there among them sat "Beno Slim," taking no part in their laughing conversation.

Suddenly a volley of Mauser balls came singing through the foliage, and three of the nine guards lay with ghastly faces turned towards the sun. Quickly locating the source of the shots, the remaining soldiers sent volley after volley crashing into the tall marsh grass where

the Ladrones lay concealed. But they received as good as they sent, and one by one the little force dwindled away wounded, until "Slim" alone became the lady's defender.

With a wild rush six natives came across the open space between their hiding place and the road; and working his magazine with the frenzy of despair, five shots rang out from Strong's rifle, and as many Filipinos dropped. Their leader, the only unwounded Ladrone, was now grappling "Slim," for they were too close to use their guns; and Mrs. Barnes lay fainting in the carrometta, its poay being a victim of the first fire. The native was using a dagger, the soldier his bayonet, and their blood was fast moistening the dusty road. Then all was still, and both too weak to fight, were staring as dying men stare—at nothing.

"My God, we are too late!" shouted Lieutenant Gregg, as he came down the trail at double time, followed by a straggling column of men. They were on the up trip guarding a wagon train, and hearing the firing had left the wagons and hurried towards it.

What a scene! One fainting woman and one sorely wounded soldier—all that remained of a party so full of life when the sun rose; now the tropic's blazing eye touched the zenith—eight were in the silent land of death. That night in the little hospital at Abaras, Strong became conscious and asked for Captain Barnes. The officer came, and with him his wife. As they stood by his cot and saw the look of death fast displacing that of life on "Beno Slim's" countenance, even the gruff old Captain's eyes filled with tears.

Here lay dying the one man whose conduct had disgraced his company, and yet this soldier had saved his wife. "Just write my sister" Strong feebly gasped, "that I died like a man," and with a faint effort to smile he added: "and Captain I—I— got even with you after all."

In the cemetery of a western village there stands a plain marble shaft, which marks the resting place of Jonas Strong, and many have wendered at the inscription thereon—

"Here lies a hero: he is even now."

#### ON THE FIRING LINE

#### BY GEORGE S. EVANS.

NE of "them Tennessees" was talking. When one of that famous regiment began to talk you began to listen, and you didn't cease listening until he ceased talking, and after he ceased you were still willing and anxous to listen. This man's humor bubbled over, but he didn't know that he was saying anything humorous. The flaws in his grammar were perfectly natural.

His conversation was animated; there was a sort of youthful freshness about it. "Them Tennessees" were glad they were alive, and in camp and in action, on transport and on troop train, they gave evidence of it.

"'Bout the most peculiar mix-up I saw down in th' islands," said the man from Tennessee, "was a fist fight on th' firin' line. Generally when uh man is on firin' line he ain't got time tuh think 'bout anything but orduhs and th' nigguhs he's chasun. Some reg'ments that went out had time tuh think 'bout bullets that was comin' theyuh way, but owuh felluhs hates nigguhs so we felt contempt fuh theyuh bullets. But now an' then theyuhs uh felluh that has time on th' firin' line tuh think 'bout someone else's business, and he sorter mixes things up.

"In owuh company theyuh was two young men named Polk and Thompson who b'longed tuh difunt sides uv uh vendetta. Vendettas were declared off fuh th' wah, when it was discovered that theyuh were difunt factions rep'sented. These two young men were in love with th' same gul when they had enlisted an' th' gul had promised tuh marry th' one who proved himself tuh be th' bravest. Th' interest was very keen. thought himself tuh be very much in love, an' th' assurance uv th' gul that th' bravest man could hav huh 'wakened each man tuh his best efforts. In furst few days fightin' these two men were in every rush. They fluhed and charged like th' wus people yuh evuh heah tell 'bout. In ouh company they were

leadin' felluhs in every onward mov'ment. Theyuh was no holdin' 'em back. Both were p'moted corp'uls fuh bravery. They had scored uh tie.

"When th' regiment was sent tuh Panay, it landed an' rushed through th' burnin' town uv Iloilo an' tuh th' outskirts right aftah th' nigguhs theyuh. Them theyuh nigguhs want on tuh us yet, so theyuh just stood theyuh an' fluhed 'way, but when we give ouh old rebel yell and come fuh 'em like uh cyclone theyuh cleared out uv theyuh. In this fight them theyuh two felluhs was fust a hollerin' and a shootin'. They didn't seem tuh know what feah was. One uv 'em led uh charge at uh nigguh trench an' right afterwards tothuh one evened score by leadin' twenty men into uh church wheuh nigguhs was and settin' it uh fiah. They was made sergeants this time: th' score was uh tie 'gain.

"One day aftuh we had taken Iloilo, big crowd of nigguhs come up pretty close and ouh battalion was sent out agin 'em. Them theyuh nigguhs was mighty bad nigguhs; they was reg-luh Jimmy Fresh kind. We give ouh yell, but them theyuh nigguhs they just stood theyuh as though they wanted tuh mix up and be sociable like. We give 'em uh volley and started foh to charge um. But they fluhed back, stead of lightin' out an' beatin' uh retreat in bad orduh. They was right on th' scrap, them theyuh nigguhs was.

"Ouh Captain orduhed us tuh rush 'em, and we started across that theyuh rice field as though we was uh goin' tuh catch 'em with ouh hands.

"Them two felluhs was right alongside uv each othuh, and when orduh tuh 'advance by rushes' came they was always eight oh ten feet ahead uv rest uv th' line. Officuhs couldn't hold them felluhs back. When ouh firin' line got within uh hund'ed yards uv that line uv nigguhs that theyuh fellow Polk kicked Thompson by accident, but that theyuh felluh Thompson thought he had done it uh purpose. Well, suh, them two felluhs dropped theyuh Krags, an' befo' th' rest uv us could take uh hand, they was at it with theyuh fists. We couldn't wait tuh see how it come out 'cause we Tennessee boys had devil uv uh scrap comin' with them goo-gooes. Them nigguhs fluhed at us, but we give uh terribie yell and yuh ought to see um cleah out uv that trench. Nigguhs can't stand hollerin' when yuh gits close up to 'em.

"I looked back and them two felluhs was a cuttin' up theyuh hands pretty bad against theyuh faces. They had blood on theyuh noses and was uh havin' uh lovely time. Captain he rushed back theyuh and said:

"'What yuh felluhs fightin' 'bout?"

"But them theyuh felluhs was busy an' didn't stop. They just went on with

theyuh little rough-house. Then that theyuh Captain got mighty mad and said he'd straighten things out, an' he lit intuh scrap an' knocked both felluhs down.

"'Now,' he says, 'I demand tuh know what yuh felluhs is fightin' 'bout?'

"They didn't answer. They just stands and looks savage at one anothuh.

"'I suppose it's 'bout that gul back in Tennessee,' finally says th' Captain. 'Am I right?'

"Them theyuh two felluhs just stood and grinned. They didn't answer Captain.

"'Well, if that's right, if that's why yuh fought, yuh fought uh useless fight,' says th' Captain, 'fuh last Nashville papuh says that theyuh gal married nothuh man.'"

#### TWO PRIVATES AND A CORPORAL.

BY CECIL M. MARRACK.

"For they're done with Danny Deever, You can 'ear the quick-step play."

HERE were three of them—two privates and a corporal. The latter, on a first detail, was aware of his own dignity and held his head erect. At times this martial bearing belied his real frame of mind, for between the moments of self-realization the sweet face of a woman sprang into his consciousness. At such times a close observer might have detected lines of pain around the boyish mouth.

"Squad left, march!" He gave the order automatically.

"Damned lot of red tape," grumbled private number one under his breath, "what's the matter with 'rout step?'

"Never mind, Jim," whispered the other, "we've got a snap. Here's where we camp. Bottles ought to have sent us to bed. This trail leads to the bridge; but how the devil can the niggers swing around here when they're twenty miles

south of Cavite, I'd like to know?" "Squad, halt!"

The rifle butts rang on the rocky path and the company of two stood stiffly at "attention." There was no one near to appreciate the humor of the situation. The little corporal never could have seen it. As he looked about for a secure, comfortable post, that face still haunted nim. The reproach in the dark eyes increased his burden of responsibility.

They were down between the cliffs on a path leading to the river. A native hut, now forlorn and desolate, set in a little pocket in the rocky wall, was the only thing that broke the narrow monotony of the trail. Luxuriant shrubbery grew up above the windows, so that from a short distance away the only visible portion was a queer little sentinel box which projected from the roof. One window commanded the trail, and this appealed to the soldier's eye. Leaving one of the men below he went up the narrow ladder with the other.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Of course there was no chance of an engagement. Otherwise the Colonel would have sent more men. Yet he was going to do his duty. The orders were to let no living creature down that trail until told that the last wagon had crossed the bridge. It was only a matter of form. The enemy was miles away. Yet if anything should happen what would she—Coward! Scared at baby fancies! He would see her again in two months. Then she would—

A rifle shot rang out below. The corporal sprang to the window. A thin blue rift of smoke floated up the path. Over the trees in front he could just see two brown leggins twitching convulsively. The grip at his heart loosened in a moment. They might kill a man from cover, but the dastards dare not show themselves beyond that turn in the cliff.

Private number two was white: his teeth were set as he laid his rifle across the window ledge. The corporal went quickly down the ladder and out to the edge of the trees. As he lifted and dragged the limp body over the threshold he wondered what she would think. She had said, "You are making a mistake. You have a higher duty to perform than to shoot down defenseless natives. Patriotism doesn't---" Something fell heavily to the floor above, and he could hear number two swear-When ing. he reached the top of the ladder he found the man sprawled out across the floor. The blood was streaming from wound in his throat,



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

trail was a crowd of tattered natives. The shot rang out and the column stopped.

It had all come so suddenly. God! What would she do without him. The Colonel had said that there was no chance of an engagement.

A second rebei sprawled over the first. What was she trying to say to him? "You have made——" The lines deepened on the soldier's face. Never mind, he would fight it out. She would hear that he died facing the enemy.

Something caught his ankle. He looked around. Number two had dragged himself up close and was trying to attract attention. The floor was red and slippery. Up the path the natives were

turning back under his fire.

"One more shot---"

The clutch on his ankle tightened. He glanced toward the dark corner. The trigger was cocked, but his Mauser was turned the wrong way.

The native had an easy shot, and, in a cloud of smoke, the little corporal dropped heavily over the body of number two. The warm blood flowed out over the floor and dripped through the cracks upon the upturned face of number one.

The aide who clattered down the path half an hour later took in the situation at a glance. As he said to the Colonel afterwards, "We got off easy—only two privates and a corporal."

#### ALKALI PLAINS.

#### BY AMY DUCLEY.

O, desolate, arid, wind-swept, desert plains, Cursed by a just Almighty's stern command— Who sent His devastating angel forth To make of thee a wasted, barren land, Unleashed the fierce volcanic lava-flood, That o'er thy breast poured out its fiery course; Thy storm-scarred, wave-washed, serried, crumbling rocks Attest the raging tempest's mighty force. Within thy ancient, sun-baked, furrowed breast Stupendous mysteries lie locked in sleep; Inscrutable, thy sphinx-like, silent cliffs Their far-off, tantalizing secrets keep. What deed of sin, so evil, so accursed, That doomed an early and ill-fated race, And all their land, to dreadful punishment, So awful, that long years would not efface, But leave a heritage of wonderment And vain attempt, to wrest from out the past That which the silence has decreed its own-A solemn mystery while the world shall last.

## A Matter of Opinion

Tourists Who Would eral members of be Experts.

Last May sevthe River and Harbor Com-

mittee of the House of Representatives visited California on an independent tour of investigation. As they came at their own expense and of their own volition their visit could not be termed an official one. But the results are the same as though it had been—and the results are neither flattering to California nor cheering to its inhabitants. They had rather these men had staid at home. flying trip, their tour around San Francisco Bay, their journey up the "Stockton" river, as they were pleased to call the San Joaquin, were far too hasty and superficial for the object in view, a fact readily seen from reading an interview that a member of the committee gave out while in Washington. Some of his statements prove what most of the interview indicates: that they came here with an unfavorable view of the State and its needs, and with a determination to have the view substantiated. The latter is an easy task in a State the size of California.

This wise member of the committee characterizes California as a succession of huge, rough, inhospitable and useless mountain ranges, interspersed here and there with valleys, rich and fertile, to be sure, but very, very small. All this, when there is more than one valley in the State in which certain of the New England States could be placed without a bit of squeezing, and many a ranch that would make a hundred ancestral Eastern farms. They must have received their impressions from Mill Valley or Niles Canyon.

It is not to be denied, though, that Californians are largely to be blamed for the disappointment experienced by our Largeness of land-Eastern visitors. scape and possessions seem to have produced a tendency to exaggeration of quali-

ties and advantages. To Californians there is no other State, and no one can be blamed much, after having heard that we live in a boundless paradise, blooming from end to end and from month to month, luscious with fruit, and strewn with gold, for being disappointed at some of the realities. We have all these things that the most boastful Californians tell of, but they are not to be seen on every hand. It must be remembered that California is large—that it is seven hundred and fifty miles in length. and two hundred and fifty miles in width. There are great mountain ranges, from which the melting snows run in rivulets. brooks and rivers to valleys that they make the most fertile in the world. There are desolate, barren, unproductive tracts, but the State is large enough to spare that amount of land. These wise men of the East did not see California. They took a hasty journey through half of it, and entered it through its most uninviting part. They obtained glimpses of the wonderful Southern fruit country. They saw nothing of the vast domain that stretches to the north of us, of the fertile country along the coast, of the vast, forest-covered mountains that can furnish timber to the world until after these men are dead and forgotten, and afterwards be the grazing ground for herds such as Eastern people never dreamed of. They were superficial in their observations and in their remarks. But it should teach Californians not to be too boastful. Tell them truthfully what we have-it is enough and to spare.

Carlyle called The Spending of a blessing down Mr. Carnegie's \$750,000. on the of the inventor of books, but if the author of Sartor Resartus had studied the uses of our contemporary literature, his benediction might at least have been qualified. It is iniv Calit - Digitizea by Microsoft ®

no large exaggeration to say that one-half of the reading matter now current would be as beneficial to the public if it had never been, and that a third of our socalled literature is a positive harm to the reading public. If our argument, then, has any force, it is easy to see that the man who endows us lavishly with books may, or may not, enrich the earth, and that the matter of benefitting the intellectual does not cease by any means with the mere endowment of a library. Many of the libraries in our large cities answer the definition of "library" only in that they are collections of books, and the material of which they are made up, as well as the mechanism with which they are worked, render them well-nigh useless to the thinking many for whom they should be especially designed.

All of this is apropos of the \$750,000 which has been given to the city of San Francisco at the hand of the generous Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The sum is to be expended solely on the building and books, and, if judiciously used, should give the city the nucleus for one of the greatest libraries in the world. Someone has said that a public library should be utilized just as much for a public amusement as a public park, but to this we take exception. Such an institution, we take it, should be first of all a field for workers. For the man who reads for his own benefit and the world's benefit, the works required should be made Arrangements should most accessible. be so made that the professional man, the man of letters, the business man, the scientist, each working in his special field, could choose from his special department without the necessity-too often encountered-of threshing over piles of useless straw. A library is a public servant, and as such its duty is to offer the greatest service to the public. Of course, by laying stress on the necessity of a perfect reference library system we do not mean that the department of fiction should be neglected. fiction will, however, take care of itself to a degree, and the work of the librarian along this line will be largely one of weeding out. An universal library is principally valuable as a "freak." The fictional trash which is not worth shelfroom should be given no place in the library that is designed as a public educator.

San Francisco, then, still has a problem to solve to spend Mr. Carnegie's seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, so that the result will be a monument to the donor. California has already too many expensive vulgarities in the way of gifts to the public, and in order that some mistakes of the past may not be repeated. let those who direct the future of the Carnegie Library be men big enough and honest enough to do the work properly.

## Current Books

#### Reviewed by Grace Luce Irwin

The Biography of a Pretender.

A dictionary definition of a charlatan is "a quack, a pretender."

George Gissing, in his novel, "Our Friend, The Charlatan," has drawn a very modern version of the term. In his hero, Dyce Lashmar, he has created a comparatively new figure in fiction, the figure of a man who has brains and sensibility, but who

lacks principle. Lashmar is an Oxford graduate and the son of a rural clergyman, whose affairs during the progress of the tale become involved, throwing the son upon his own resources. Characteristically, Lashmar's first thought is to discover some way of advancing his fortunes which will place him at the top, without requiring labor on his part. Already interested in socialism, Iniv Calit - Digitized by Microsoft ®

evolves a new "bio-sociological" theory, for which, however, he is secretly indebted to a French work called "La Citè Moderne," by M. Jean Izoulet, Professor of Sociology at the Collège de France. His theories, however, sound original and impressive enough to win his way with the wealthy women whom he desires as patrons. An influential baronet's widow, Lady Ogram, takes him up in order to further her own political interests, which are centered in a scheme for personal revenge. Lashmar uses all his powers of tact, facile conversation, and superficial knowledge to please her. and succeeds, for "experience had taught him that he possessed a certain power over women of a certain kind; \* \* \* he enjoyed the sense of power, and was exasperated by a suggestion that any man could have a natural advantage over him. To this characteristic he owed the influence with women which had carried him so far, for there is nothing that better stands a man in his relations with the other sex than settled egoism serving restless ambition." The Charlatan, however, sinuous and almost unscrupulous though he be, in changing his plausible opinions to suit the need of the hour. finds himself in a striking predicament. It is this predicament which forms the dénouement of the novel. It is the strong situation, in the twenty-fourth chapter, to which, like the climax of a play, all the other chapters have been leading. The plot up to this point, although built in a leisurely manner, has been constructed with power. By Lady Ogram's command, Lashmar has become engaged to her secretary, Constance Bride. It is only a simulated engagement, however, in the expectation of getting her money, and which the two hope to break at her death, without having had to come to the point of marriage. Lashmar, however, in his need for feeling power over all the women about him, fancies a passion for Lady Ogram's niece, which brings on the dénouement. Too long a story to tell here, it is full of interest, and told with a remarkable appreciation of dramatic values. But the book, as a whole, stands for character interest. The characters are all conceived with psychological

thoroughness, and live in one's imagination to the minutest detail. We are not able to forget Mrs. Toplady's archly cynical smile, Mrs. Woolston's wide, searching eyes, or the strange appearance of old Lady Ogram in her auburn wig.

Socialistic discussion occupies a considerable amount of space in the beginning of the book. Lashmar states his supposed position in this strain: "So, at length we get our notion of Church and State—a separation ruinous to religion and making impossible anything like perfection in politics; it has thoroughly been rooted in people's minds that fatal distinction between man as a responsible soul and man as a member of society. Our work is to restore the old monism. Very, very slowly mankind is working toward it. A revolution greater than any of those commonly spoken of-so wide and deep that it isn't easily taken in even by students of history—a revolution which is the only hope of civilization, has been going on since the close of the thirteenth century. We are just beginning to be dimly conscious of it. Perhaps in another century it will form the principle of Liberalism." Lashmar reveled in these argumentative displays, his eyes brightening "as they always did when he found his opportunity for borrowed learning and argument." In these days of sensational books of adventure and hastily compiled pages of nonsense, it is good to come across a novel of such worth and powers of entertainment as has this. There are at least half a dozen characters in the book quite as interesting as Lashmar himself.

("Our Friend, The Charlatan," by Geo. Gissing. Henry Holt Co., New York.)

A Tale of Lords and Ladies.

The fashion of late in heroines of novels has been enough of a reaction against

the romantic beauty type to result in a concourse of plain, original and often far from virtuous damsels; but Mrs. Burnett must always have a "really, truly heroine," a princess out of a fairy tale, a being as far beyond the ordinary faulty young lady as Little Lord Fauntleroy was removed from the bad little boys in the romantic beauty type to result in a concourse of plain, original and often far from virtuous damsels; but Mrs. Burnett must always have a "really, truly heroine," a princess out of a fairy tale, a being as far beyond the ordinary faulty young lady as Little Lord Fauntleroy was removed from the bad little boys in the romantic beauty type to result in a concourse of plain, original and often far from virtuous damsels; but Mrs. Burnett must always have a "really, truly heroine," a princess out of a fairy tale, a being as far beyond the ordinary faulty young lady as Little Lord Fauntleroy was removed from the bad little boys in

"knickers" one knows. Her "Lady of Quality," before the book closed, seemed a gigantic figure, from the magnitude of her virtues and beauty. In Mrs. Burnett's last, "The Making of a Marchioness," she has used the old fairy tale plot-there is the beggared but worthy heroine, the selfish aristocratic old patron (the wicked witch), and the Prince, magnificent in titles and lands. It is a good plot. I doubt if the world will ever get tired of it. There is no thrill to equal that with which we watch virtue justly rewarded. But the strength of this tale lies in the taking realism with which the romantic plot is clothed. Here, as in the books of English novelists of all time, is the English country house, the teatippling, the match-making, but a minute observation and knowledge of the "real thing" has invested them with a most Miss Fox-Seton is a modern interest. charming creature. Instead of golden hair she has a remarkably unselfish and sympathetic disposition. People can put upon her, and she never knows it. "People are so kind to me," is her stock state of mind. She is grateful for the smallest favor fate can bestow upon her-from a bright morning to a made-over gown. She bears her poverty not only cheerfully but with absolute maintenance of a zest in life, although she is that usually unphilosophic figure—the impoverished aristocrat. All this paints her a heroine —of the sort oftener found in real life than in books. She is invited to the country house as an especial favor, to be at the beck and call of the wicked witch, and to help entertain her guests for her. "The creature is so cheerful and perfectly free from vice that she is a relief," her Ladyship said. "So many women are affected cats. She'll go out and buy you a box of pills or a porous plaster, but at the same time she has a kind of simplicity and freedom from spites and envies which might be the natural thing for a princess."

The pivot of the house party is the middle-aged Marquis of Walderhurst, whom every one wants to marry. Among the claimants for his hand are a frivolous American girl with beautiful clothes, and an English beauty whose sisters ad

libitum (who wish to "come out") make it a necessity that she marry immediately or be sent into retirement and allow the next one her chance. A really heart-breaking situation, which for a brief period deflects sympathy from the inconspicuous Miss Fox-Seton.

Walderhurst "was past middle life and was plain, but was of good height and had an air. It was perhaps on the whole, rather an air of knowing what he wanted."

"I suppose," said Emily, "he was very much in love with his first wife, and will never marry again."

"He wasn't in love with her any more than he was in love with his housemaid. He knew he must marry and thought it very annoying. As the child died, I believe he thinks it his duty to marry again. But he hates it. He's rather dull, and he can't bear women fussing about and wanting to be made love to."

But he is the Prince, notwithstanding. Nothing much happens except the struggle of the fashionable maidens for the coronet, but it is all most delightfully told in that style of which Mrs. Burnett is master. The whole thing probablyas most of her tales-has something of a didactic purpose, as "Handsome is as handsome does," or "Virtue is not always unrewarded." Or more patent still, the value of entire amiability in the matrimonial market. At any rate when the Marquis drops the handkerchief to Miss Fox-Seton we are gratified. "You need not give Emily Fox-Seton any more clothes, Maria," said Lord Walderhurst to his aunt, "I am going to supply her in future. I have asked her to marry me."

Lady Maria lightly gasped, and then began to laugh.

"Well, James," she said, "you have certainly much more sense than most men or your rank and age."

("The Making of a Marchioness," by Frances Hodgson Burnett. The Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

A book by the author of the School Romantic.

A book by the author of the popular success, "Eben Holden," is bound to be widely

read. Add to this fact that the story has already appeared serially in "The Cen-

tury," and the result is a large predicted sale for "D'ri and I, A Border Tale of 1812: Being the Memoirs of Colonel Ramon Bell, by Irving Bacheller."

It is an adventurous tale, which moves rather soberly. There is a little love in it, more fight; some heroism, more good luck. But it is naturally and well told, and the happenings are all well in the range of probabilities. The conversation is interesting, whether spoken through the lips of the humorous D'ri, the coquettish Louison, or his nonchalant Lordship. There is a pleasing element in the fact that the hero, young Bell, who tells the tale, and is a brave man and warm-hearted, has an air of modesty, and is always bringing forward with admiration the deeds of his henchman, D'ri. A Yankee shrewdness and commonsense often tempers the naturally-to-be-expected bravado of these heroes. For instance, Bell says:

"My own eyes have seen what has made me slow to doubt a story of prowess that has even the merit of possibility. But when there are only two of you, and one without arms, and you are in a corner, and there are ten pistols pointing at you a few feet away, and as many sabres ready to be drawn, I say no power less remarkable than that of God or a novelist can bring you out of your difficulty. You have your choice of two evils-surrender or be cut to pieces. We had neither of us any longing to be slashed with steel and bored with bullets, and to no end but a good epitaph." and: 'Judas Priest!' said D'ri, as he stopped the light with thumb and finger. 'I'm goin' t' set here 'n th' straw luk an ol' hen 'n' ile up m' thinker 'n' set 'er goin'. One o' them kind hes t' keep 'is mouth shet er he can't never dew no thinkin'. Bymby, like es not, I'll hev suthin' t' say et 'll 'mount t' suthin'."

Is there not something of the dry leisureliness of philosophy of a Pudd'n Head Wilson in the utterances of this Yankee Corporal, Darius Olin?

His heroism is the mental, nervous heroism of the American, of any time, with its edge of humor, which relieves the strain of many a tense situation. We read that "A crowd was gathering on the Zer"The battle was over, a Yankee band

high shores we had left to see the battle. We were well in advance, crowding our canvas in a good breeze. I could hear only the roaring furrows of water on each side of the prow. Every man of us held his tongue, mentally trimming ship, as they say, for whatever might come. Three men scuffed by, sanding the decks. D'ri was leaning placidly over the big gun. He looked off at the white line, squinting knowingly, and spat over the bulwarks. Then he straightened up, tilting his hat to his right ear.

"'They're p'intin' their guns,' " said a swabber.

"'Furst they know they'll get spit on,' " said D'ri, calmly.

His patriotism is always touching in its fervor, regardless of self in its devotion. It is the patriotism of a man who feels himself an important part of the nation for which he fights. It is never stolid. It is almost shame-faced at times, like a man's love for his own women folk.

"The Niagara sheered off, pouring shoals of metal on a British schooner, stripping her bare. Our little poats had come up, and were boring into the brigs. In a brief time-it was then near three o'clock-a white flag, at the end of a boarding-pike, fluttered over a British deck. D'ri, who had been sitting awhile, was now up and cheering as he waved his crownless hat. He had lent his flag, and in the hurry, some one dropped it overboard. D'ri saw it fall, and, before we could stop him, he had leaped into the sea. I hastened to his help, tossing a rope's-end as ne came up, swimming with one arm, the flag in his teeth. I towed him to the landing-stair, and helped him over. Leaning on my shoulder, he shook out the tattered flag, its white laced with his own blood.

"'Ready t' jump in hell fer thet ol' rag any day,' said he, as we all cheered him.

"Each grabbed a tatter of the good flag, pressing hard upon D'ri, and put it to his Then we lips and kissed it proudly. marched up and down, D'ri waving it above us-a bloody squad as ever walked, shouting loudly. D'ri had begun to weaken with loss of blood, so I coaxed him to go below with me.

was playing near by.

"'Perry is coming! Perry is coming!' we heard them shouting above.

"A feeble cry that had in it pride and joy and inextinguishable devotion passed many a fevered lip in the cockpit.

The natural beauties of the country, in its immensity, deepened the love of those men of earlier time—

"I opened my eyes at last, and, rising, my hands upon the gunwales, could dimly see the great shoulders of D'ri swaying back and forth as he rowed. The coming dawn had shot an arrow into the great, black sphere of night, cracking it from circumference to core, and floods of light shortly came pouring in, sweeping down bridges of darkness, gates of gloom, and massy walls of shadow. We were in the middle of a broad river-the St. Lawrence, we knew, albeit the shores were unfamiliar to either of us. The sunlight stuck in the ripples, and the breeze fanned them into flowing fire. The morning lighted the green hills of my native land with a mighty splendor. A new life and a great joy came to me as I filled my lungs with the sweet air. D'ri pulled into a cove, and neither of us could speak for a little. He turned, looking out upon the river, and brushed a tear off his cheek.

"'No use talking', said he, in a low tone, as the bow hit the shore, 'ain' no country luk this 'un, don' care where ye go.'

"As the oars lay still we could hear in the far timber a call of fife and drum. Listening, we heard the faint, familiar strains of 'Yankee Doodle.' We came ashore in silence, and I hugged the nearest tree, and was not able to say the "hank God!' that fell from my lips only half-spoken."

Bell himself is continually wavering between his love for two fair damsels, who have vivacity and charm. One of the most amusing episodes is where he is disguised for a brief space in woman's clothes:

"'Jerushy Jane Pepper!' said the man D'ri. 'Never see sech wil'cat uv a woman es thet air.'

"I looked down now at my gown; I felt of my hat now hanging over one care

Sure enough, I was a woman.

"'Who be ye, I'd like t' know?' said the man D'ri.

"'Ramon Bell—a Yankee soldier of the rank of Captain," I said, stripping off my gown. 'But, I beg of you, don't tell the ladies I was ever a woman.'

"'Judas Priest!' said D'ri, as he flung his well arm around me."

There is no great mystery to be solved, no great web to be disentangled, at the close of the book. We realize then the simplicity of the plot, comparatively speaking. After a number of little adventures he comes to a decision as to which of the young ladies he most truly loves.

"While they were in captivity I had begun to think less of Louison and more of Louise. In truth, one face had faded a little in my memory; the other, somehow, had grown clearer and sweeter, as if by a light borrowed from the soul behind it. Now that I saw Louison, her splendid face and figure appealed to me with all the power of gold She was quick, vivacious, subtle, aggressive, cunning, aware and proud of her charms, and ever making the most of them. She, ah, yes, she could play with a man for the mere pleasure of victory, and be very heartless ifif she were not in love with him. This type of woman had no need of argument to make me feel her charms. With her the old doubt had returned to me; for how long? I wondered. Her sister was quite her antithesis-thoughtful, slow, serious, even-tempered, frank, quiet, unconscious of her beauty, and with that wonderful thing, a voice tender and low and sympathetic and full of an eloquence I could never understand, although I felt it to my finger-tips. I could not help loving her, and, indeed, what man with any life in him feels not the power of such a woman? That morning, on the woodspike, I reduced the problem to its simplest terms: the one was a physical type, the other a spiritual."

("D'ri and I," by Irving Bacheller. The J. Lothrop Co.)

It is said of Mrs.

A Success that
is a Problem.

Wrote "The Visits of Elizabeth," that

of my hat, now hanging over one ear. her head has been quite turned by the

success of her book, but she is so pretty that it doesn't matter which way her head is turned. It is not surprising to hear that she is a young and good looking Londoner, but it is somewhat amazing that a book of this sort should have had any such success. It is not ambitious in form, being only a series of letters, in which an English girl of good family tells her mother of her visits at different country houses. Probably its simplicity and naturalness aided its popularity. For the language and style of wit are sufficiently like that in vogue among brainless and fashionable, very young, people in America, to make one feel certain that an English debutante might have exactly the point of view expressed. Yet one is sorry to see what absolute bad manners the tea-drinking English have. It seems to be their way of enjoying themselves. to make other people uncomfortable. If some one pleases Elizabeth, he is "quite a decent man." The other girls. in the house are sure to "poke their heads and Jane turns in her toes." The married women flirts "looked purry-purrypuss-puss;" we can imagine that the class of people for whom this tale was written might consider it witty. realistic picture drawing, however, of the people at the houses is really extremely good. When young English women are thoroughly aristocratic, we learn that they "look very well-bred and respectable, and badly dressed." "They pronounce their words very distinctly in an elevated kind of way, and you feel as if icicles were trickling down your back, and you can't think of a thing to say."

Elizabeth is completely, coldly, and vapidly frivolous, yet she has almost a clever way of touching off the people who bore her. Perhaps Mrs. Glynn has done a clever thing in herself, poking fun at the self complacent, and ignorant young girl. In the end Elizabeth without having the weakness of a particle of sentiment, accepts the houses and lands of the eligible Lord Valmond, in an entirely English manner, no feeling involved.

("The Visits of Elizabeth," M. A. Dono-

There is a lot of downright fun in "A Drone and a Dreamer." It is never epigrammatic; it is seldom satiric, but it is almost always humorous. The wit is not sharp, but it is of the wholesome. rollicking, continuous sort one meets with in real life, among healthy, well-todo people. It renders you extremely friendly to the cheerful Hume, who is the dreamer, and tells the story. He is a very modest man, going on "toward middle age, with a settled income, much common sense, and no desires toward the unconventional."

"Miss McIntosh," he informs the heroine, "I am one of those fat, well-fed persons who watch the play from the front row in the orchestra. Even they sometimes go out between the acts."

"Perhaps you have some redeeming bad habits?"

"Goodness, no. I have to take care of my health."

"I am disappointed. I had pictured you a man of action. What I find is a drone." "And a dreamer," said I, "but sometimes the dreamer wakes."

"Sometimes," said she. "More often he dies before he wakes."

The conversation of the book, though not brilliant, is never dull. And it is all conversation. Briefly stated, the plot consists of the fact that a number of young New Yorkers decide to spend their summer on a Pennsylvania farm, where they come across a pretty doctor's daughter, and a number of city girls they know come across them. The consequences are a deal of love making. One of the pleasantest things about the book is the charming series of illustrations by Florence Scovel Shinn.

("A Drone and a Dreamer," by Nesson Lloyd. J. F. Taylor & Company, New York.) 18

It is always a question as to whether or not an author is justified in taking an unsavory subject for his book, providing he renders the evil in it displeasing and hopeless in its outcome. Evil is in the world, therefore it is bound to be in literature. Whether or not it is always disgusting in its expression is a question decided by not only every novelist for hue & Co., Chicago, V Calif - Digitiz himself but by every individual. Generally speaking any novel which leads one to false observations is inartistic. One can say of "A Woman's Revenge" that though the subject is horrible to reflect upon, the tale shows vice as hideous and pitiably ending as anything depicted by Zola. It is a love story, the scenes of which are laid in California. It is lurid in execution, as well as in intent. A man leads a life he could never lay bare before any woman, then marries an innocent girl. The story deals with this girl's entrapment. The characters are sharply defined. It is well told.

("A Woman's Revenge," by Law Muir. Published by The Abbey Press, New York).

A book which should be of great interest to Californians, as well as to those who have visited California, is "Indian Basketry." Nothing has ever before been published on this subject, of such length, exhaustiveness or interesting features. It contains three hundred illustrations, being photographs of basket collections, of Indian life, and of Indian country. Among the subjects of the eighteen chapters are, Basketry, the Mother of Pottery; Basket-Making People; Basket Forms and Designs; Their Origin and Relation to Art: Symbolism of Indian Basketry; Baskets to be Prized; Decadence of the Art; How the Art May be Preserved; Hints to the Collector; Bibliography of Indian Basketry. It is an extremely entertaining and instructive book.

(By George Wharton James, of Pasatena. Publisher: Henry Malkan, New York.)

A new book by Mrs. Amelia Barr is always a matter of interest to the reading world. Her latest essay is as usual historical in cnaracter and charming in treatment. "Trinity Bells" is a romantic story of life in New York city during the period preceding the war with the Mediterranean Corsairs. The name is appropriate, for the bells of old Trinity ring out an accompaniment to the changing fortunes of the heroine of the tale—a loveable little Dutch maiden. The delineation of character is skiliful. There is also a simple charm in the work which appeals directly to the heart of the gentle reader.

("Trinity Bells." J. F. Taylor Co., New York.)

"The American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal" is a magazine of peculiar importance in its own large and important field. The editor, the Rev. Stephen D. Peat, Ph. D., is assisted by archaeologists in Palestine, Australia, India, Canada, as well as in American cities. It is illustrated by photographs of subjects covered by the articles and taken in all parts of the world. The leading article for the July and August number is "The High Place" at Petra in Edom, by George L. Robinson, Ph. D., Prof. O. Test, Literature and Exegesis in the McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. There are seven articles of equal importance, by well-known writers.

(Published at Chicago. Madison Avenue.)

The illustration of the Country Club that was published in the August Overland Monthly was from a photograph taken by Mr. W. W. Higgins. Mr. Higgins has obtained a world-wide reputation for the wonderful results he has obtained in photography.

## Little

But

## Oh! My!

What volume of sound— What beauty of case— What perfection has been reached in

BIJOU UPRIGHT and BABY GRAND

## CHICKERING PIANOS

Sold on easy monthly payments.

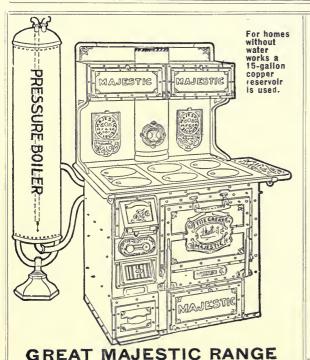
BENJ. CURTA7

Sole Agents, 16 to 20 O'FARRELL ST.



#### A THING WORTH KNOWING.

No need of cutting off a woman's breast or a man's cheek or nose in a vain attempt to cure cancer. No need of applying burning plasters to the flesh and torturing those already weak from suffering. Soothing, balmy, aromatic oils give safe, speedy and certain cure. The most horrible forms of cancer of the face, breast, womb, mouth, stomach; large tumors, ugly ulcers, fistula, catarrh; terrible skin diseases, etc., are all successfully treated by the application of various forms of simple oils. Send for a book, mailed free, giving particulars and prices of Address Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Box 325, Indianapolis, Ind.



#### MAJESTIC

MALLEABLE IRON AND STEEL

#### RANGE

increasing Sales Each Day: increasing Satisfaction for Ambitious Home Keepers.

#### WHY?

Works equally well with wood, hard or soft coal. Heats all the water needed almost instantly. Saves one-half the cost of fuel. Does not clog with ashes or clinkers nor allow smoke and dust to escape into the kitchen. Made of the very best grade of malleable iron, cannot crack or break, saving annoyance and expense. Flues lined with ashestos board one-fourth inch in thickness. Entire range riveted (not bolted), air-tight and dust-tight. Works well all the time, and lasts for generation.

Ask for the new booklet "All About Majestic Ranges and Kitchen Arrangement." Postal brings it.

#### Majestic Mfg. Co,

2012 Morgan St St. Louis, U. S. A.

The booklet will be furnished and full information given by the following dealers, who carry a stock of MAJESTICS and can fill orders promptly.

Louis E. Spear Co., San Francisco, Cal.; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash.; McCabe-Johnson Co., Spokane, Washington; Salt Lake Hdwe Co., Salt Lake City, Utah; Harper & Reynolds Co., Los Angeles, Cal.; Pier Hdwe Co., Portland, Oregon; Coffin & Northrup Co., Boise City, Idaho.

A REMARKABLE OFFER TO OVER LAND MONTHLY SUBSCRIBERS.

#### NEW 20TH

## Century Encyclopaedia Britannica

#### 31 VOLUMES

Our circulation department has arranged with the publishers to advertise and distribute for them, on the Pacific Coast, the first edition of this work and at the same time increase our own circulation. With this end in view we have set aside, with the compliments of the publishers, for distribution, while they last,

#### ABSOLUTELY FREE

each alternate book throughout the entire set together with one year's subscription to the OVERLAND MONTHLY.

#### IT CONTAINS

16,509 separate articles.

3,399 articles written and signed by specialists, or 142 per volume.

16,255 pages compiled by special contributors, forming four-fifths of the entire work.

338 full-page engraved plates, containing over

900 separate illustrations. 675 maps and plans, including 237 colored

maps. Nearly 12,000 illustrations, exclu-

sive of maps and plans.

12,000,000 More Words than the largest English

dictionary extant. It has been prepared at a cost of

about

\$3,000,000

Th Brit. annica is a library so complete that it overs the entire range of human knowledge and is so reliable that it has become the standard of all English speaking countries. It means for you the help of the world's greatest specialists in every department.

Can you afford to be without it?

Cut out the attached inquiry blank an mail it to us, or send a postal giving name nd address; on receipt of same a brief resume of the plan of distribution concisely et forth will be promptly forwarded.

#### OVERLAND MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION CLUB. 206 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal.

I am interested in your proposition relative to the distribution of the Encyclopaedia Britan nica, and I should be pleased to have you for ward sample pages and other information.

lame

Street Microsoft

Town State.....



## FREE TRIAL

#### Death to Hair

ROOT AND BRANCH



New Discovery by the MISSES BELL.

A Trial Treatment Free two stamps for mailing. to Any One Afflicted Neck or Arms.

We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries-that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that too without impairing In any way the finest or most sensitive skin.

.. The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, which they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALL-HAIR," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent free of charges, to any lady who will write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the Ireatment, "KILL-ALL-HAIR," will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women. ....

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending

on Face Calif - Digitize THE MISSES BELLA

78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## California

CREATEST SUMMER AND WINTER RE-SORT IN THE WORLD

Best reached via the

VARIOUS ROUTES

of the

### Southern Pacific

Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of routes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

Southern Pacific

Write to

4 Montgomery St., 349 Broadway, San Francisco. New York. 238 Clark St., Chicago.

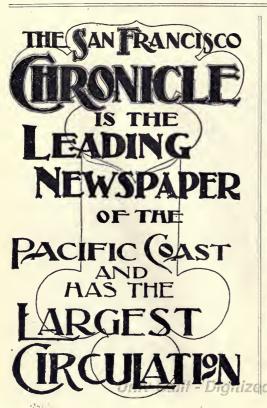


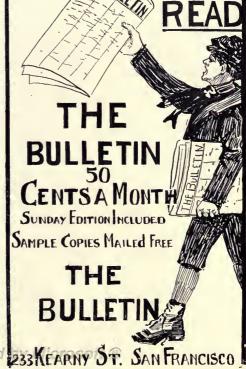
## Rolling Inn

Swift and splendid rolling on the California Limited San Francisco to Chicago in 75 hours

## Santa Fe

Ticket Office, 641 Market St. and Ferry Depot





## HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA.



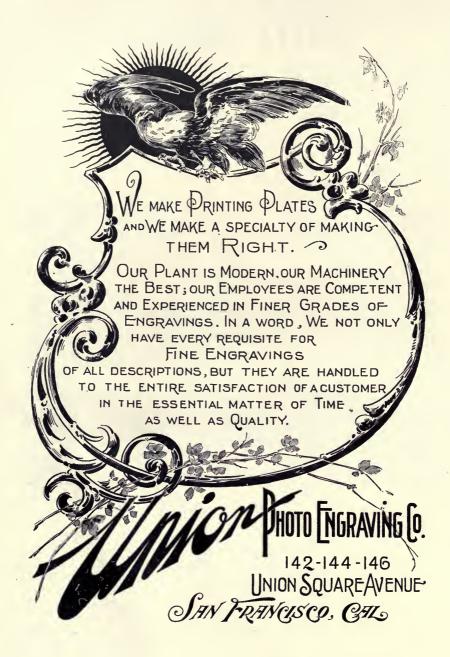
The soccity resort, winter and summer, of California; fifty minutes from San Francisco; sixteen trains daily each way; Otis passenger and baggage elevators; electric lights; service, tables, and appointments not excelled by any hotel; dark room for amateur and professional photographers. Average thermometer in the winter months 64 degrees, excelling the temperature of Mentone, the famous health resort of Southern France. Open all the year. The climate will give im- (According to room.) mediate relief to the worst case of asthma, and seldom fails to permanently

cure. There is no more handsome, comfortable or desirable hotel in the United States than the Hotel Rafael, with its beautiful grounds, handsome cottages, elegant drives, magnificent scenery, and all forms of amusements. No finer tennis courts, bowling alleys and club house can be found.

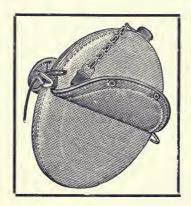
#### Rates:

By the day.....\$2.50 upward

By the week......\$15.00 upward Special rates by the month.



## The LANZ CANTEEN



Keeps water at a drinkable temperature in any climate. Liquids carried in this canteen will remain palatable for a longer period than in any other canteen heretofore used.

Prices and descriptive circulars showing practical tests sent to officers and men of the service on application.

## The Lanz Manufacturing Co.,

189 Lake Street, Chicago.

The canteen can be had at B. PASQUALE CO., 223 Sutter Street, San Francisco. Pacific Coast distributers.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

#### IRVING INSTITUTE

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

#### 2126 CALIFORNIA STREET

Accredited to the Universities. Conservatory of Music, Art, and Elocution.

For Catalogue address the Principal. Reopens Aug.

REV. EDWARD CHURCH. A. M.

SHORTHAND You can learn the PERNIN easily by mail or self-instruction. No position, no shading, connective vowel method; leads the world in shorthand Free lessons; text-book on approval, Write H. M. PERNIN, Author, Derott Mich. NIN, Author, Detroit, Mich.





Gold Medal, Paris, 1900. E. & S. CALIFORNIA

Stands without a peer in point of purity and deliciousness.

Sold in San Francisco by:

W. J. BRYAN, Apothecaries Hall, under Grand Hotel; Wm. Searby's Pharmacy, 400 Sutter Street; The Lion Pharmacy, 852 Market Street.

50c. and \$1.00 a bottle.

EKMAN-STOW CO., No. 1 Montgomery street.

**OROVILLE** 

CALIFORNIA

## A. Zellerbach & Sons

PAPER.. OF ALL KINDS

416-426 Sansome St., S. F.

Los Angeles Branch-311 N. Main St.

#### BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

TELEPHONE MAIN 199.

Dealers in

55 57-59-61 First St., S F. Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles, Cal. Blake, McFall & Co., Portland, Or.

#### Bed Wetting Cured

MOTHERS should know NATURE'S treatment that NEVER fails to CURE ANY case of involuntary wetting the bed in children or old people. Strengthens the body and mind, and A Positive Cure.

For information address,

DR. A. T. NOE, Kirksville, Mo.

Ladies to do plain needlework for us at home. We furnish materials and pay \$7 to \$10 per week. Se nd stamped envelope to STANDARD CO. Desk. O M., Indiana Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

#### PAINLESS AND PERMANENT HOME A Trial Treatment Free. Sent to anyone addicted to the use of Morphine, Opium or other drug habit. Contains Vital Principle heretofore unknown and lacking in all others. We restore the nervous and physical systems and thus remove the cause. Confidential correspondence invited from all. **ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION**, 46 p. Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

BYRON MALLEY by PIANO WING TO YOUR SOUND TO Warranted for Ten Years-SOHMER AGENCY

#### A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

## DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 53 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similary.

lar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One by tile will last six months, using it every day. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE removes superfluous hair without lnjury to the skin.

FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canadas and Europe.

**HEADQUARTERS** 

## **Telegraphic Codes**

All the Standard Codes and Ciphers Kept in Stock

#### JOHN PARTRIDGE

Importing and Stationer
Manufacturing Stationer

Printer, Lithographer and Bookbinder

306 California St., bet. Battery & Sansoms

San Francisco, Cal.

Send your Magazines to me to have them Bound Telephone Main 614

The

## Murdock Press

C. A. Murdock & Co.

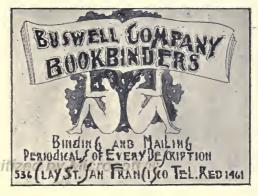
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS

532 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal.









How a Woman Holds a Man's Affections.

A wise and observing person stated the other day that many a wife complains that her husband does not take her out, that she only sees him at meals, or that he makes friendships in which she has no part. Further, that she blames him for neglecting her, and thinks herself illused; yet he is only following the natural instinct of humanity—the fault is really hers. The most easiest way a wife can hold her husband's affection and sympathy is by Beauty, which is possessed by using the great Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier; it will render your skin a soft pearly whiteness, free from tan, pimples, freckles, moth patches, and all blemishes of the skin-at the same time defies detection. The Oriental Cream has stood the test of the public approval for fifty years, and still gaining more. Gouraud's Poudre Subtile, or Depilatory Powder, will remove superfluous hair without pain or injury to the skin-try it. For sale by all Druggists or Fancy Goods dealers, or direct from Proprietor, 37 Great Jones Street, New York City.

1875

#### CALIFORNIA

1901

## Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

COR. CALIFORNIA AND MUNTCOMERY STS.

PHONE BUSH 165.

Safe-Deposit Boxes from \$5.00 per Year Up. Trunks and Valuables of Every Description Stored in Fire and Burglar-Proof Vaults at \$1.00 per Month.

Office Hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.



# Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

## TYPEWRITERS

**GREAT BARGAINS** 



We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast.

Send for Catalogue.

Supplies of standard guality always on hand.

The Typewriter Exchange, 536 California St., San Francisco. Tel. Main 2



#### DEAFNESS

THE AURAPHONE is a new invention which will restore the hearing of any one not BORN deaf. Invisible in the ear, causing no discomfort. Send for Pamphist,—mailed Free. Address F. F. FINLAY, 529 Ellis St., San CURED

## THE LIGHT RUNNING

Sewing Machines

STANDARD PATTERNS States Perfection Catalogues Free

J. W. EVANS

1021 Market St., near 6th, South Side







California Advertiser.

Devoted to the Leading Interests of California and the Pacific Coast.

As An Adver tiser

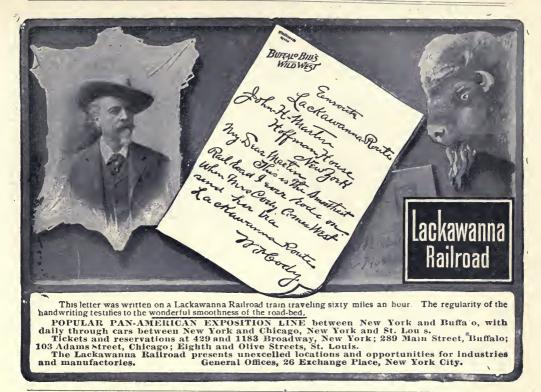
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

jeyed circulation and influence or wherever read not equalled by any other publication. Its contents are of a character which make its certain that every reader will peruse each issue carefully.

\*\*\* F. Marriott \*\*

any advertising agent.

51/2 Kearny alst Digitized Ban Erancico





## NOTICE

TO ADVERTISERS AND ADVERTISING AGENTS

The Advertising forms of the

## Overland Monthly



## CLOSE ON THE 15th

of each month preceding date of issue.

## Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST



SAN FRANCISCO NOVEMBER



PRICE TEN CENTS

## Arlington Hotel

## Santa Barbara

## The Finest Summer Climate

Sea bathing every day in the year. The best green turf golf links in California. Five minutes' street car ride from the hotel. Special low rates during the summer.

E. P. DUNN, Proprietor.

# EGYPT THE NILE PALESTINE

BEGYPT IS THE WINTER

→ → RESORT OF THE

→ → WORLD'S 400.

are you going?

We can send you a pamphlet telling how to do the Nile Trip, Palestine, too. Shall we?

THOS. COOK & SON,
621 Market Street, San Francisco.

#### MACKINTOSHES

RAGLAN and AUTOMOBILE

## RAIN COATS

Belting, Packing and Hose

DRUGGISTS'
RUBBER GOODS

#### GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.

R. H. Pease, President. F. M. Shepard Jr., Treas, C. F. Runyon, Sec'y,

673-676-677-679 MARKET ST.
SAN FRANCISCO.



## 3 IN ONE

## G. W. COLE COMPANY

243 Washington Life Building

NEW YORK CITY

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

## Overland Monthly

#### AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

## NOVEMBER, 1901

#### CONTENTS:

Frontispiece Florence Roberts as Nell Gwy	nne
Nell Gwynne	.321
Illustrated from Photographs.	
The IncapableElwyn Hoffman	. 331
A Poem.	
A Double StrokeWilmetta Curtis	.332
Story. Illustrated by Alfred Galpin.	
A SonnetLouis W. Bennett	. 337
The Natives of AlaskaJames Woodworth Bruner	. 338
Illustrated from Photographs.	
An American View of the Strikes Henry E. Highton	.346
A Protest.	
The Spirit of Crow ButteJohn G. Neihardt	. 355
Indian Story.	
Recompense	. 357
Poem.	
Teine J. H. Rose-Soley	. 358
A Tale of the Navigators.	
And YetJuliette Estelle Mathis	. 364
Poem.	
The Final TributeJames F. J. Archibald	. 365
Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.	
Current BooksGrace Luce Irwin	. 371
A Review.	
San Rafael and San AnselmoCarlotta Reynal	373
Illustrated from Photographs.	

Subscribers not receiving the Overland Monthly regularly, will confer a favoron the publisher by notifying the office.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

The OVERLAND MONTHLY will be sent postpaid for one year to any part of the United States, Canada. or Mexico, for one dollar; single numbers, 10c. For back numbers more than 3 months old. 5c additional for each month. Postage to foreign countries is 60c per annum. Money may be sent by express order, P. O. money order, bank draft, or registered letter. Money sent in letters is at senders' risk. When change of address is desired always give former address.

FREDERICK MARRIOTT, Publisher,  $5 \frac{1}{2}$  Kearny St., San Francisco, Entered at San Francisco-Postoffice as second-class matter.

## Eames Tricycles



An Ideal Machine that brings the pleasures of cycling within the reach of all; any one that can walk can ride one of these wheels.

We have also Tricycles for those who require something to propel with the hands, and easy Pneumatic-tired Rolling Chairs for Invalids.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

## EAMES TRICYCLE CO.

2018 MARKET STREET San Francisco



## RUPTURE

Every ruptured person should know the advantage of our special patterns of trusses (totally unlike anything in the trade), which will not only retain perfectly the most difficult or complicated case, but are guaranteed to close the hernial opening in ten days on any person whose general health and physical condition may be considered good. This is afforded by our advanced methods and motron appliances at a cost no greater that for common trusses. 30 years in a class by mysical and the world-conceded leader in this special and the world-conceded leader in this special and under patronage of the world's most distinguished surgeons at home and abroad Commonded in Gross and Agnew's Surgery. Award by the Royal College of Surgeons, London. Original manufacturer and introducer of HARD RUBBER

## RUSSES

These instruments are improved and exclusive designs of special construction. No straps used. Light, cleanly, cool, non-irritating. Can be used in bathing. Everlasting.

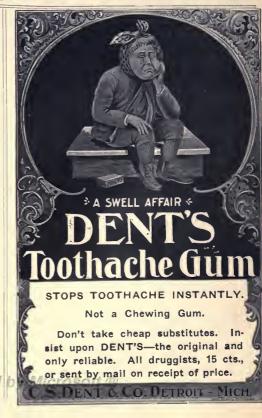
AVOIDING the knife or the rulnous "Injection process"—both of which are followed only by vital consequences, as experience and court records will sustain.

Investigate; our experienced opinion without charge. Satisfaction guaranteed. Booklet free.

I. B. SEELEY TRUSS ESTAB..

192 DEARBORN-ST.
[Opposite "The Fair"]
go. Philadelphia. New Chicago.

Univ Calif - Digitized b





California Advertiser.

Devoted to the Leading Interests of California and the Pacific Coast.

As An Adyer tiser

You desire to reach people of wealth and refinement on the and Pacific coast? \* \* \* \* There is no more direct manner to do this than through the columns of the 5.F. News Letter \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

jeyed circulation and influence or wherever read not equalled by any other publication. Its contents are of a character which make its certain that every reader will not peruse each issue carefully.

\* \* \* F. Marriott \* \*
51/2 Kearny St., San Francisco

## BOOKS OF PERMANENT INTEREST

## Blue Shirt and Khaki

By JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD, F. R. G. S., War Correspondent.

269 pp. 100 photographs. \$1.50.

A comparison of the British and American armies written by a war correspondent, whose intimate acquaintance with American officers is unequaled by that of any other writer outside the army; who for nearly a decade has accompanied our campaigns against the Indians and the Spaniards; who accompanied the Japanese army in its invasion of China; who has witnessed and studied the great manœuvres of the British, French and German armies; who accompanied both the Boer and British armies in South Africa; and who is an expert.

"Quite the sanest and most comprehensive volume we have received from the war correspondents."—Brooklyn Daily Eagle,

"The little volume is full of facts relating to points of interest in connection with the military life of to-day The author has a clear, traightforward way of presenting fects, and this gives to the book a double value."—Chicago Chronicle.

"An unpretentious little book literally crammed with interesting information, much of which will be new to the public."—Washington Times.

"A timely and comprehensive review of two military systems which have much in common, illustrating his comparisons with incidents and facts acquived in a long course of observation as a military specialist."—Army and Navy Journal.

"An interesting and pleasing series of comparative studies of the types of Briti-h and American soldiers as the author saw them in Cuba and South Africa."—The Nation.

"Derives much of its value from the extensive experience and observation of the author in various parts of the world. . . The present volume contains Mr. Archibald's matured views as a military specialist familiar with the operatios of armies."—Review of Reviews.

## Marcus Whitman and the Early Days of Oregon

By WILLIAM A. MOWRY, Ph.D.

358 pp. Illustrated. Cloth. \$1.50

A book at once a history, biography, and an argument, throwing new light upon the history of the Pacific Coast.

"The book is a valuable addition to the literature of the century. Its author has ably and conscientiously rendered a service to future historians by ga hering the records for their possible use; he

has vindicated the claim to an honored memory of a figure which we should be loath to class among the indefensible myths of the past. He is not an iconoclastic enthusiast, but a sober-minded investigator. He presents the case for his client moderately, appealing to facts and reason a one; therefore he is convincing "--RICHARD HENRY STOD-DARD in New York Mail and Express.

## A MASTERPIECE BY EDWARD BELLAMY.

"LOOK NG BACKWARD"

## The Duke of Stockbridge

"No truer picture of the republic's early days." — Chicago Evening Post.

"Its depth of meaning,"—Saturday Review, New York Times,

"A grand, virile, and domestic novel,"-Boston Journal.

#### CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS'

Fascinating novel,

# The Heart of the Ancient Wood

"Unlike Kipling, unlike Seton-Thompson-better than either in several respects."—Brooklyn Kagle,

"This delightful novel comes like a cooling breeze into heated literature,"—Boston Herald.

## SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

NEW YORK

BOSTON
Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

CHICAGO

## D. APPLETON & COMPANY'S

## Preliminary Autumn Announcements

#### STANDARD AND MISCELLANEOUS

Appletons' World Series. Edited by H. J.
MACKINDER, M.A., Student of Christ Church, Reader
in Geography in the University of Oxford, Principal
of Reading College.
The series will consist of trades of the control of t

of Reading College.
The series will consist of twelve volumes, each being an essay descriptive of a great natural region, its marked physical features, and the life of the people.

1. Britain and the North Atlantic. By the Edition.

2. The Nearer East. By D. G. Hogarth, M.A., Fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford, Director of the British School at Athens; author of "A Wandering Scholar in the Levant."

The Great Peoples Series.

Scholar in the Levant.

The Great Peoples Series. A New Historical
Series, edited by Dr. York Powell, Regius Professor
of Modern History in the University of Oxford.

of Modern History in the University of Oxford.

The French People. By Arthur Hassall,
M.A.; Student of Christ Church, Oxford; author of
"The Balance of Power," etc. A new volume in the
Great Peoples Series. Uniform with "The Spanish
People." 12mo, cloth.

Literatures of the World Series. Edited
by EDMUND GOSSE. Uniform 12mo, cloth, each \$1.50.
The absence of any collection of summaries of the
world's literature has led the publishers and the editor of
the present series to believe that a succession of attractive volumes, dealing each with the history of literature in
a single country, would be not less welcome than novel.
Modern Scandinavian Literature. By Dr.
Georg Brandes. A new volume in the Literatures

GEORG BRANDES. A new volume in the Literatures of the World Series, edited by Edmund Gosse. 12mo,

cloth, \$1.50. Other Worlds. Their Nature and Possibilities in the Light of the Latest Discoveries. By GARRETT P. SERVISS, author of "Astronomy with an Opera-Glass" and "Pleasures of the Telescope." Illustrated. 12mo, cloth.

Fragons of the Air. An Account of Extinct Flying Reptiles. By H. G. SEELEY, F.R.S., Professor of Geology In King's College, London; Lecturer on Geology and Mineralogy in the Royal Indian Engineering College; Dean of Queen's College, London. With original Illustrations.

"New Edition of the Air." Dragons of the Air.

New Edition of Vol. III. in Preparation

A History of the United States Navy. By EDGAR S. MACLAY, A.M., author of "A History of American Privateers," etc. New edition, in three volumes, the new volume containing an Account of the Navy since the Civil War, with an authoritative history of the Spanish-American War, revised to the date of this edition, and based upon official sources of information. Technical Revision of the first two volumes by Lleutenant Roy C. Smith, U. S. N. Illustrated. 8vo, each volume, \$3.00, net; postage, 26 cents each volume, in addition. A Complete Review of American Sea Power. The United States Navy, 1775 to 1901.

Financial Crises, and Periods of Industrial and Commercial Depression. By Theodoff E. Bur-

and Commercial Depression. By THEODORE E. BUR-

12mo, cloth.

TON. 12mo, cloth.

The Living Races of Mankind. By H. N. HUTCHINSON, B.A., F.R.G.S., F.G.S.; J. W. GREGORY, D.Sc., F.G.S.; and R. Lypekker, F.R.S., F.G.S., F.Z.S., etc., assisted by Eminent Speclalists. A Popular Illustrated Account of the Customs, Habits. Pursuits, Feasts, and Ceremonies of the Races of Mankind throughout the World. 600 illustrations from life. One volume, royal 8vo, 85.00, net.

Practical Forestry. A Book for the Student and for all who are practically interested, and for the General Reader. By Prof. John Giffond, New York State College of Forestry, Cornell University. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth.

Prisoners of Russia. By Dr. Benjamin Howard. With an Introduction by General O. O.

Prisoners of Russia. By Dr. BENJAMIN HOWARD. With an Introduction by General O. O. Howard. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth. The Private Life of the Sultan. By GEORGES

Dorys, son of a former high functionary in the Sultan's suite. Translated by Arthur Hornblow. Uniform with "The Private Life of King Edward VII." Illustrated in the Sultant Suite of King Edward VII." Illustrated in the Sultant Suite S trated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.20 net; postage additional.

#### FICTION.

The Eternal City. A Novel. By HALL CAINE, author of "The Christian," "The Manxman," "The Bondman," "The Deemster," etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

The Quiberon Touch. A Romance of the Sea. By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, author of "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Grip of Honor," etc. With frontispiece. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DAVID HARUM"

The Teller. By EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT, author of "David Harum." Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1 00.

Shacklett. A Story of American Politics. By WALTER BARR. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

A Nest of Linnets. By F. Frankfort Moore, author of "The Jessamy Bride," "A Gray Eye or So," etc. 'Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

The Alien. A Story. By F. F. MONTRÉSOR, author of "Into the Highways and Hedges," etc.. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

The Wage of Character. Novel. A JULIEN GORDON, author of "Mrs. Clyde," etc. 12mo,

The Apostles of the Southeast. By Frank T. Bullen, author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," "Idylis of the Sea," etc. 12mo, cloth

Shipmates. A Volume of Salt-Water Fiction.

By MORGAN ROBERTSON, author of "Masters of Men," etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

Some Women I Have Known. By MAAR-TEN MAARTENS, author of "God's Fool," etc. With frontispiece. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

While Charlie Was Away. A Novel.
Mrs. Poultney Bigelow. 16mo, cloth, 75 cents. A Novel. By

Those Delightful Americans. By Mrs. EVER-ARD COTES (Sara Jeannette Duncan), author of "A Social Departure," "An American Girl Abroad," etc.

The Man Who Knew Better. A Romance by T. GALLON, author of "Tatterley," etc. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. 8vo, cloth.

The Devastators. A Novel. By ADA CAM-BRIDGE, author of "The Three Miss Kings," etc. No. 304, Appletons' Town and Country Library. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Drewitt's Dream. A Romance. By W. L. Alden. No. 305, Appletons' Town and Country Li-

The Most Famous Loba. A Romance. By NELLIE K. BLISSETT, author of "From the Unsounded Sea," etc. Appletons' Town and Country Library. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

## NEW JUVENILE BOOKS

In the Days of Audubon. By HEZEKIAH Butterworth, author of "In the Days of Jefferson,"
"In the Boyhood of Lincoln," "The Patriot Schoolmaster," etc. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst and Others. 12mo, cloth, \$1.20 net; postage additional.

Captain of the Crew. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR, author of "For the Honor of the School" and "The Half-Back." Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. 12mo, cloth, §1.20 net; postage additional. Captain of

A STORY-LIFE OF LINCOLN

Lincoln in Story. The Life of the Martyr President told in Authenticated Anecdotes. Edited by SILAS G. PRATT. Illustrated. 12mq, cloth, 75 cents net; postage additional.

## D. APPLETON & COMPANY, Publishers, New York

It Will be Published Next Month Ernest Seton-Thompson's New Book

## LIVES OF THE HUNTED

By ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON

Author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," etc.

WITH MORE THAN 200 DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

Being a true account of the doings of six quadrupeds and three birds

T

HE most important work of Mr. Seton - Thompson since his "Wild Animals I Have Known," fully equalling that most popular book in size, and resembling it closely in character, solidity, illustration and general worth.

It includes all the animal stories Mr. Seton-Thompson has written since his

last book, together with several that have never appeared in serial form. It



Lives of the Hunted Ernest Seton-Thompson



THE COVER DESIGN

have never appeared in serial form. It is more fully and richly illustrated than any previous book with his own inimitable drawings, of which there are more than two hundred. There are many full-page

THE AUTHOR-ARTIST



illustrations, and nearly every type page will be ornamented with the delightful marginal sketches characteristic of this artist's latest work.

It is worth noting that "Wild Animals I Have Known" has sold to date nearly 100,000 copies, and the peculiarity of its sale has been that the older the book has grown the more its popularity has increased; in fact, each season since its publication its circulation has nearly doubled the circulation of the season just previous.

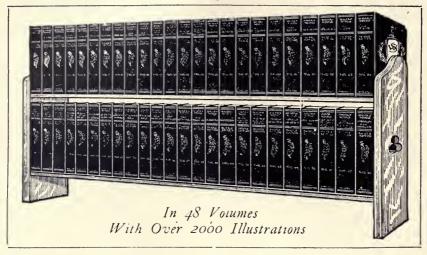
With more than 200 drawings and a unique cover design by Mr. Seton-Thompson

\$1.75 net

·CHARLES · SCRIBNER'S SONS

## HARPER & BROTHERS'

## Waverley Novels



Forty-eight Volumes will be sent to you on receipt of \$2.00

Payment thereafter to be at the rate of \$2.00 per month for eleven months; cost to you per volume, 50 cents.

SCOTT'S classic works will be read as long as the English language endures, combining, as they do, the thrilling interest of romance with historical instruction. No library is a library without them. Here are some facts about this great offer:

I. There are forty-eight separate books in the set.

They occupy over four feet of space in a row. Size of cover, 5x7½ inches.
 Each volume contains many pictures—there are over 2000 illustrations

4. The books are printed on fine paper from large, new type.

5. They are bound in excellent cloth in permanent style, and should last a century.

\*This set is copied from the first complete edition of the Waverley Novels in 1829, revised and corrected by Scott himself-his own edition, perfect and representative of his genius.

#### OUR OFFER

We will send you the entire set of forty-eight volumes, charges prepaid, on receipt of \$2.00. If you do not like the books when they reach you send them back at our expense, and we will return the \$2.00. If you do like them, send us \$2.00 every month for eleven months.

In order to keep you in touch with us during these months, on receipt of your request for these books we will enter you as a subscriber to either HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, without any additional cost to you. In writing, state which periodical you want. If you select the BAZAR a 280-page cloth-bound book on beauty, "The Ugly Girl Papers," will be added free. Address

#### FRANKLIN SQUARE. BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

This same set is also bound in half-leather, with gold stamping on side and back. The price in this binding is \$48. It will be sent on the same terms for \$4 a month.



## 4.CMC lung & Co. Publishers



## FALL ANNOUNCEMENT, 1901

THE TEMPTING OF FATHER AN-THONY. By George Horton, author of "Like Another Helen," etc. With six fullpage illustrations. 12mo, pp. 246, \$1.25. The love story of a young priest of modern Greece.

PARFIT GENTIL KNIGHT. By With twelve full-page CHARLTON ANDREWS. illustrations. 12mo, pp. 400, \$1.50.
A "cloak and sword" romance, full of dash and spirit.

LADY LEE and Other Animal Stories. By HERMON LEE ENSIGN. With eighteen fullpage photogravure plates from original drawings. Large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 256, \$2.00. "Lady Lee" is the story of a beautiful horse.

ANNE SCARLETT. By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR, author of "On the Red Staircase,"

etc. 12mo, pp. 350, \$1.25. A story of witchcraft days in Colonial Massachusetts.

NANNA. A Story of Danish Love. From the Danish of Holger Drachmann, by Francis F. Browne. 16mo, pp. 208, \$1.00. A love idyll of unusual literary charm.

TENNESSEE SKETCHES. By LOUISE PRESTON LOONEY. 16mo, pp. 321, \$1.00. Character drawing and local color from the South.

JUELL DEMMING. By Albert L. Law-RENCE. 12mo, pp. 384, \$1.25.
The adventures of a young "Anglo-Saxon" in Cuba and South Africa.

JUSTICE TO THE WOMAN. By BER-NIE BABCOCK. 12mo, pp. 373, \$1.25. A story involving a problem as old as human life.

LINCOLN'S FIRST LOVE. By CARRIE DOUGLAS WRIGHT. 16mo, \$1.00. The story of Lincoln and Anne Rutledge.

THE BATTLE INVISIBLE. By ELEAN-OR C. REED. 12mo, pp. 330, \$1.25. Clever and interesting stories of farm and country life.

FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA. By Byron A. Dunn, author of "Battling for Atlanta," etc. Illus., 12mo, pp. 408, \$1.25. The latest volume in the "Young Kentuckians" series.

AS A FALLING STAR. By ELEANOR GAYLORD PHELPS. With frontispiece, decorative embellishments in the text, and dainty cover design. 12mo, pp. 100, \$1.00. A delicate and touching story.

WORD AND PHRASE. True and False Use in English. By JOSEPH FITZGERALD. 12mo, pp. 400, \$1.25 net. A novel treatment of many vexing points in English.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN VERSE. By James L. Onderdonk. With frontispiece portrait. 12mo, pp. 395, \$1.25 net. From the Colonial period to the end of the 19th century. RUGS: ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENT-AL, Antique and Modern. A Book for Ready Reference. By Rosa Belle Holt. 30 full-page plates, 12 in the finest colortype process, and a map. Large 4to, pp. 175, gilt

top, deckle edges, \$5.00 net.

\*\* Edition de Luxe, 100 copies, on handmade paper, elegantly bound, \$10.00 net. A thorough, complete, and compact reference book.

AD ASTRA. Being selections from Dante, with illustrative designs by MARGARET and HELEN M. ARMSTRONG. Large 4to, \$2.50 net. \*\* Edition de Luxe, 100 copies, on Japanese vellum, \$7.50 net.
A sumptuous gift book for lovers of Dante.

HENRIK IBSEN. 1828-1888. A Critical Biography. By HENRIK JÆGER. Translated by WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE. With an additional chapter covering the period from 1888 to 1898. Photogravure frontispiece from a new portrait of Ibsen, and other illustrations. 12mo, pp. 315, \$1.50 net. A new edition of this standard life, complete to date.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GINGER JAR. Some Verses Gay and Grave. By R. C. Rose. 16mo, pp. 185, \$1.00 net. Sprightly poems by a Chicago newspaper man.

SWEDISH FAIRY TALES. By ANNA WAHLENBERG; translated by Axel Wahlen-BERG. Illus., small 4to, pp. 150, \$1.00 net. Fairy stories in the style of Haus Christian Andersen.

ZANZIBAR TALES. Told by the Natives of the East Coast of Africa. Freely translated from the original by GEORGE W. BATE-MAN. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 160, \$1.00 net. Quaint tales from East African folk-lore.

BERNARDO AND LAURETTE. Being the Story of Two Little People of the Alps. By Marguerite Bouvet, author of "Prince Tip Top," etc. Illustrated by Helen M. Armstrong. Small 4to, pp. 150, \$1.00 net. The latest book by this popular author.

MARGOT, THE COURT SHOEMAK-ER'S DAUGHTER. By Mrs. MILLICENT E. MANN. Illus., small 4to, pp. 200, \$1.00 net. A Huguenot romance for young readers.

MAGGIE McLANEHAN. By GULIELMA ZOLLINGER, author of "The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys." Illus., 12mo, pp. 300, \$1 net. An unusually bright and cheerful story

STORIES OF ENCHANTMENT, or the Ghost Flower. By JANE PENTZER MYERS. Illustrated, small 4to, pp. 150, \$1.00 net. Twelve charming little stories for young people.

For Sale by all Booksellers

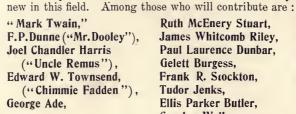




JOSH BILLINGS



JOHN G. SAXE



Ruth McEnery Stuart, James Whitcomb Riley, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Gelett Burgess. Frank R. Stockton, Tudor Jenks, Ellis Parker Butler. Carolyn Wells.

The magazine will contain, also, articles reminiscent of the older American humorists, beginning with "A RETROSPECT OF AMERICAN HUMOR" in the November number, written by Professor W. P. Trent, of Columbia, and in-

THE most novel feature of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for the new volume which begins with the November number, is a group of humorous stories and sketches by the best-known American humorists and by a number of contributors

Harry S. Edwards, Chester Bailey Fernald, Charles Battell Loomis, Oliver Herford. Elliott Flower. Albert Bigelow Paine, Beatrice Herford.



E.W.TOWNSEND

"Artemus Ward," "Petroleum V. Nasby," "Josh Billings," " Mark Twain," John G. Saxe, IK MARVEL " Mrs. Partington," "Miles O'Reilly,"

RILEY

("Hans Breitmann"), John Hay,

Charles G. Leland

cluding portraits of the following: "Bill Nye," James Whitcomb Riley, Frank R. Stockton, "Danbury News Man" (James M. Bailey), Donald G. Mitchell, H. C. Bunner, "Sam Slick," Eugene Field, Richard Grant White, "Orpheus C. Kerr,"

Capt. George H. Derby ("John Phoenix"), Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mortimer Thomson ("Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B."), James Russell Lowell, Charles Dudley Warner, Bret Harte. Frederick S. Cozzens.

In the November Century the humorous features consist of

## TWO SHORT STORIES BY MARK TWAIN.

"Recollections of Artemus Ward," By JAMES F. RYDER.

"First Lessons in Humor," By CAROLYN WELLS.

"The Indiscretion of John Henry," A Tale of a Woman's Club, By WALTER LEON SAWYER. Illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn.

Three Humorous Negro Poems, By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

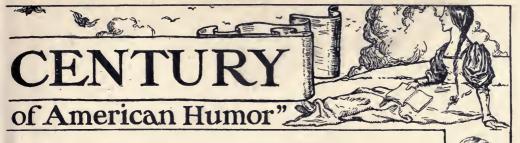
"Mr. Appleby's Vote," By CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN. Illustrated by Frost.

"The Crocodile; The Porcupine; The Tortoise." By OLIVER HERFORD.

EUGENE FIELD H.C.BUNNER WARNER ARTEMUS WARD MILES O'REILLY SHILLABER







#### THE OLD AND THE NEW WEST

will be described and illustrated during the coming volume of THE CENTURY, in a series of vivid articles by Emerson Hough, author of "The Story of the Cowboy," describing the early emigration movements, with illustrations by Frederic Remington; to be followed by a series of papers by Ray Stannard Baker on the great Southwest of to-day, including "The Desert," "Irrigation." etc.

#### **ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON**

contributes "The Legend of the White Reindeer" to the November Century .- a thrilling story of the North, with his own illustrations.

#### A NOVELETTE BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

begins in the November Century,— "Barbarossa," a dramatic sketch in four parts, illustrated by the German artist Werner Zehme. This will be followed by a novelette by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of "The Confounding of Camelia," etc. Other novelettes will follow.

#### PRESIDENT McKINLEY

is affectionately described in an article on some of his personal characteristics, written by Secretary John D. Long; and the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., who has made a careful study of the subject, writes on "The Assassination of Kings and Presidents." There are poems on the recent tragedy, and editorials.

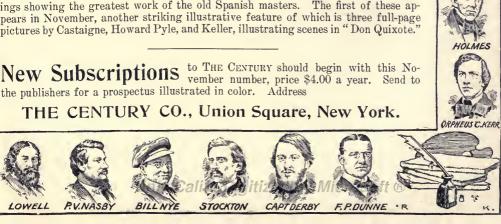
#### NEW YORK SOCIETY

is to be delightfully treated by Eliot Gregory ("The Idler"). His first paper, entitled "Our Foolish Virgins," profusely illustrated by a new artist, appears in November.

#### ART FEATURES.

Mr. Timothy Cole, who is engraving for THE CENTURY in Europe, will follow his wonderful series of Italian, Dutch, and English masters with a number of engravings showing the greatest work of the old Spanish masters. The first of these appears in November, another striking illustrative feature of which is three full-page pictures by Castaigne, Howard Pyle, and Keller, illustrating scenes in "Don Quixote."

the publishers for a prospectus illustrated in color. Address



# BRITISH TERRANEAN SERVICE

## DOMINION LINE BOSTON

CIBRALTAR
NAPLES
CENOA and
ALEXANDRIA

S.S. COMMONWEALTH

(New twin-screw, 13,000 tons)

S.S. CAMBROMAN

(5,000 tons)

Sailings Nov. 27, 1901, Jan. 15 (Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples), Jan. 4, Feb. 12, 1902 (Alexandria).

## DOMINION LINE

The steamers in the Dominion Line service are splendid ships of the finest construction, and offer the choicest accommodations. Service and cuisine perfect. Large staterooms, fine promenade decks. The Commonwealth is Twin Screw, 600 feet long, and the largest steamship which has ever entered the Mediterranean.

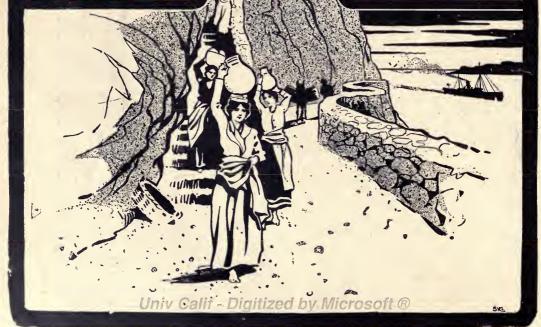
Send for "The Mediterranean Illustrated," an exquisite booklet. For sailings, rates, etc., apply to

#### RICHARDS MILLS & CO.

77-81 State St., BOSTON 69 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

E. H. LOW, 1123 Broadway, N. Y.
D. TORRANCE & CO.,
T. H. LARKE. - Minneapolis, Min.
A. F. WEBSTER, - Toronto, Ont.

or any agency of THOS. COOK & SON and HENRY GAZE & SONS.





A Message from Julia Marlowe.

"I consider 'Orangeine' the most wonderful remedy for headache, pain or fatigue that I have ever known."

Business Men, Toilers, Law-yers, Clergymen, Ladies of Society and Shop, Trained Nurses, Dentists and Prominent Physicians publicly extol the wide human usefulness of Orangeine. We have thousands of expressions like the following:

"The best remedy I have ever tried for sick headache."—Miss Estelle H. Brown, St. George, Maine. Mr. J.P.Spanier, European Agent for the Great Atchison Rallway, writes from Rome: "After a tedious journey one powder puts new life into me, and cures most violent head-ac es."

ac es.'
Hon. Graeme Stewart, Chicago, says: "A package of 'Orangeine' with your full directions, is doctor and nurse combined, but best of all a cure."

a cure."
Miss Emily A. Stoney, superIntendent Nurses' Training School, St. Anthony's Hospital, Rock Island, Ill., says: "'Orangeine'ls invaluable to brain workers."
"It does good every time."—Alfred G. Bauer, manager Sprague, Warner & Co.'s advertising department

"Without doubt the finest powders in the world for headache."—J.E. Richardson, Supt. Turner Worsted Co., Ravenna, Ohio.

Wm. Gillette writes:

"A most wonderful remedy. I have tried hundreds and find Orangeine' the only certain headache cure and the only one with absolutely no bad after effects."

rangeine

is a harmless 5-grain powder delicately balanced by years of test. Stops all pain and

## **CURES**

Headache, Neuralgia, Woman's Ills. Fatigue, Nervousness, Colds, Grip, Asthma, Indigestion; and Every Common Ailment.

Brigadier General Fielding, of the "Volunteers of America," writes: "'Orangeine' is highly prized by our soldiers and is largely distributed under my personal supervision."

Dr. M. H. Aspinwall, Manager Keely Institute, London, writes: "I cannot get along in this climate without 'Orangeine." 1.

Dr. Edwin Brown, of Philadelphia, says: "'Orangeine' works like a charm. I would not be without it."

Miss Elsie de Wolfe says:

'I am delighted to testify to the magic effect of 'Orangeine.' I am fearful of patent medicines, but 'Orangeine' has no depressing after effects.'

Mr. Joshna T. Butler, Secretary Corporation Liquidating Company, New York City, says: "I have found 'Orangeine' an effective cure for violent headaches of several years standing."

Mrs. Helen J. Heath, Groton, Vt., writes: "Two boxes of 'Orangeine' cured Neuralgia in my head and face, following severe 'Grip,' and I believe saved me from a prolonged sickness and a big doctor's bill."

Mr. Durbin Horne, of the great Pittsburg firm, Joseph Horne & Co., says: "Orangeine' is a great pre-scription. It meets your every claim.

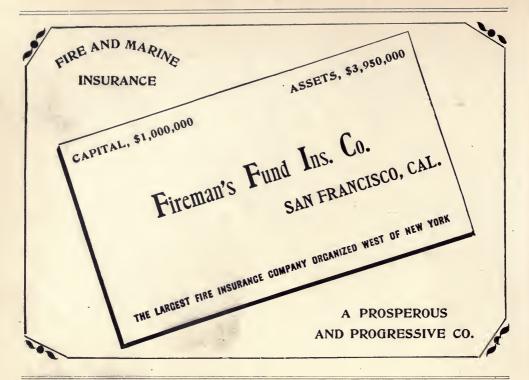
"A sure preventive of various disorders common to New England"-H.H.Bradstreet, Sec'y U.S. Steel Co., Boston.
"For fatigue-like champagne lasting and hengficial."

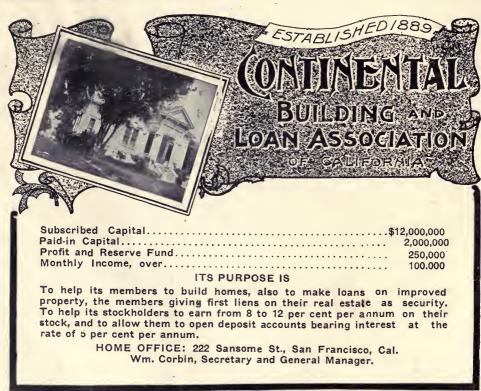
"For fatigue—like champagne only more lasting and beneficial," writes the "best beloved" of Amerlcan actresses.

Prof. Macdonald, of the Hartford Theological Seminary, says: "Sup-plies stimulant and nourishment for body and brain."

Lt.-Col. R. I. Eskridge, 23d Infantry, Fort Douglas, Utah, writes: "'Orangeine' will not only relieve sick headache but will cure it."

"Orangeine" is sold by druggists where it has been introduced in 10, 25 and 50 cent packages. Or receipt of 2-cent stamp we will be glad to mail Trial Package Free with full information. ORANGEINE CHEMICAL CO., Chicago, Ill.









# Overland Monthly November 1901



PASS all my hours in a shady old grove,

But I live not the day when I see not my love.

I survey every walk now my Phyllis is gone,

And sigh when I think we were there all alone.

Oh, 'tis then, oh, 'tis then that I think there's no hell

Like loving, like loving too well."

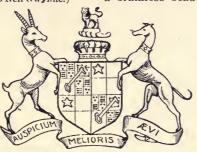
(From Song by Charles II. to Nell Gwynne.)

The student of history and the lover of the drama will turn back the pages of the past to find a clue to the reason for the perennial interest in Nell Gwynne, which has lately had one of its periodical outbursts in the presentation of two notable plays, reproducing

with more or less fidelity scenes connected with the times of Charles II. and the most picturesque figure of his dissolute Court. The play, by Paul Kester, "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," was introduced at the Haymarket Theatre in London by Julia Neilson; and, at the same time, "English Nell," evolved from the novel of Simon Dale and adapted by Anthony Hope and Edward Rose, was introduced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre by Marie Tempest Univ Calif - Digitize

The question may well be asked why, of all the rollicking, unscrupulous, frivolous, and intriguing women that surrounded Charles II., the name of Neil Gwynne is the only one that has any fascination now, as it seems to have been the only one in that day which captivated the popular heart. Moll Davis drew the crowd from Old Drury to the Duke's, and bewitched the King with her pathetic rendering of that tearful ballad, "My Lodgings on the Cold Ground," but she was a brainless beauty, and passed speedily

into oblivion. Lucy Waters gave King his best-beloved son, the Duke of Monmouth, who was allowed to wear the royal arms without the bar sinister, and make royal processions through country, and who became the center of the determined



The St. Albans Arms.

forts of the Protestants to exclude the Duke of York from the succession, yet her name is only the shadowiest of memories. Lady Castlemaine beguiled the King from the tedium of governing insomuch that he and his courtiers engaged at her house in a frolicsome moth-hunt while the Dutch were burning Chatham. Barbara Palmer had sufficient power over the King to secure the title of Duchess of Cleveland and the position of Lady of the Bedchamber, despite the protests of

the neglected Queen, Catherine of Bra-The Frenchwoman, Louise de Querouaille, became Duchess of Portsmouth, made and unmade ministers, headed factions, meddled in international politics, brought the King into the Catholic fold, and intruded herself upon his death bed. But the man in the street knows and cares nothing for any of these, nor was it of any of these that the King thought in his dying moments. "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," who had been perhaps the one human being who had loved him unselfishly and unobtrusively, was his last care on earth, as he said with his dying breath, to his successor: "Don't let poor Nelly starve."

The gamut of human fortune was wellnigh run in the career of Nell Gwynne, herring seller, orange girl, actress, mistress of Buckhurst's princely home, favorite of the King, progenitor of many of the noble families of England, her funeral sermon preached in a splendid church by an Archbishop, every spot where she lived a shrine for palar sentiment, every tradicion with regard to ner cherished as a part of English history; and now, more than three hundred years after her death, English-speaking audiences in two hemispheres are moved to laughter at the wit and to tears by the pathos of the life of the "unwedded, uncrowned Peasant Queen of England."

Eleanor Gwynne was born in a smail house in Hereford, at the rear of an inn called the Royal Oak. It was in a lane now known as Gwynne street, and, curiously enough, was part of the wall of the Episcopal Palace, so Duncombe, the local historian says, in which her grandson, James Beauclerk, D. D., lived for forty years as the Bishop of Hereford. He died there in 1787, being in his eighty-fifth year. It was stated in the Athenaeum for September 1st, 1883, that the then Bishop of Hereford had given his consent to the fixing a marble tablet to Nell Gwynne on his garden wall. The house in which she was born was pulled down somewhere about 1867, at the request of the Bishop, because he was annoyed at the great number of visitors.

Nell did not live long at Hereford. Dr. Doran says she early ran away, but it seems more likely that she went to London decently with her parents, who, while she was still quite young, lived in the coal-yard in Drury Lane, within the sound of Bow Beils, and kept a fruit stall in Covent Garden. It was from this fruit stall that Nelly got her oranges to sell in the theatre, but this was not her first essay in the art of making a living, according to Rochester, who says:

"Her first employ was with open throat To cry fresh herrings, even ten a groat."

Another writer says she wandered from tavern to tavern cheering the company after dinner with her merry songs.

So the pretty orange girl was already a step upward in the social scale, and as she was ambitious as she was pretty, the next thing was to get into the ranks of those whom she saw win the adulation of the men who bought her fruit and praised her rosy cheeks. It was not difficult in those days for a pretty girl to get behind the footlights, and Nelly had a graceful figure, red-brown hair, and a saucy face, from which the "wonderful killing eyes" almost disappear when would Nell played her parts fairly laughed. well. Her tiny feet showed to good advantage in the jigs which "made the pit clap and swell," as Fletcher tells in the epilogue to his "Comedy of the Chances." Between the years 1665 and 1682 she performed in nineteen plays. Oldys in his "Notes on the Drama" mentions among the plays in which she appeared "The Great Favorite, or the Duke of Lerma," and "The Indian Woman, a Tragedy."

Nell Gwynne had a lover even in her poorest days, and, according to an anecdote discovered in an old book with the note prefixed "an account which Basil read of Nell Montague somewhere Gwynne when he was a child," when some one asked her about her first sweetheart, she made the following reply:

"My first love, you must know, was a link-boy, and a very good soul he was, too, poor Dick, and had the heart of a God knows what has begentleman. come of him; but when I last saw him he said he would love me to his dying day. He used to say that I must have been a Lord's daughter, for my beauty, Iniv Calit - Digitized by Microsoft ®

and that I ought to ride in my coach, and he behaved to me as if I did. He, poor boy, would light me and my mother home, when we had sold our oranges, to our lodgings in Lewkenor's Lane, as if we had been ladies of the land. He said he never felt easy for the evening till he had asked me how I did; then he went gaily about his work, and if he saw us home at night he slept like a prince.

on, and so he did, and his warm tears fell on my chilblains, and he said he should be the happiest lord on earth if the stockings did me any good."

The stage days of Drury Lane brought more comforts to the family, and it must have been at this time that they moved out of the coal yard and took lodgings in the "Cock and Pie," a tavern in the west side of Drury Lane, which dated back to



Drury Lane.

I shall never forget when he came flushing and stammering and drew out of his pocket a pair of worsted stockings for my naked feet. It was bitter cold weather, and I had chilblains which made me hobble about till I cried, and what does poor Richard do but work hard like a horse and buy me those worsted stockings. My mother told him to put them

the time of Henry VII. As late as 1858 the landlord proudly said to a visitor: "See, this is a noted room; this was Nell Gwynne's parlor. Here it was that Pepys saw her as he records in his diary under date May 1, 1667: "To Westminster, in the way meeting many milkmaids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them. I saw pretty

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Nelly standing at her lodging's door in Drury Lane in her smock sieeves and bodice looking upon me. She seemed a mighty pretty creature." The house was pulled down in 1891.

In poverty which she hated; with beauty of which the only use she knew for women was to secure money or favor from men; with a wit to seize any ladder that would lift her a step higher; with the tempter always near; and with the loose morals of the day, it is not strange that the fine house, the jewels, the servants, and the flattery which Lord Buckhurst offered her, allured her from the stage. After a year she became the mistress of Charles II., and, if it were possible for the dissolute King to be attached to any one, it might well have been Nell Gwynne. While we need not go as far as Tom Duffett did in dedicating "The Spanish Rogues" to her, congratulating himself that he was "the first who has taken the boldness to tell her in print that next to her beauty her virtues are the greatest miracle of the age;" or even Alpha Behn, who dedicated a book of poems to her; yet we must concede that she did as little harm and, perhaps, as much good as was possible to one in her situation. She did not intrude herself upon the Queen; she had nothing to do with politics or intrigues; as a daughter of the people she suited the democratic tastes which the King had imbibed during his exile; and yet there was a nobility of spirit which scorned meanness and hypocrisy: she was kind and charitable and loyal-hearted and the people loved her, men and women alike, and they wept when she died, and all her faults faded out of memory.

The founding of Chelsea Hospital for pensioners is popularly attributed to Nell Gwynne, and the story as it is current among the common people is thus related by an omnibus driver to an inquiring passenger. Being asked what he knew of Nell Gwynne he garrulously replied:

"Ah, Nell was one of the right sort. She'd a warm 'art and was good to the pore. Now where would them old pensioners be" (pointing to some veterans smoking as they sauntered along to Chelsea Hospital) "but for Nell Gwynne?

Well, it was like this: One cold day King Chawles was taking a walk in Hyde Park with Nell, when a white-haired old man in rags, with bare feet, passed by; and Nelly ups and says: 'Chawles, I've forgot my purse; give the old man a guinea.' 'Certainly, my dear,' says Chawles, and feels in all his pockets. 'Blow me light, Nell,' says he, 'I ain't only half a crown.' Nell snatches the money and runs off after the old cove, and gets it out of him that he were a stony-broke old soldier what had fit for Chawles' father, and that hadn't got chick or child in the world; and that when she gives him the five bob he bursts out crying. Then Nell cries, and Chawles cries, and they all does a good blubber together, and makes it up then and there that the old soldier was to have a pension. Of course Nelly gave Chawles a good talking to—said he ought to be ashamed of 'isself-forgettin' them as 'ad bled for 'im and 'is; and she never let 'im be until he'd built Chelsea Hospital. Well, that's the yarn old Corporal Progers tells me and he oughter know if any man does."

Another story is told illustrating Nelly's generosity. At a musical entertainment given at her house in Pall Mall (where the Christian Knowledge Society has its headquarters now) Charles and his brother James were present and were delighted. She told Charles to show that he did not speak like a courtier by giving the performers a handsome present. Charles fumbled in his pockets but found not even a crown. "James," he said, "have you any money about you?" "Yes," replied James, "but not more than a guinea or two." "Odd's fish," laughed Nelly, "what company have I got into?"

In her will Nelly directed that the debtors in White Cross Prison should be provided daily with a certain number of loaves of bread and she charged her son to lay out £20 a year for the release of poor debtors from the same prison. Nor did she forget her family. She brought about a good marriage for her sister Rose with Captain John Cassells, a gentleman who devoted his fortune to the service of the Crown and was rewarded with a pension and an office. Her mother was put into a neat house in Chelsea by



Julia Nielson as "Nell Gwynne."

the waterside, where, however, she came to a sad end in her fifty-sixth year by falling from her chair into the river. She was interred in St. Martin's and Nelly put up a monument to her memory.

If Nelly's charity made her loved, her wit made her feared by her rivals. Several stories are told of how she got the better of the Duchess of Portsmouth, with whom she was always having tiffs. They were both dining with the King one evening, and the Duchess, trying to be witty, said of the two chickens on the table, "Here's one, and another's two; and one and two make three." "Oh, very well," said Nelly, "if that is the way you count, here's one for the King,"helping him-"and one for me,"-putting it on her own plate-"and you can have the third."

The Duchess claimed relationship with nearly all the royalty of Europe, and especially with that of France. Whenever a member of the reigning house of France died she put on deep mourning. One day the death of a Bourbon prince and of the Khan of Tartary was announced at the same time. The Duchess soon appeared to her room and soon returned garbed in the panoply of woe. One of the ladies in waiting asked Nell for whom she was in mourning. "For my dear cousin, the Khan of Tartary," was her reply. "Ah, I did not know you were related to that dignitary," said the lady. "Oh, yes," said Nell, "he was the same relation to me that the Prince was to Mlle. Querouaille."

Nelly's wit won her way with the King. It is said one day she called to her child, "Come hither, you little bastard, and speak to your father." "Nay, Nelly," said the King, "do not give the child such a name." "Your Majesty," she answered, "has given me no other name by which I may call him." Upon this the King gave him the name Beauclerk.

Another tradition is that as the King had given her son no title she held him out of an upper window of Lauderdale House saying to the King, "Unless you do something for your son, nere he goes." Charles called out, "Stop, Nelly, save the Earl of Burford."

This same child was created Duke of St. Albans in 1683. He married Diana de Vere, daughter of the 20th and last Earl of Oxford, and had nine children of whom the eighth was the Bishop of Hereford before mentioned. The present Duke of St. Albans is an extra Aide to Lord Curzon in India. His sister, and half brother and sisters are: Lord Osborne De Vere Beauclerk, who went to South Africa with the 17th Lancers; Lady Louisa Loder, wife of the member for Brighton; Lady Moyra Cavendish; Lady Sybil Lascelles, daughter-in-law to the English Ambassador to Berlin; Lady Kathleen Somersett, daughter-in-law to Lady Henry Somerset, the President of the World's W. C. T. U., and Lady Alexander DeVere Beauclerk.

It is hardly probable that giving Nell's family the name of Beauclerk was due to a sudden impulse on the part of the king, but it would seem rather to have been done on the advice of a coterie who were determined to secure a Protestant succession and wished to have it in the direct line. The Earl of Shaftesbury was the leader of the anti-Duke of York faction, which was trying to have the Duke in solemn black, whereupon Nell retired of Monmouth declared the heir to the



Crown; and he was far too shrewd a man not to note the strong hold which Nelly had on the popular imagination, and doubtless wished to have another card to play in the interests of the Protestant party. All the other illegitimate children were given modern names, such as Fitzroy and Lenox, and there must have been some premeditated reason for Charles going back to the Twelfth Century to give Nell's children the family name of Henry I. Henry I was of the old Welsh family of the name of Beauclerk which always had Gwynnes among its descendants, and Eleanor's father, James Gwynne, is said to have been a poor Royalist Welsh Cap-Nothing would have been easier than to have the idea take root in the minds of the people that their favorite had royal blood in her veins, and so prepare the way for the recognition of her children as heirs to the throne. But if any such thing was seriously thought of, it and all other plans and schemes were thwarted by the marriage of Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, to William, Prince of Orange, which ensured the Protestant succession.

Nell herself was a staunch Protestant, and as such was the people's idol, while they detested the French Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, who was believed to be in the pay of the French King to worm out State secrets from the King of England. On one occasion Nell's coach was stopped by a threatened mob who mistook it for that of the Duchess. Nelly leaned out of the window and called out, "Let me go, good people, I am the Protestant woman." Whereupon the mob cheered her and let her proceed.

The houses where Nell Gwynne lived are landmarks about which every tradition is cherished. Lauderdale House, one of the fine old mansions of Highgate, is associated with Nell's memory. Charles used to borrow it when he had sent Lauderdale off to Scotland "on the Devil's business" and here he enjoyed himself as a private gentleman, regardless of the fact that the late Protector's house frowned at him from across the way.

Nell's Chelsea home was afterwards occupied by Addison for a number of years, and he gives us a glimpse of its pretty garden in an invitation he sends to a friend to attend his concert. "It begins," he wrote, "precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a robin redbreast, and a bullfinch. There is a lark that by way of overture, sings and mounts, until she is almost out of hearing. The whole is concluded by a nightingale."

No. 38 Prince's Street, Leicester Square, was occupied by Nelly for some time. The Royal Mews at Windsor is now on the site of Burford House, which was given to Nelly in trust for her son She seems to have lived at several places in Pall Mall. It is a tradition of the College of Physicians that Sydenham, the great physician, lived and died in the house in Pall Mall which was originally Nell Gwynne's. For the last sixteen years of her life she lived on the South side of Pall Mall in her own house. It was at first granted to her on a long lease, but she refused it on those conditions, and the King then had it conveyed to her by act of Parliament. Some authorities say its garden led down to St. James' Park, but the author of "Old and New London" contradicts this, and says it was as nearly as possible where the Army and Navy Club now stands.

Only one letter written by Nelly's own hand is known to be in existence, and this was to her mantua-maker. She could with difficulty sign her own name. In 1809 a letter from her written for her by her maid, perhaps, was found among the papers in Ormond Castle. In 1858 it sold at auction for £13. In the secret service records in the British Museum are unsigned letters from her to James II which seem to indicate that he was very dilatory about acting on his brother's injunction, not to let poor Nelly starve. They show the finer side of Nelly's nature. She writes:

"Had I suffered for my God as I have done for your house and you, I should not have needed either your kindness or justice to me. I beseech you not to do anything to the settlement of my business till I speak with you and appoint me by Mr. Graham when I may speak with you privately. God make you as happy as my soul judges you may be."



A later letter shows her wish was granted, for she says: "This world is not capable of giving me a greater joy and happiness than your Majesty's favor. Not as you are King and so have it in your power to do me good, having never loved your brother and yourself upon that account, but as to your persons. Had he lived he told me before he died that the world should see by what he did that he had both love and value for me; and that he did not do for me as my mad Lady Woster. He was my friend and allowed me to tell him all my griefs and did like a father advise me and told me who was my friend and who was not. So the honor your Majesty has done me by Mr. Graham has given me great comfort, not by the present you sent me to relieve me out of the last extremity, but by the kind expressions he made me of your kindness to me which to me is above all things in this (world) having, God knows, never loved your brother or yourself interestedly. All you do for me shall be yours, it being my resolve never to have an interest but yours, and as long as I live to serve you and when I die, to die praying for you."

Nelly was faithful to the King's memory, refusing an offer of marriage from

Lord Wilmot, and if she did it somewhat coarsely, as the tradition goes, saying it was not fit that the dog should lie where the lion had slept, it was but according to the speech of the day.

Nelly had said she was resolved to grow fat and look young until she was forty, and then slip out of the world with the first wrinkle and the reputation of twenty-five. She died at the age of thirty-seven, and was buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, that grand old church overflowing with weeping mourn-Archbishop Tenison preached her funeral sermon and said: "She died repentant, just in time to save her soul," and with this clerical introduction before the bar of the merciful All-Father let charity draw a curtain over the faults and the frailties of the "unwedded Peasant Queen." The gross and tawdry realities of the most licentious age of Engwe see a child of the people in her inmost lish history fade into the shadows, and nature unspoiled by the acidents of low birth, base surroundings, and irresistible temptations, and retaining amid the corruptions of court life a heart that was kindly, faithful, and forgiving. The good bishop did not condemn her; let us remember only the best of her.

## THE INCAPABLE.

BY ELWYN HOFFMAN.

Below him lie the fields he scorns to till,

Above him shine the heights he cannot reach;
The sirens of the dream behaunt him still,

And still the burdened ox's groan doth reach
Up from the length'ning furrow, that turns down
Together, hopes and daisies, one by one!
Incapable! Hell coined that bitter word

To be the bearer of a special sting;
A sting more keen than felt by those who've erred

Against the laws of God's administ'ring!
Incapable! Paused half-way up the height
Hell sends its heralds to him with the night.

A grievous plight is his, but who's to blame?

Where stands the soulless father of the fault?

Who sent him lust of power—dream of fame,—

And taught his soul from low tasks to revolt?

Who made him hate his sire because he plods?

Who gave him vain desires and fragile gods?



T was a raw morning in early November; the first snow was drifting before the northeast wind that swept down Blue Canyon by the Lone Trail Mine, and drifting with it were the last stray leaves of autumn.

Mollie was chopping wood in the yard back of her cabin, and the Superintendent's wife was watching her from the side window of the next house.

Mollie was barefoot and disheveled of hair, and scantily wrapped in a gay Indian blanket; the Superintendent's wife was clad in a warm morning gown.

Mollie was an Indian squaw, a very handsome one; the Superintendent's wife was a refined New England woman, with very definite ideas as to how things should be in this world; Mollie was one of the things that should not be-the Indian wife and housekeeper of Jim Long, the foreman of the mine. The relation, according to Mollie's simple, savage code, was all that it should be. As for Jim Long, big, burly Missourian—his was the convenient code by which many early settlers availed themselves of the Indian standard to get themselves wives and housekeepers without complicated legal forms. There was little force of public opinion to gainsay these "marriages de convenances." Jim was a valuable man at the mine, where responsible men were hard to get, and he held his position in spite of his shady domestic status, and Mollie had been the proud mistress of his spacious cabin for four years, ruling house and man with steady hand.

Mrs. Barton, coming to the camp four weeks before, had been much shocked by the loose moral standard of her next door

neighbors, but was forced to accept it with the protest that she accorded to many other things in camp life. having accepted it, she soon found herself watching the Indian woman with a curiosity that deepened into genuine interest. Mollie was a person of very decided character, and character was what the New England woman regarded above everything. She had never before seen the elemental woman at so close a range. True, Mollie had taken on a considerable veneer of civilization; she was a model cook and housekeeper, spoke Jim's Missouri English fluently, and wore gay calico gowns which she made for herself. But she kept her Indian blanket and temper, and occasionally the temper ran away with her hard-won civilization. Then she flourished the blanket and worked off the temper upon the woodpile, chopping at logs as if tomahawking savage enemies. And when she was thus engaged, no one in the camp presumed to interrupt her.

On the morning in question she was evidently much excited, and Mrs. Barton watched for awhile the curious exhibition; then, turning to her own domain, she forgot it in the morning task of setting to rights the roomy, bare house, which she was bent upon reducing to something like a home for her family.

The Superintendent's house and one or two of the cabins of the mining camp were situated on a small, irregular tableland near the mouth of the canyon, while the mine buildings and the main settlement were further up the rayine near the great tunnel. This table-land commanded a magnificent view of the valley. away down to where the course of the American river was outlined by the trees through the grassy meadows below the wooded slopes. It was partly the view, partly a fine spring, that had determined George Barton to build his house here, next to the three-roomed cabin occupied by Jim Long. It was thus a little apart from the life of the camp, but Mary Barton liked it the better for that fact.

The stage road ran to the mine below, but the old Indian trail that gave its name to the mine twisted up behind the houses on the plateau, through the canyon, and over the range to where Mollie's tribe had their hunting and fishing grounds. Mollie kept up a friendly connection with her own people, and she often had visitors from up this trail. They were strictly friendly Indians, and after the first strangeness wore off, Mrs. Barton found them interesting, and often drove bargains with them for fish and game and baskets.

A little later on this same morning



Mollie Executed an Exultant Blanket Dance.

that saw Mollie at the woodpile, Mrs. Barton noticed on the long porch that ran across the front of Jim's cabin, a graceful Indian girl in native costume. She was very young, of a much softer type than Mollie, and remarkably beau-Cold as it was, the girl remained on the porch the whole morning, gazing wistfully off over the valley to where thin blue lines of smoke marked the place of an Indian settlement. Meanwhile, Mollie continued at the woodpile until Jim came home to dinner; then she appeared on the porch and curtly invited the girl into the house. .

George Barton, coming home at the same time, brought the explanation that Jim Long had added another wife to his establishment, taking one this time from the American River Indians. The previous state of things had been bad enough, and this additional offense shocked Mrs. Barton out of all patience. It could not shock her out of interest, however; it rather deepened the elemental fascination which the bigamous situation held for her. Much as she despised the man, she could not for the life of her help studying closely the feminine complication, and wondering what effect this last turn of affairs would have upon Mollie.

Except for a little more wood-chopping than usual, it seemed to have no effect whatever. The two got on well, considering the conditions. Mrs. Barton detected from the first a shrewd determination on Mollie's part not to let the newcomer, Majella, secure any practical ascendency. She ruled the house as usual, and Majella quietly accepted the older woman's domination and took the subordinate place. She was not permitted to do much. Mollie cooked and scrubbed as usual, and even waited on Majella and taught her to sew, and soon had her decked out in bright calico gowns, which did not at all improve her savage beauty. The watcher wondered if Mollie was aware of this fact, too; Majella seemed rather proud of the change. And while Mollie bustled and domineered, the new wife sat at the front windows or on the porch, sewing listlessly with unaccustomed fingers, or looking over the hill-

slopes to her valley home. Mary Barton

caught her eye once or twice, and, noting its wistfulness, smiled kindly, and afterward this slight greeting was often exchanged between them, but the acquaintance went no further at the time.

With the coming of summer, a new member of the family appeared on the scene, none other than Majella's baby, an unqualified little Indian, bronze brown, with eyes of the shoe-button order, black and beady, and with an imperturbable gravity of countenance.

Jim seemed rather sheepishly proud of this acquisition, but Mollie was exultant, and at once named the baby Peter. She now had little time or inclination to chop wood; the blanket was spread upon the porch floor under Master Peter as he took his airing. Mollie redoubled her care of Majella, and was indefatigable in her scrubbing of both house and child. She arrayed Peter in the most astonishing frocks, edged with the widest and coarsest embroidery that the camp store No Indian cradle flatcould supply. tened his head; he was rocked in the most preposterous civilized article, and to an extent that would have addied any brains less astute than those that backed his grave black eyes. Mollie seemed to have found her vocation and Majella was relegated to the post of nurse.

The abdication of all direction was no hardship to Majella. She was a lazy little squaw, content to sit and coddle her baby through the long mornings, looking still toward the valley, but less wistfully now, or watching the baby play with the toys that Mollie supplied for him—if his grave handling of them could be called play.

Some months passed. Peter stiffened his limp back and took his first unsteady step from one to the other of his dusky attendants, and his natural delight in the achievement was tempered by the same gravity that marked all his operations.

About this time the watcher noted that Majella's accustomed expression of unemotional content was frequently marred by drooping mouth-corners and traces of tears; sharp words were passed to her from the bustling Molly, and in the evenings high-pitched arguments could be conheard between Jim and Mollie, with faint



The Picture of Desperation.

protests in Majella's plaintive piping. Majella would sit on the porch long mornings through, half crying to herself, sometimes rousing to shake a vengeful fist toward the open door through which Mollie could be seen about her work, but the baby less and less often played on the porch with her.

One day she had sat there since early morning, and Peter had not appeared, though he could be heard crying vociferously, and Majella's fist would double at the sound and her eyes would flash, only to be drowned next moment in ineffectual tears; for Majella was afraid of Mollie, and dared not say her soul—much less her baby—was her own.

Jim came home and went in, passing a kind word to Majella, who sat in a heap with her head down and made no response. Voices inside rose high and higher. At last, just before dark, Jim came out the picture of desperation; he looked down the trail, up at the mountain, over at the Superintendent's house, and shifted from one foot to the other undecidedly. Then pulling down his hat with a sudden jerk of resolution, he went over and knocked at the Bartons' door. Mrs. Barton's intercourse with him had been limited to a brief and grudging "good morning." Now her appearance at the door seemed once more to shake his determination, but he gathered himself and plunged into his errand.

"Good evening, Mr. Long," -stiffly.

"Howdy, ma'am—I—I'm in a confounded tight place, ma'am—I—I wonder if you could help a fellow out a bit?"

His pause was met by a wondering silence, and gathering himself again, he went on, slowly at first, then gathering speed:

"I wonder if you'll just let Majella sleep in your kitchen to-night. The poor girl's all broke up. You see, Moll's been kickin' like sin all this month, an' the's no livin' in the house with 'er 's long as Majella's around. She's got the baby away from 'er, an' she vows she'll kill Majella if she sets 'er foot in the house ag'in-an' I believe she'll do it, too. Moll's an awful smart squaw, she is. I can't let 'er go, nohow-an' if I did, she'd take Pete. I've just got to take Majella back down the river, poor little girl! She ain't got much spunk, nohow, an' Moll's a powerful hand at a row. Seems like since that baby come, Moll ain't got no eyes for nothin' else."

During Jim's halting, half-apologetic communication, Mary Barton had been watching, with many conflicting impulses, the forlorn figure on the opposite steps. She now caught a pair of appealing black eyes that quite disarmed her scruples, and although she had small sympathy for the prudent Jim, and no desire to interfere in his unsavory family troubles, she instinctively beckoned to Majella. The girl arose instantly, crossed the two door-yards, and sank upon the friendly step in a burst of tears. Mary drew her into the house, saying coldly:

"I'll keep her to-night, Mr. Long. Perhaps Mollie'll change her mind when she thinks about it a little longer."

"Umph! She don't change her mind in a hurry. But thank you kindly, ma'am;" and he went his way homeward, evidently much relieved.

The kitchen being in charge of the Chinese boy, Mary settled her charge upon the sitting-room sofa and retired for the night, but not to sleep. She tried to fortify herself with the thought of the grossness of the whole affair, but the human side of it kept thrusting itself The consciousness of two uppermost. little yellow-haired children asleep in the next room, mingled with the memory of a little grave back in New Hampshire, gave meaning to the stifled sobs that reached her from the sitting room, where the heart-broken savage was weeping out her misery.

In the morning Mary could stand it no longer, and, after Jim had gone to work, she went over to call upon Mollie for the first time. She was received in sullen silence, which settled into stubbornness as her errand developed, and she pleaded with the woman to give up the child to its mother.

"Give up Pete! You bet I won't give up Pete. What d' you s'pose I want that squaw here for, anyhow. I've worked and waited on 'er till Pete's weaned, an' d' you s'pose I'll have her botherin' round in my way everlastin.' She c'n go back to 'er folks."

"But, Mollie, it's her baby."

"No, 'taint, it's Jim's. He won't let 'er have it, an' he da'sn't send me away. I'll bet my folks 'ud make it hot fer 'im if 'e did. She's no 'count an' shif'less, anyhow, with 'er Injun ways, an' I'm agoin' to bring Pete up like white folks. You just needn't talk to me"—as Mrs. Barton tried, ineffectually, to speak—"Come here, Pete!"

The grave bronze baby had toddled near and was staring with round eyes at the stranger, but Mollie picked him up, in spite of his kicks and protests, and shut the door in Mrs. Barton's face. That lady made the best of her way homeward, with no little indignation in her heart.

As Majella's English was limited to a word or two, they could say little to each other, but it needed no words to

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

convey the anguish that was written in every line of the girl's face and figure. Mary laid a gentle hand upon her shoulder and shook her head; the girl, feeling the sympathy in the touch and the hopelessness of the negation, clung to the hand and wept the more.

Several days passed. Jim went to and from his work, and Mollie pursued her even way with no sign of relenting. Majella spent her nights in weeping, her days in trying to catch glimpses of Peter. Mollie kept the boy on the farthest side of the house, and soothed his cries as best she could, but not successfully. Now and then the baby voice would reach Majella, and she would quiver as if knives had run through her, and shake her threatening, but ineffectual, fist at the cabin that hid her darling. To Mrs. Barton and the children she was gentleness itself, but as they watched the growing desperation in her eyes-which wept less and flashed more, day by day-they began to dread that the constant torture might unseat her reason, and feared to keep her longer. After a week, Mrs. Barton called Jim into the veranda in the evening.

"Well, Mr. Long, what is to be done about this matter?"

"I dunno, ma'am, I'm sure."

"I tell you frankly," she went on, "that I'm afraid to keep Majella this way any longer. The strain is too much for her. I don't know what she might take into her head to do. She looks desperate at times. Can't something be done with Mollie?"

"I'm afraid not, ma'am; Moll's powerful stubborn."

"But it's your place to do something. If nothing else, take Majella and the baby down the river together."

"Oh, you don't know Moll, ma'am. She'd burn the house over my head, an' yours, too, if she took it into her head. Guess you'd better let me take Majella down by herself. I'll pay the chief good money to take 'er back. It'll be all right."

His coolness nettled Mrs. Barton. "And leave her baby here?"

"It's my baby, an' then, Moll just won't let 'im go, nohow. It ain't me that's keepin' 'im away from 'er, ma'am. I don't care much for 'im myself; the's too much Injun about 'im fer my taste. But the's no use tryin' to go ag'in Moll."

Disgusted with the man's slipshod indifference, Mrs. Barton concluded that there was, indeed, nothing for it but to let little Majella go. And go she did, next morning early—clinging as long as possible to Mary Barton's hands, and trying to look her love and thanks out of the soft, tear-dimmed eyes, that yet flashed dangerously as they turned toward the cabin.

No parting glimpse of the baby was vouchsafed her. As Jim's horses went



from 'er, ma'am. I don't Majeila. Iniv Calit - Digitized by Microsoft ® down the trail, Mollie executed an exultant blanket dance in the back yard, while the baby howled inside the cabin, and Majella's dark face looked fiercely and sorrowfully back through the dust as she raised her parting hands in imprecation upon her old home and its occupants. As the sun came over the hill, her figure faded out of sight. Majella had gone to her own people and Mollie had the baby.

Mrs. Barton felt a strange emptiness in her heart as she dressed her babies that morning. Her mother sense was outraged, and she wondered if this was the end of the matter, and half hoped that it was not.

The American River Indians often came through the camp to trade with the mountain tribe up the pass, and no one noted it as out of the common when, a few weeks later, one of them rode up the trail at sunset on his way back into the mountains.

About midnight Mary Barton was awakened by a glare at the window which looked toward Jim's cabin, and, hastily looking out, she saw flames rising from the lean-to kitchen, and creeping toward the main roof. Just as she turned to give the alarm, a man rushed from the front door bearing in his arms

a bundle, and sprang upon a horse by the gate. A child's waking scream cleft the night, and the galloping of hoofs sounded down the trail, but not a sound came from the cabin.

George Barton hurried in, and there found Jim and Mollie stabbed in their sleep, the child gone, and fierce flames breaking through the walls. Other men coming up, they dragged the bodies out, but the cabin burned to ashes, and it took hard fighting to keep the flames from spreading to the Barton house.

Entering her front door after the alarm had subsided, Mary Barton stumbled over a package that lay upon the top step, and opening its deer-skin wrapper she found a pair of exquisite beaded moccasins. No mark was upon them, no mark was needed; the woman who sent them had made one hand suffice for the touch of her undying gratitude and the stroke of her deadly vengeance. And while the white woman's soul shuddered at the vengeance, she yet acknowledged its roots as the common fibres of the mother heart, universal, eternal.

Mollie's tribe went hot-foot on the trail, but they were too late; they never again saw or heard of Majella and little Pete.

## A SONNET.

BY LOUIS W. BENNETT.

Would I indite a sonnet to her eyes

That show like sister stars of Heav'nly light,
Encircled by the dark Cimmerian night,
To which my gaze turns, ever with surprise
And rapture at the beauty that there lies—
Then doth all speech from senseless pen take flight,
As one, with scrannel words would think to write
The varying charms of his soul's paradise.
Then could I blind mine eyes, that nevermore
Vision might enter but the memory;
And pierce mine ears, that never sound might know
Of pain, regret or this world's loveless lore;
And, hearkening to strains that still would flow,
Bear blissful dreams through dread eternity.



## THE NATIVES OF ALASKA.

BY JANE WOODWORTH BRUNER.

HE breath of civilization upon the primeval children of Alaska is as blighting as the sirocco of the Sibyan deserts upon tender blades of corn. They have joined the long caravansary of dead and dying peoples—not only through contact with civilization, but from natural displacement by evolution.

The Census Bureau completed the enumeration of Alaska last fall, and the Director of the Census gave out the following statement: "The native and mixed population of the northern district of Alaska is 12,652. The most populous district with regard to the native population is the country lying between the mouth of the Yukon and Kuskoquim Rivers, and extending back from the coast one hundred miles." It is estimated that there are within that radius 3013 souls.

The fact is that within the entire area of the great Alaskan territory, which is two-fifths that of the United States, there are not over ten thousand natives. For years past the average of life has been but fifteen years, and the past year and

a half the mortality has been startling. It is safe to say that twenty-five per cent. along the coast have died within that time.

From British Columbia to Port Barrow. in the Arctic Sea, men, women and children are coughing their lives away from acute bronchitis or consumption. The worst conditions exist along the coast from British Columbia to St. Michael, not including the Aleutian Islands. St. Michael up the Yukon River and in the interior of Alaska there is a decided improvement. The healthiest, cleanest and most intelligent natives are to be found there. From St. Michael north, along the coast to Port Barrow, including the various islands in the Bering Sea, the natives are in the most abject state of poverty, filth and disease. They have no idea of hygienic laws, and are reckless in their exposure to climatic changes, which are sudden and severe.

They go from hot, reeking mud hovels of the long winters directly out upon the cold, thawing ground of spring, and live most of the summer in damp clothing, upon damp ground, without fires, except the small fires they make outside their tents from drift-wood, for cooking purposes.

The children come into the world inoculated with tuberculosis, and it takes but a few years of exposure for the deadly germs of inheritance to sap the victims of all strength and energy. Most of the natives have adopted the food of the whites, but they do not understand how to prepare it properly, and a heavy half-baked loaf of bread is a poor substitute for a dried fish soaked in seal oil. Game has been driven back by encroaching civilization, and has become scarce. But the rivers are full of fish, and this, dried in the sun, constitutes their chief food in winter. A hungry child is given a piece of dried fish, as we give our children bread and butter. The elders, as a rule, dip theirs into seal oil.

The Bering Sea has given the Coast tribes their food, fuel, clothing, lights, boats, houses, ivory—in short, all their necessaries, from the beginning to the end of their lives, have come from its treacherous waters. Their food has consisted of fish, fresh and dried, with seal oil or whale blubber. Their clothing has been made principally from the hair seals. They even tan fish skins for work bags and articles of light service. They

use the intestines of the walrus and seal for water-proof garments, and also for lights in their hovels in winter. very much like isinglass, when properly tanned, and is very durable. The bladders of the walrus are used for drum heads, and their ivory tusks for useful and ornamental purposes. The natives are very expert at ivory carving, and their designs are of the symbolic order of the ancient Egytians, artistically done and colored with the nicotine from their old pipes, a good substitute for sepia. Hollowed out stones, filled with reindeer moss, which grows everywhere, saturated with seal oil, furnishes the fuel and light for winter. Their boats consist of two kind on the coast, the "oo-mie-ack" and "bi-dar-kie." The oo-mie-ack is made from walrus skins, of which three make a boat twenty-five or thirty feet long and carry eighteen or twenty persons and all their belongings.

The bi-dar-kie, made of tanned hair-seal skins, is a small covered canoe, made with one or two circular openings, to be used by one or two persons. The "Ky-ack" is made like the bi-dar-kie, but of birch bark, and is the river and interior Indians' medium of travel. They never use nails or screws, although they can buy them now. They adhere to



Curing Fish for Winter Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

their primitive method of lashing everything together with strips of rawhide, hair seal, or walrus hide. There is nothmanufactured that equals strength and durability of the walrus hide and sinews. Their houses are made from the drift logs cast upon the beach by the tempestuous sea, and are covered with walrus hides and mud. The foundations are generally dug out about three feet, or as far as the thawed ground will permit. The single exit and medium of light is from a square hole in the roof, which is covered, as I said before, with a window made from the intestines of the walrus or seal in pleasant weather, and logs lashed together in stormy weather.

The resourceful, inexhaustible wealth of the Bering Sea is there to-day, is it has been from the beginning, and will be to the end of time, but the hunters are not there to gather the harvests as of yore. The spirit of the race is dead.

During the past year and a half measles, followed by pneumonia, and an epidemic of la grippe have carried them off by hundreds. Call it what we may measles or tuberculosis-the time has come for Alaska to shed the outer hull of humanity, and open her cold arms and inhospitable doors to the delicate races of mankind, who through scientific and hygienic laws can combat the rigors of the Arctic regions with less discomfort and forfeiture of life than the native born.

The origin of these people is unquestionably Asiatic. Their personal appearance and style of clothing, habits and customs that never change, are essen-Their universal outer tially Chinese. garments-made of reindeer, seal, squirrel and muskrat skins, and known as "Par-kies" in the interior and "I-tu-dies" on the coast, are the exact cut of the square, seamless shoulder garments of the Chinese. For that matter, they are of the pattern of the seamless garment of Christ. Their language, on the contrary, consists of a limited vocabulary, and is expressed by them in hieroglyphics, but translated, like the Chinese, in monosyllables.

The Aleuts are perfect prototypes of the Japanese.

the Aleutian Islands, which project some fifteen hundred miles out into the ocean and divide the Pacific Ocean from the Bering Sea and the temperate zone from the frigid zone, and reach almost to the warm Japan Current that courses through the Pacific from the Japan Sea. They are more civilized and intelligent than the natives to the north and south of them, having been for over one hundred years in close relationship with the whites, and in a temperate zone. The hand of fate is also upon them. Out of a population of about five hundred at Unalaska, twenty-six died from measles and pneumonia during last August-yet not one white person was attacked by the epidemic.

The origin of the various tribes of Alaska is unquestionably the same-Chinese and Japanese. Their traditions all come from the north, the home of the Valkyrie of the Norsemen, and are full of superstitions and vagaries. Whether the American and Asiatic continents were once connected where the Bering Straits now flow, or the Asiatics came over in boats, as the Siberian Esquimaux now come every summer in their open oo-mie-acks, tradition alone can tell. History is mute.

The fact that they did come as far back as two thousand years ago has been established beyond dispute by recent discoveries of Chinese records and ancient ruins in British Columbia and as far south as Mexico.

While of one origin and race, the difficulty of travel, the supply of foods and fuel and physical conditions influenced certain households to locate in certain sections, until the country became inhabited by numerous tribes, all speaking different dialects, although rrequently but twelve or thirteen miles apart. Conditions as far as dialects are concerned were not much better in Europe one hundred years ago. Those coast tribes have always been warlike and aggressive among themselves. There are remnants of Coast tribes to-day in which there is not a man left. Their code of justice was the death penalty for lying or steal-Physical and climatic conditions influenced the making of all original laws. They are the natives of It was quite as natural that stealing

"Oo-mie-ack" of Port Clarence Natives.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

should be a capital crime in the Arctics as a mild offense in the tropics, because if an Esquimau "cached" his reindeer beyond the reach of wild animals, and returned in the frigid winter forty or fifty miles and found it gone, it meant death to him. Whereas, the child of the indulgent tropical climate merely appropriated what he considered a free gift, without any great loss to his neighbor.

The various tribes take their names from the locations in which they winter—for instance, St. Michael, St. Lawrence, King's Island, Port Clarence, Cape Prince of Wales, Port Barrow, etc. They are a nomadic people. Their summers are spent in wandering from one fishing locality to another, drying fish and storing fish oil.

Sometimes five or six oo-mie-acks can be seen traveling together, propelled by six or eight men and women, each with a single oar or broad paddle. When they have reached their destination the oo-mie-ack is beached, the contents thrown out by the women, and the boat is dragged out to as dry a place as they can find. It is then tipped upon its side, and held in that position by two sticks or props—one at each end—thrust through an opening left for that purpose. Two or three walrus hides are thrown on the sands, and two or three more are thrown over the open side of the oo-mie-ack.

All of their lares and penates are thrust into this primitive house, and in ten or fifteen minutes the Esquimau women are sitting sewing or cutting skins for "muck-lucks"-native boots-or i-tudies, as composedly as if they had been there for weeks. If they are asked how long they intend to stay, they answer two "sleepums" or five "sleepums." Their only idea of time is conveyed in the number of times they sleep. One can retire, at night, in the center of quite an Esquimau village, and in the morning there is not a vestige of an Esquimau, or anything pertaining to one, in sight. "They have silently folded their tents" and paddled out into the sea.

Last summer an oo-mie-ack containing eleven natives from Port Clarence came into the Snake river at Nome. They brought with them many valuable furs and curiosities to sell, but the fatal epidemics, measles and pneumonia, carried off eight of the eleven within two weeks. The Government officers furnished a nurse and did all they could for their comfort, and the remaining three were taken back to Port Clarence, with their oo-mie-ack and belongings, on the revenue cutter Bear, as soon as they were able to be moved.

A number of Si erian Esquimaux came to Nome last summer in their open oomie-acks, a distance of over one hundred miles, through the treacherous and dangerous Bering Sea. They were the healthiest, hardiest and best equipped of all the tribes that were on the coast last year. This is accounted for by the fact that they had had little communication with the whites.

They also brought many furs and curios for sale, but they did not spend all the money derived from the sales for bad whiskey, as the Alaska Indians do. They brought most of their food with them. It consisted principally of great pouches filled with fish oil and blubber, in which were soaking chunks of reindeer meat, liver and fish, and was so offensive that the Esquimaux themselves were impregnated to such an extent that their bodies exuded the haut gout of their delicacies

Their oil pouches, made from the skins of the hair seal, are like the goat skin water and pulque pouches of the Mexicans and the wine pouches of the ancient Greeks, who used sheep skins.

The native women make water-proofs -and some of them are very artisticfrom the intestines of the walrus and hair seals. They are sewed together with sinew and made in the shape of the i-tu-die, cap and all. When a native goes out sea fishing, he puts on one of those water-proof garments, which covers him head and body. When he is seated in his bi-dar-kie he pulls up the skirt of his water-proof and places it over the hooplike opening of his canoe, and not a drop of water can get on him, or into his light boat, which he propels with wonderful velocity, with one paddle used alternately from side to side. It is said that these seal hunters have been seen thirty miles out at sea in the frail boats, which they pick up and carry to places of safety after the journey is over.

Until the whites went among them there were no marriages. Men chose their wives and lived with them as long as it was agreeable, but respected no marriage obligations. The children took the name of the mother, and the mother's brother was, by an unwritten law, the natural guardian and counsellor under all circumstances relating to the children, if it were nothing more serious than a wounded finger. This law is still in force among some of the interior tribes. On the coast, girls are given in marriage in exchange for a few reindeer or fox skins. In fact, the parents are glad to rid themselves of their girls; and, if too many girl babies are born to them they destroy them Chinese fashion. The families, however, are very small. Two or three children are the average. It requires a vigorous infant to pass the first year of life in a native home in Alaska.

Through the influence of the various missionaries, of whom there are nine different sects in the Territory of Alaska, the marriage laws are now quite generally enforced. Even the white men, who live openly with native women, are compelled to marry them. Formerly whalers going into the Arctic Ocean would stop at Port Clarence, Cape Prince of Wales or some other native settlement, select a native girl, and demand her of her parents for the season's cruise, in exchange for tobacco and bad whiskey. The result was that she was taught to drink whiskey, chew tobacco and smoke a pipe-and, worst and saddest of all, was returned to her tribe, the mother of an abandoned child. That has also been restricted and is most vigorously dealt with.

When natives pass the years of usefulness and become helpless and infirm, they are generally killed all along the coast. In fact, they seem to want to go out of this life. At Port Clarence, an old woman, knowing her uselessness and the scarcity of food, and evidently weary of her hard life, sharpened a knife to a fine point, and gave it to her son and asked him to kill her. He looked at his mother, shook his head and walked away. It had been through his affection she

had been spared so long. A daughter, standing by, grasped the knife and plunged it into her old mother's breast. Was she brutal or merciful? Wao can tell?

The interior Indians are much more humane, even caring for their blind, of whom there are quite a good many, owing to the exposure to the snow and long winters spent in smoky hovels.

On the coast, when a man is too old or feeble to earn his living, he is generally struck on the head with a walrus tusk and he is "peluck." "Peluck" has a broad significance; it not only implies gone, but absolutely vanished. His body is put on a sled, or a rope is tied about it, and a team of dogs drag his remains, with all his earthly belongings, to some remote spot, where it is left to wild beasts and the elements. Sometimes they are left on the sea beach where the tide will carry them away.

Traveling southward the conditions improve. The southern Esquimaux show some respect for their dead. They build log tombs, log fashion, from drift-wood found on the beach, and place the body and all the small possessions within the tomb. Sleds, snow shoes, spears and all large objects are placed on the outside. Near the beach at Nome there was one of these tombs with a card tacked on one of the logs, with the pathetic appeal: "White man, please do not take this wood; this is my mother."

The interior and Yukon Indians build rude boxes of saplings, or boards, when they can get them, and some are quite fancifully decorated. They are placed on four posts beyond the reach of wild animals, and all the clothing and earthly belongings of the departed are placed with them in the tomb. Burying above ground is a custom enforced by nature eight or nine months of the year in the frozen Arctics. Totem poles, which are the symbolic records of families, are found only in the extreme southern part of Alaska.

the scarcity of food, and evidently weary of her hard life, sharpened a knife to a fine point, and gave it to her son and asked him to kill her. He looked at his mother, shook his head and walked away.

There is no wrangling over inheritances there. They are extremely superstitious and afraid of the dead and their effects. The moment the breath leaves the body the corpse is dragged out of the hovel and his belongings thrust after



Family of Malamute Sled Dogs.

him, before the devil can gain entrance. Suicide is of rare occurrence, but in such cases the relatives of the suicide are shunned as Oriental lepers. They are considered noodoos. Even the children are left to starve.

In sickness, death or affliction, the medicine man, the acknowledged sage of the tribe, is called upon. He resorts to fantastic manipulations and weird incantations, which are chanted in thirds, fifths and octaves, with an explosive attack upon each new interval. All the while he beats with a curved stick, fiercely but with method, upon a drum which resembles the Chinese guitar, lacking the strings. It is a hoop made of wood covered with a walrus or seal bladder and firmly bound down with sinew in a groove made in the hoop for that purpose. It is held by an ivory handle.

They have no ceremonies bearing on spiritual things, no temples or altars. While they all believe in good and bad spirits which control every action of their lives, the most of them believe that their spirits enter animals after death—in short, transmigration, a relic of their Buddhistic origin. Many of them can accept nothing for the future but anni-

hilation. "When a dog dies he is dead, is he not?" asked a handsome, dying young Esquimau with great, searching, brilliant, consumptive eyes. "Man is all the same as dog." "Oh, no," was the answer, "man has an immortal soul and goes to a brighter, better world." "Do you know that?" There was a negative shake of the head. "The missionaries say so," continued the sick man, "but do they know—does anybody know?"

All animals are held more or less sacred and their spiritual caste, as it were, respected. For instance, the first red fox was possessed of the spirit of a great chief, and he came upon the earth and made man and the canoe.

The wolverine is the hunter's sacred boon, and his prowess is proclaimed by the number of wolverine claws in the belt of his sweetheart. The raven is a scavenger bird and sacred. No native would ever kill a raven. It is said of the raven that he wearied of perpetual darkness, of which he is an emblem, and came forth and made the light. There is also another tradition regarding the light. They say that long, long ago, before man and the canoe were made, two great balls were revolving in space. One

was light and the other dark. They kept going faster and faster until they crashed into each other, and one-half became light and the other dark.

The first fish caught in a season must be cooked in a new vessel, or one in which nothing but fish has ever been cooked; otherwise the fish will be offended and they will have a poor catch that season.

Bear and rabbits are such plebeian animals that they are cooked in any old tin, and the vessel thrown away afterwards, or kept only for that purpose. But under no conditions can anything else be cooked in that vessel. The man who kills the deer gets the tongue.

The women skin and dress all game, except the sheep. The women can eat of all parts of all animals except the hind legs and small ribs of the sheep. Long ago a wise chief decreed that those most edible parts were not good for women. There is a superstition connected with every act of each day. The smallest incidents are recorded as the pleasure or displeasure of some spirit.

They are fond of nice clothes, and display remarkable ingenuity and taste in their many combinations of skins and furs. Money cannot buy from them the fine summer reindeer of gray or brown and white, if they need them for winter use. They are fond of beads and bright ornaments, and they generally affect blue in their choice of color.

The girl babies are tatooed in five lines starting from the lower lip and slightly diverging toward the chin about an inch and a half. The men along the coast burn a hole about a third of an inch in diameter, under the corner of the mouth, in which is inserted an ivory button. Some have two buttons, one on each side. They are marks of distinction and courage.

Their cooking vessels they now buy largely from the whites, but their wooden

bowls and spoons are counterparts of those our ancestors made. Their lamps and heating vessels are made out of stone, in which they burn seal and fish oil.

Their, needles, were originally made from ivory and the bones of the rabbit. They buy them now, but they still use sinew instead of thread. It is one of the labors of the old women to draw the sinews from the legs of the reindeer and prepare them for sewing. As in all aboriginal races the men hunt and fish, and the women drag the sleds with the dogs and do all the hard work. women are very industrious. They make all the shoes and garments of their people. They moisten the leather in their mouths and make it flexible with their teeth. The result is that most of the old women have their teeth worn off close to the gums.

They have many unique amusements among themselves and display considerable affection toward their children and near friends, but they are very cruel to their dogs—those wonderfully faithful and enduring little horses of the Arctics.

The coast natives adhere to their native costumes, but the Yukon Indians dress in American clothes and study and imitate the habits and customs of the whites. They are in every way a decade ahead of the coast tribes. It is a wonderful sight to see the handsome Yukon river boats with all the modern and advanced equipments in navigation, piloted by native Indians.

The miles of huge masses of ice that furiously force their way down the Yukon River to the sea every spring, change the course of that river each year, and only the natives who read the pages of nature with unerring eyes can tell the deep channel that courses among small islands, or in the center of the broad Yukon, or by the edge of the pine-covered shore.

## AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE STRIKES

A Protest Against Striking Union Leaders.

By HENRY E. HIGHTON.

ERHAPS the views of an ordinary American citizen upon the present strike, a life-long friend of both labor and capital, in their legitimate aspects, and especially of labor, and who is also unconnected with any body of men involved in the controversy, may not be inappropriate.

Capital, which can be and is of the greatest benefit when energetically and honestly employed, has its own sins to account for, and its combinations-useful to the extent that they stimulate and improve systematized production-are within the control of the law, and, whenever they seek to follow the example of Mr. W. J. Bryan and the Chicago and Kansas City platforms, and, by the breath of their nostrils, to convert four bits into a dollar, or whenever they use the power of money unjustly to increase hours or lower wages, or in any way to tyrannize over an American community, they ought to be, and they can be, restrained.

But the immediate and paramount question just now is the right and the power of a few labor unions, without any actual grievance, to derange the business and to disture the peace of the country. The question is argued, day by day, as if it concerned only the employers on the one side and the labor unions on the other. At the Metropolitan Hall meeting, when two clergymen-one Catholic and the other Protestant-brought their united batteries to bear upon an issue, in which, in their clerical relations, they were only collaterally interested, the converging point was that labor had the right and was under a stringent necessity to enforce the recognition of the unions, in order to avert disintegration.

Until recently I had a profound respect for the ability and the character of Father Yorke, whose polemical achievements will

not be forgotten. But, on this occasion, I easily escape from the spell of his eloquence. His argument begged the main question. No one disputes the right of labor or of capital to form combinations, which every citizen is compelled to recognize. The sole condition is that they shall pursue lawful ends by lawful means. But such unions as aspire to monopoly in any department of labor, and which would compel the recognition of this asserted right, are not pursuing a lawful end, even though they did employ lawful means. There is no present quarrel about wages or hours. On these matters the unions are provisionally satisfied. What the strikers now insist upon is domination—the control of business and the exclusion of non-union wage earners. Such a demand, however covered up by phrases, is substantially made, and cannot be conceded.

Again, in the act of striking, contracts were broken on the ground of the superiority of the obligation imposed by the unions. This was a case of agreements, binding upon the side pecuniarily responsible, and discarded on the other side, pecuniarily irresponsible. Was this conduct lawful or Christian? Should it be compulsorily recognized by employers, either individually orcollectively? These interrogatories are nuts for clergymen to crack. The binding force of a contract and the right of a man to control his own business are fundamental propositions in Christianity and in the world. In the parable of the householder, who agreed with certain laborers at a penny a day, and at intervals, down to the eleventh hour, sent others into his vineyard without any understanding save that he would do what was right, when evening came he paid every man a penny, and the first murmured because of the inequality of the compensation. But the householder retorted: "Friend, I do thee no wrong; didst not thou agree with me for a penny? Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?"

When wage-earners are ordered to sanction breaches of voluntary engagements and to derange commerce, manufacture and trade, as well as to arrest enterprise and virtually bar out newcomers, in large communities, under the pretext that they possess monopolizing privileges which they deny to their fellow-citizens, it is in order to refer them to the basic principles that it is peculiarly within the province of clergymen to impress upon their flocks, and which, apart from religion, are supposed in the United States, at least, to command almost unanimous assent. parable of the householder is a lesson to laborers and also to employers, and goes to the very root of the conflicts which are agitating humanity, by the simple presentation of laws of action that, both technically and morally, are perfect. The wage-earner is held to his promise and chided for presumptuous interference with the rights of others. But the employer also obeyed a moral obligation towards those who were anxious to work and were found when needed.

It is only the socialists or anarchists who are most bitterly hostile to American ideas, and who would either convert the State into a father and the people into children, suppressed in aspirations and equal in condition, or who would abrogate all government, whose dexterous sophisms undermine such fundamental truths. Altruistic despotism is the paradise of socialistic agnostics—the only paradise they have. It is the offspring of pessimism and intense selfishness, and employs the name and the ideals of fraternity to fasten upon humanity the sacrifice of individuality, and to supplant rational law and order by the worst form of tyranny.

Such thinkers as Archbishop Ireland, whose latest utterances upon the subject I am unable to quote, have fully grasped these underlying truths, which have been stated and defined by Pope Leo XIII. In letters that, apart from all religious considerations, have raised him to the pin-

nacle of statesmanship in the estimation of civilized populations.

In his Encyclical letter on "The Condition of Labor," that great man answers the dogmatic enunciations at the Metropolitan Hall meeting, and strikes at the root of the matter.

"It is compulsory on the laboring man and the workman to carry out honestly and well all equitable agreements freely made, never to injure capital, nor to outrage the person of an employer; never to employ violence in representing his own case, nor to engage in riot and disorder, and to have nothing to do with men of evil principles, who work upon the people with artful promises and raise foolish hopes, which usually end in aisaster and repentance when too late." And he adds, what in view of the facts. bears heavily upon the objections to the use of the police, regular and special, in San Francisco: "Rights must be religiously respected wherever they may be found, and it is the duty of the public authority to prevent and punish injury, and to protect each one in the possession of his own." In fact, he attributes the force of an aphorism to the statement: "Our first and most fundamental principle, therefore, when we undertake to alleviate the condition of the masses, must be the inviolability of private property."

In his Encyclical letter on "Christian Democracy," Pope Leo probes the conscience of every man, whether Protestant or Catholic, or who confesses the supremacy of God and the moral law, in terms that are as clear and positive as they are irrefragable. He alludes to a fact, true in Europe and slowly becoming true in the United States, that "through the guilty aims of the turbulent, the strife between the rich and the proletariat has become envenomed to such a point that States, already disturbed by frequent upheavals, are menaced with the greatest misfortunes," and, after condemning the use of labor organizations for political objects, declares that the socialists "are covertly insinuating themselves into the hearts of States, in the darkness of secret gatherings, and, in the light of day, by conference and writings, are rousing the multitudes to revolt," and that they "are DY MICTOSOIL

silent about duties and expatiate only on rights." He further inculcates upon wage earners generally the deep truth that, among other things, "they should be ever on their guard against riots and the rioters, show inviolable respect for the rights of others," and "work willingly and with all due respect for their employers."

The strike leaders (so-called) and the section of the strikers themselves who throng the streets and the wharves, should pause and ponder over these weighty sentences, each syllable which is a rebuke to the ad captandum appeals at the Metropolitan Hall meeting. But, after reckoning with their own consciences, they should also consider whether they are sufficiently powerful to control or defy the American people. The expression of Madame Roland, "Oh, Liberty; how many crimes are committed in thy name!" is frequently quoted, but it has peculiar significance at the present moment. When a group of strikers, in the ardor of what they conceive to be their cause, maltreat a non-union man, who is the representative of the vast majority of their countrymen, they stab liberty in the back, they break rules without which organized society could not exist, and they invite and compel the assertion of a power they cannot hope successfully to resist.

On the same day, August 10th, 1901, when, at McKeesport, President Shaffer advised union wage-earners to draw their money out of the savings banks—presumptively so that, while idle, they could spend it—at Newcastle he promised to avoid "acts antagonistic to country and law" "if the trusts will permit us." This was substantially a threat of violence, unless the illegal demands of the strike leaders were accepted. But Mr. Shaffer should not have overlooked the fact that it is not the trusts, but government, with which rioters have to reckon.

Labor Day does not belong to the striking unions, but as one of the speakers observed, is "everybody's day"—it is the possession of all industrious Americans.

The largest estimate of the procession of strikers was eight thousand men. It follows that in San Francisco about three hundred and seventy-two thousand per-

sons were not in the procession, of whom it may be allowed, that twenty thousand would cover the families of the married participants. If it be admitted that the striking members of the local unions and their families number twenty thousand, which, as a large proportion of them are single men, is a very liberal estimate, and that the employers directly affected, are within afteen hundred, it may be safely assumed that three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of this municipality, of both sexes and of all ages, who are not parties on either side of the controversy, are enduring loss, inconvenience and suffering by the interruption of ordinary industrial occupations. These items of damage, moreover, are small when compared with the permanent consequences to the city and to the State.

Conservative newspapers at the East place the number of strikers in the steel business and in associated or collateral manufactures at twenty-five thousand or thereabouts. The population of the United States is not less than seventy-five and not more than eighty millions. Still, the effect of the bombardment of business, even by a limited number of the unions, and even though progressively ameliorated by the employment of free labor, is everywhere felt.

Realizing their numerical insignificance and the stern obligation resting upon the people to maintain law, order, and industrial peace and vigor, it would be at least wise to abandon the policy of coercion.

The exact point of the existing strikes is to monopolize the labor market by barring out all un-unionized workmen, and compelling employers, either individually or collectively, to become active participants in the scheme. This is the gist of all the demands reduced to an elementary proposition, and expressed in the formula of "recognition of the unions." The striking unions, having applied every capitalistic mode of concentration to their own ranks, in which . no account is taken of diversity of gifts or energy, but all stand upon a common level, deliberately seek to drive employers into an alliance with themselves against the entire people of the United

States. This attitude is not only illegal, but absurd.

The vital necessity of the times is to hold both capital and labor within the law, and to compel both to respect individual liberty, which is the most precious heritage of Americans. It is particularly essential to repress the exactions of huge organizations of capital and the exorbitant pretensions and demands of some of the leaders of unionized labor. Taken together, these elements of population are far less important than they may consider themselves to be. They exert, and they ought to exert, a reasonable influence upon the industrial development of the country, but they do not, and neither of them does, constitute the controlling force in American progress and civilization.

What has organized labor to complain of, except that it is not permitted to usurp the functions of both employers and employed? There is no trouble about wages or hours. The reports of labor unions to the Commissioner of Labor in this State, bringing the figures down to May 31, 1900, show an average increase of wages in thirty-two occupations, in four years, of twenty-three and a half per cent, and in sixteen branches of work a reduction of hours during the same period, averaging nearly one hour and fourteen minutes per day. These favorable conditions-some of the proper and important objects of unionism-have not since been changed. On the contrary, unionized labor, and in fact all labor, has made further gains. There is scarcely a word of dispute anywhere about time or compensation. What, then, is the bone of contention, but the aggressive assaults of a limited number of wageearners upon every form of industry and enterprise not controlled by themselves? But, in fact, this is admitting too much, for, while the form of voting is occasionally employed, the striking unionized wage-earners are governed as arbitrarily as the Finns by the Czar of Russia. The well-paid, sleek, and often ingenious leaders of unions and federations, exact and receive implicit obedience to their orders; and conduct their business, not even under the military rules that prevail in a free country with a constitutional system, San Francisco has been steadily called

but with the paternal arrogance of the Emperor or the Czar, who speaks of his troops as "my soldiers."

The mass of wage-earners in the United States-the small minority within and the enormous majority without the unions-are a mixture of sturdy races, have had common school educations, and in their hearts respect law and order that should be unbroken. But, in the main, with some honorable exceptions, the union leaders among the strikers act as if they were covetous, ambitious and dictatorial. They have their positions and their compensation to retain, and apparently depend, not upon the higher, but upon the lower, elements in human character. Their claims are not merely inimical to law and to civilization, but are constantly urged in the coarsest and most offensive forms. A man who dissents from their version of facts is a "liar." An employer who claims the right to conduct his own business in his own way, but within the law and with due respect for other men, is a "bloated tyrant of capital." On August 14th, 1901, at Wheeling, President Shaffer, addressing a crowd of unionized mechanics, said: "If the mills ever run you will run them. You may as well enjoy a summer vacation, and make up your minds that, when the mills are run again, you will run them right." What kind of stuff is this for a man to utter before seventy-five or eighty millions of Americans? Caesar, Napoleon, Emperor William, George the Third-or, if these comparisons are too dignified, Jack Cade, or Watt Tylerwould not have dared, under the protection of a despotism or amidst the turbulence of an uneducated and tumultuous mob, to employ such incendiary language. It speaks volumes for the intelligence and the character of the large majority of unionized and striking wage-earners, that, in spite of such appeals, they remain peaceable, although submissive, and that violent inflammation breaks out only among the comparatively few ignorant and brutal members of their organi-

In this community there are abundant evidences of the same dictatorial spirit. The origin of the present conditions in "a lockout." What was it in substance, without regard to mere form? By direction of their union leaders, teamsters, paid by the day and having no grievance in respect to either wages or hours, refused to obey orders from their employers and to haul baggage to or from a concern doing business on a non-union basis -in other words, they undertook to substitute themselves for their employers and to dictate limitations upon their own work, during the ordinary hours of labor and when there was nothing unusual or oppressive in the work itself. The excuse was that this was a necessity for the maintainance of the principles of unionism. But, within the just range of unionism, the excuse was and is untrueit is only true if unions are to constitute a dictatorship. No business man of any intelligence or self-respect, especially if an American citizen both in name and in truth, could have been expected for an instant to submit to a rule which attacked both his individuality and his interests. The "lock out" in form, therefore, was a strike in substance. It was a palpable and unjust attempt to direct the business of certain members of the Draymen's Association, exactly in line with the insolent declarations of President Shaffer at Wheeling, repeated and aggravated in other places.

In the Revised Rules and Regulations of the Brotherhood of Teamsters, No. 85, T. D. I. M., which, on March 25th, 1901, were presented to the Draymen's Association, I find one section, which provides that "the place of a discharged driver must be filled by a member of the Brotherhood;" another which states that "all claims for overtime must be submitted to and approved by the stewards of each barn;"-in other words, substituting the steward for the employee in the settlement of such claims-and a third, the bare reading of which is enough to make a man rub his eyes and ask whether he is in the United States, in the following dogmatical phraseology:

"Section 1. No union man can drive a team unless he gets a written order from the financial secretary of the Brotherhood."

It would be only a short step in advance to declare that non-union men

should not be allowed to live without a written order from the financial secretary.

These are mere scintillations of the internal government of the strikers' unions and of their arbitrary attitude toward employers, at the exact point where they cease to be legitimate and American and fall under the influence of foreign ideas and practices.

The two-column letter sent to Mayor Phelan by the Executive Committee of the Labor Council, through W. H. Goff, its President, and E. W. Rosenberg, its Secretary, was an exercise of the constitutional right of protest against the appointment of special officers to supplement the regular police force, but it was coarse and offensive to the last degree, and might well have been disregarded because of its personality. It was mild, however, when compared with numerous other publications, before and since, which emanated from the same organization or from its officers. Both here and at the East, some of the leaders of striking labor unions and federations appear to think there is such a scramble for votes that they can abuse and insult every man who dissents, however mildly, from their decrees and fulminations, with the same degree of irresponsibility that they attach to their agreements. They forget what, in San Francisco, may be speedily ascertained, that they are a small minority of the American people, and that, when they try to elect candidates, pledged to support their arbitrary assumptions and to deny liberty to men not marked with the union brand, they will speedily be swept into oblivion. It does not answer to crack whips too often over American shoulders.

Nobody will deny the intelligence and respectability of most of the rank and file of unionized and striking wage-earners, nor of the millions of non-unionized wage-earners, equally under the protection of the law and secured at least theoretically in their individual liberty. But there is a minority in some of the labor unions who break loose from all restraints, when strikes are on foot, and, in the pretended exercise of their own rights, roughly assail the rights of others, who are as good as, if not better than,

themselves. This fact has been abundantly exemplified in San Francisco within the last few weeks. In its letter to Mayor Phelan, the Executive Committee of the Labor Council inquired: "Is it against the law to speak to a non-union man? Is it against the law for a non-union man to speak to us?" Certainly not. But it is the manner of the speaking that solves the riddle. Free speech and free action, within the law, are inalienable rights, of which unionized workmen have no monopoly. They belong equally to all American citizens. Legal rights, however, may be illegally exercised. I have a technical right to speak to a man without the ceremony of an introduction, but I may not raise my voice and disturb traffic upon thoroughfares, by gathering tumultuous crowds, because then I am not merely using my right of free speech, but am inciting disorder and infringing upon the rights of others. And striking workmen may call upon non-union wageearners who choose to receive them, at their homes or in hotels, or, of their own free will, gather them into public halls, or meet them anywhere, if it can be done without force or intrusion, and persuade them not to accept offers of employment or to unite with the unions and enroll themselves among the strikers. But no man can we legally compelled to listen against his will. And no body of strikers is authorized by law to intercept workmen on the cars or on the ferry boats or on the streets, crowd around and jostle them, and intimidate instead of persuade them, with the alternative of bloody affrays. Nor is interference with a nonunion teamster, seated upon a dray or a wagon, and performing his daily task, a legitimate right of the exercise of free speech, any more than it is a legal application of the persuasive faculty to remove a linchpin or to cut a trace, surreptitiously, or to impede a stalled team in its effort to start a load or to scare a driver until he runs away and leaves his horses in the street.

Nor is it a recognized argument for men wearing placarded collars to pace up and down on the sidewalk or beside a curbstone, and denounce a store-keeper as unfair because his business is not conducted under the direction of labor unions. The battered faces, the broken heads, the wounded bodies of dozens of men who have passed through the Receiving Hospital since the strike began, are still more pointed demonstrations of the logical outcome of unionized demands, pushed by striking leaders beyond the just limits which all good citizens fully acknowledge.

All men have a right to work, and there are no harder workers than business and professional men, for whom no eight hour law has ever been enacted. If a laborer or a mechanic does not wish to join a union, he does not become an outlaw by that fact, which also does not. confer upon a union man the right to smite him in the mouth. The naked truth is that the demands of union leaders of the pending strikes, both here and at the East, are the most despotic and intolerable of which there is any record, and copy and intensify the worst possible vices of organized capital. It would not be surprising if they led to the re-organization of certain unions in the United States upon a basis that would eliminate illegal and tyrannical features, protect wage-earners in their wages and in a reduction of the hours of labor, supply the means for reasonable educational facilities and for recreation, and thus command the sympathy and the respect of the American people, without distinction of class, sect, or party.

The present striking unions, as intended and managed in some respects, antagonize the Declaration of Independence, the Federal and State Constitutions, and common and statutory law. They too often fill Bulwer's definition of liberty, asserted in theory and denied in practice-"liberty to enjoy our kind of liberty-that's liberty." It is within the legal competency of the striking unions to exclude Jews and Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant, and confine their membership to socialistic or anarchistic agnostics. Suppose they adopted this suggested distinction and denied the right of a Christian or a Jew to employment as a laborer or a mechanic-how long would they exist? A State or the Federal Government might as well attempt to legislate agnostics, socialists and anarchists out of the niv Calif - Digitized by Microsoft @

competitions of industry, which, as to certain kinus of socialists and all anarchists, if practicable, ought to be done. Concede the right of the unions to limit their membership, to place all their members on a dead level, so that superior energy or skill will be of no advantage, to control the acceptance of apprentices, to replace individuality by the pressure of organization, and then to enforce all these propositions upon the business of the country, and the result would be the virtual..destruction of our American system and the establishment of the most unendurable tyranny of ancient or modern times.

The guilds of the middle ages were not free from exclusive, even arbitrary tendencies, but, nevertheless, in common with the universities, they were nurseries of liberty, and they promoted individual intelligence, which, like the eagle, is a thing of freedom, and cannot be permanently converted into an instrument of oppression. Capital in these days and in some of its phases concentrates unjust power, appropriates too large a share of the common earnings, and exerts an improper influence upon legislation and upon the administration of the law. Perhaps its worst mistake is the gradual obliteration of the middlemen, who are the connecting link between the employing class and labor, necessarily associated with the former and sympathizing with the latter. But, after all, capital is beset by steadily accumulating law; it is averse to violence; it is broad and tolerant for its own benefit; it is largely guided by intellect and by sound judgment; it is free from prejudice, and develops skill and energy; it is subject to many vicissitudes; it is scattered by death and by deviations in the currents of trade, commerce and finance; it is modified by the growth of true altruism; and above all, beyond a limited extent, it cannot escape or evade pecuniary and moral responsibility.

But some of the leaders of the strikes, who in my opinion will not be sustained by their subordinates when the facts are thoroughly disseminated and understood, have outlined and are seeking to enforce a programme of revolution utterly inconsistent with our institutions.

and our civilization, and which, if unchecked, would defeat the best hopes of educated humanity. Such of them as are in earnest and really approve of the movements in the West and in the East. propose to antagonize and replace an imaginary despotism of capital by a real despotism of unionized labor. They forget that monetary combinations and labor organizations, however conspicuous they have become, are only flies upon the wheels of the Republic, and that the people of the United States, including the mass of business men and nonunionized wage-earners, though slow to act, either at the ballot-box or in the field, have never yet submitted or shown any inclination to submit to despotism in any form. They stopped France and Austria in Mexico, they extirpated secession and cemented a practical and a sentimental Union, they emancipated their slaves to harmonize practice and theory in our political system, they have stamped out financial neresies and socialistic aspirations in a multitude of elections, and they will not be dominated by a handful of capitalists or by the representatives of twenty-five thousand unionized workmen in the Atlantic States and an equal number on the verge of the Pacific. This country is too great, too important, too colossal among nations, too wedded to liberty and order and to equality of right and opportunity, too appreciative of its own history and destiny, too deeply penetrated by the vital truths of its Declaration of Independence and of its own conservative and balanced constitutional system, to be dominated by expanding steel trusts or by the collapsing arrogance of self-constituted bosses of labor.

The striking unions not only do not stand for the millions of non-unionized wage-earners, but they constitute only a fraction of the unions throughout the country. There are unions and unions, and there are entire systems of combinations of capital and of labor that move together in almost unbroken harmony. There are noiseless and conservative organizations of labor, skilled and unskilled, devoted and adapted to the betterment of labor conditions, fashioned after the model of the republic in which they are welcomed, acting strictly under

the Constitution and the laws, through authority delegated to men who honor industry by their genuine Americanism, animated by fixed principles which capital is obliged to admit, developing the practice of arbitration which is the essence of true fraternity and the natural solvent of controversies, and, in all these ways, occupying and cultivating a field of action that associates them with American ideals and with the noblest anticipations of human destiny. "unions," living up to the conception embraced in the word, create peace and not discord, and have no affiliation with unprovoked and injurious strikes, that originate either in revolutionary designs or in impracticable theories, hostile to every sound element in American cililization and in our government system. They have no part nor lot in the demagogism of Shaffer at the East or his coaleagues in San Francisco, nor could they be induced to justify or even palliate the infractions of law and order of which this State is now the center.

The sympathetic feature in the strike is obnoxious to all the preceding criticisms, but it furthermore possesses peculiar distortions of its own. It is referred to sometimes as an evidence of chivalry, but, in fact, its distinguishing characteristic is selfishness, clad in a spurious fraternity. When a family is starving, prolonged visits from all their poor relations and friends, with nothing in their hands. are not received as proofs of sympathy. If such people labor and send their surplus gains to buy food and clothing, they are indeed fraternal. The sympathetic part of the strike only aggravates the situation. But, even in its errors, it is illogical, particularly here. Mr. Mc-Carthy has pointed out that the unions that could produce the greatest pressure in favor of the strikers, including the very union of which the President of the Labor Council is a member, have remained aloof. Possibly they have discerned both the futility and tyranny of the immediate object and the illegality and wantonness of many of the methods practiced. At any rate, the fact is before the public.

I can readily conceive of a case in

zens would refuse to see every workingman in a community turn out, even to aid an unimportant union. If capital, simply to show its power and enhance its gains, should arbitrarily cut the wages and lengthen the hours of the members of one handicraft, in one mill, then a hundred thousand protestants would not be too many. But that is not the case now before the people, nor is the endorsement of unlawful features, aggravated by unlawful and violent methods, necessary to prevent such a case from arising in the future. All that kind of talk is transparently foolish. The American nation consists almost entirely of laborers. It is based upon individualism, governed by and submitting to laws which, under Constitutions, themselves susceptible of amendment but not of organic lesions, represent the settled will of the people, with ballots in their hands. It has endured much corruption and perversion. every emergency it has so far risen to the occasion and thoroughly performed its duty. In conformity with its institutions, with faith in its mission and in its destiny, it will restrain revolutionists or demagogues, masquerading in the name of labor, but it has restrained and, when the occasion arises, will further restrain, the rapacity of capital. It originated in the long-suppressed sovereignty of man under the higher sovereignty of God. Its autonomy is its own, and has not been controlled by European precedents, nor is it now to be overthrown by European Socialism and European Anarchy in any of their protruding Under the protection of its forms. watchful eye and its powerful arm, Labor and Property alike may rest secure. Its entire life has demonstrated that all durable progress, all productive accumulation, depends upon intelligence and labor, stimulated to seek increased compensation and opportunities for selfdevelopment and recreation, but not concentrated under local or national Caesars, to stifle competition and dominate the Republic, either by an aristocracy of money on the one hand or an aristocracy of muscle on the other.

· Applied to the amelioration of condiwhich I, and millions of American citi-Z tions and to the development of mind

and character, labor unions may be among the most potent forces in civilization. Projected beyond their sphere, and especially when antagonistic to law and order, they exaggerate the worst features of the most vicious methods of capitalization.

Strikes will fail, and ought to fail, whenever and wherever they resist the authority which our national flag denotes. They may, and they do, produce strife and loss, and, through cupidity and timidity, may increase and prolong their evil effects, but, to the extent to which they are unwarranted and contumacious, in the face of the brains and power of the country, they cannot succeed by strategy or by force.

Nor can the illegal and unconscionable exercise of the striking power be condoned by arbitration. There can be no compromise of changeless principles. A man has a natural and constitutional right to work in peace and safety, to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. A man, a firm, or a corporation has a right to regulate business without interference by a labor union. These propositions are legally beyond dispute. They are both practically denied by some, not all, of the leaders of the existing strikes. They will both be conceded by numbers of thoughtful strikers-not among the rioters or coercionists-who are being temporarily misled or provisionally yield their convictions to the force of organization and the sacredness of a pledge.

Between the unions and employers, as a rule, arbitration is a constant and a

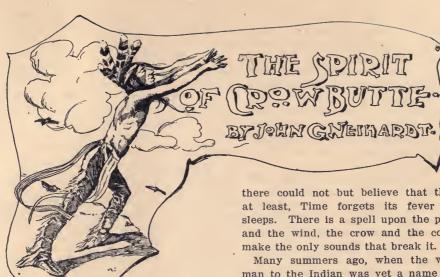
successful resort. But on some questions it is impracticable. The immediate remedy is simple and alternative—concessions by striking unions, which will eliminate all unlawful or unconscionable demands, the establishment of new unions upon a legitimate basis, or the defeat of the strikers.

Professor Charles Matthews, in his recent book on the French Revolution, accounts for its failure chiefly upon the ground that, under the Convention, and the Committee on Public Safety, France became far more centralized than it had been under the monarchy, and that such intense centralization was incompatible with free institutions. What kind of government would our country have under the edicts of Shaffer and other striking leaders? I know of one capitalist in this city, who, with his sons, employing thouands of men and living with them under the most humanized relations, has done more for labor and the industrial advancement of this State in a single year than a dozen of the striking leaders could accomplish in a century.

I am convinced that the strikers themselves will soon rally around the standard of American citizenship, and unite with their fellow workmen all over the Union in impressing Labor Day with the sanctities of our civilization and our institutions. True brotherhood, without distinction of class, sect or party, and genuine equality before the law, are the sources, the inspiration, and the product of true Americanism.

September 10th, 1901.





HOULD a European fashion a per-Martyrdom, it sonification of would have a white face. This is a reproach to the blind egotism of individual races.

There is a story that the old bucks tell to the staring youths huddled about the winter fires, which is a simple plea for the brotherhood of humanity pale and swarthy. A noble deed has many whispering tongues, and becomes a part of nature like the wind, and the Omaha from whom I had this simple legend knew not whence it came; it had crept into the varied tongues of the scattered tribes to be an incentive to their youths.

On the desolate plains of Western Nebraska there rises from the banks of the White River a steep butte of clay and sandstone. Should one take the winding path, by which alone it can be scaled, and clamber to its summit, he would be terrified by the loneliness of the place, with its sun-bleached bowlders and its moaning pines. Upon all sides, save where the tortuous path struggles upward, the yellow butte drops almost vertically to the sandy plain dotted with bunch grass, that sweeps off on all sides in a level, unbroken stretch to where the pure blue sky dims the vision; to the very gates of night and day. One sitting there could not but believe that there, at least. Time forgets its fever and sleeps. There is a spell upon the place, and the wind, the crow and the coyote

Many summers ago, when the white man to the Indian was yet a name that dwelt in the mysterious regions of the rising sun, a small band of Crows came scurrying across these prairies, followed by a larger band of Sioux. There was little hope for the Crows, for their ponies were jaded with a recent buffalo hunt, and the Sioux steadily gained upon them. But a cry of joy went up from the hardpressed band as they beheld the one rugged way leading to the summit of the butte. Here was momentary safety, at So dismounting at the foot of least. the butte, which a horse could not climb, they barely had time to send an arrow into the heart of each weary pony, and rush up the steep path, before the Sioux were upon them, howling in their baffled anger.

There was no further pursuit. A small band once in possession of the butte could hold it with ease against a horde of warriors. Yet there was a greater, grimmer enemy awaiting them upon that desolate summit. Starvation was there, and the awful torture of thirst beneath the glare of a prairie sun!

When the small band had clambered to the top, they turned and looked below. There they beheld their enemies making ready to camp at the foot of the path. They looked about them and saw death grinning in the desolation of the shelterless summit, strewn with its bare rocks, where the hardy soap weed could scarcely struggle upward.

Before them was the torture of thirst and hunger; behind them the more terrible torture of the Sioux, and they knew their enemies too well to hope for their withdrawal from the foot of the butte.

The day passed, and the sun dropped suddenly beneath its yellow veil of plain, leaving scarcely a brief twilight in its wake; and the Crows looked wistfully over the darkening prairie, across which they would never again urge their fleet ponies in the dusty path of the bison.

When the night fell they made themselves a cheerless camp, and, gathering twigs from beneath the pine trees, they built a fire that had no gladness in it. Then, sitting about the flame that lit up the despair of their swarthy faces, they held a council.

There was but one way in which the band could be saved. By cutting their buffalo robes into strips and binding these together, they could lower themselves, one by one, to the plain below.

Yet the Sioux were watchful, and would quickly detect their absence, unless some show of fight were kept up; otherwise, there would be little chance for a small band on foot to flee before the well-mounted Sioux. So it was decided that someone must remain upon the butte to keep the fires burning and to hurl an occasional arrow or stone into the enemy's camp, until the fleeing band should be beyond vision.

Who would die upon the butte to save his band? To remain meant death.

The desperate Crows sat and gazed questioningly at each other through the weird glare of the flame, and, save for the wail of the pines, there was silence. In his own rude and picturesque manner an Indian loves his home, his squaw, and his brown-faced papooses; but more than these he loves the freedom of the plains, the dash of the hunt, the ecstasy of fight -all that is unrestrained he loves. It were easy for him to die with the shout of the foe in his ears; for this requires animal fury rather than courage. But to suffer the slow, inglorious death of starvation and thirst upon a lonely butte. whence he could gaze, like one disinherited, upon his broad free plainsthis was hard. Univ Calif - Digitiz steps. V Microsoft B

So each stared at the other while the pines groaned piteously like a starving man, and the uncertain fire made the darkness weird.

But suddenly, out of the painful silence, a voice spoke:

"I am a young man," it began hoarsely, as though issuing from a throat at which a cold, invisible hand was clutching.

The warriors raised their eyes from staring at the flames, and sought the circle of anguished faces where the firelight danced. They saw the face of a youth made terrible with anguish and the shadow. The lips quivered with unspoken words, and in the eyes a cold terror glittered.

"I am a young man," the voice continued; and it seemed the articulate sorrow of the wind. "My home is sweet to me; I love to hear the women crooning to the children. I shall never hear them croon to mine. I love to watch the dancing of the braves. I shall never dance with them again. The growing maize sings sweetly in the summer winds. There is one whose ears shall be dumb."

The voice wailed into silence like a fitful night wind, and the listening braves shivered with a vague terror. They knew the meaning of the young man's words.

The band arose, and over the youth performed the strange rites for the dead. Then they fell to constructing a rope of their blankets. They worked swiftly and silently; but the young man stared distractedly into the blaze, and his face was the face of a corpse, animated with Did some broad, brown face weave itself amid the fantastic leapings of the flame, that he gazed so intently? Did the crackling of the burning twigs sing to him of the merry camp fires of his people?

Suddenly he raised his eyes from the embers and looked about him. He was alone! Then an overpowering sense of loneliness rushed upon him.

Running to the edge of the butte, he found the rope of buffalo hide hanging from a jutting ledge and swaying in the night wind.

He strained his ears to catch some faint echo of farewell from fleeing footThe pines moaned.

He endeavored with painful gaze to form some dim moving shadow from the impenetrable night that swallowed his fleeing brothers.

He shivered with the terror of the dusk.

Then again he found the hanging rope. Should he let himself down and run, run, run out of this weird place where black spirits lurked? With a quick movement, he grasped the rope, and, wrenching it from the ledge, hurled it from him into the darkness!

He was a dead man. A dead man is not afraid of death. He must keep the fires burning, that the Sioux might be outwitted.

So he went back to the lonely fires and replenished them that they leaped far up into the night. But when the stars grew paler with the coming of the dawn, he again stood upon the edge of the butte and scanned the prairie, slowly emerging from the shadow, and saw nothing but the monotonous sweep of yellow plain, hemmed with the faint line of light

that forewent the day.

Days passed, and when the Sioux no longer noted signs of life upon the butte, they struck their camp and rode away.

Many times since then the plains have thundered with the bellowing of the bulls. Many times have the snows drifted from the north, and the corrosive seasons have reduced to dust the skeleton of the nameless brave. Yet if you should ride to the place in that mysterious hour when light and shadow struggle and the broad white Day swoops down upon the plain: and should you gaze through the half light of the early morning upon the yellow summit of Crow Butte, you would see, some say, a lonely figure with hand at brow, peering with strained and anxious gaze into the distance. would hear a wail like that of a man who dies of thirst and hunger.

The form may be only a sunflower, heavy and bent with seed, clothed in the magic of the shadow.

The wail may be the wail of the pines as the morning winds awaken.

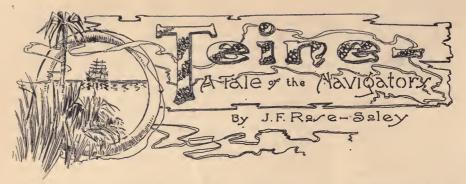
Yet I love to think differently.

#### RECOMPENSE

BY T. R. E. MC INNES.

Is it not good, in this relaxed age
To see the man a Nation honoreth
With kingly power meet treacherous, red death
Steadfast and calm, and shame the assassin's rage
With gentle words? Say, snall this not assuage
Somewhat our grief? "God's will be done," he saith:
Yea—even tho' that Nation sorroweth!
Such faith is still its strength and heritage.

Lincoln!—Garfield!—now McKinley! All
Tho' slain have left us manful memories:
And come what may thro' Fate's obscure decrees
O banded States! your banners shall not fall
While there shall come forth Chieftains such as these
To rule you from yon pale, proud Capitol.



IE whole village was in mourning, and the wide, palm-shaded thoroughfare was deserted. Though the road was the only highway to and from several populous centers, not even a stray traveler passed through, for at each end of the village a warning barrier, made of palm leaves stuck upright in the sand, told the comer that death was there. For a Samoan, if he were the highest of chiefs, to pass this barrier and walk through the town would have been the gravest breach of etiquette, and a fight, with possibly bloodshed, would have been the result. Even white men, though not supposed to be bound by Samoan etiquette, are looked askance at if they enter a village during this period of mourning, and the better plan is to follow the native example, and avoid the village by making a tedious detour through the bush.

All day long the men and women sat silent in their houses, under the great, mushroom-shaped roofs of thatch which even the tropical sun is powerless to penetrate. No one stirred; the very children, by some unusual exercise of parental control, were restrained from their games, and for once in their little lives were compelled to be good. The mongrel curs of the village, having nothing to bark at, blinked lazily in the heated air, which seemed to rise in tremulous waves from the parched ground. In the great central hut of the village, the guest-house of the High Chief Sama, lay a small figure covered with many fine mats, and around it the women of the family, clad in the nearest Samoan equivalent to sackcloth and ashes, sat in silent wee alif - Digitiz

Thus the whole village waited for the going down of the sun, and as the golden flame dipped behind the far, blue horizon, throwing a reflection as of burnished copper on the little, fleecy clouds floating above, Pietele, the missionary, came forth from his long house at the end of the village. Clad in the snowiest of white, and carrying his large official Bible carefully wrapped in a silk handkerchief, he walked solemnly down the row of huts, and men and women rose with a sigh of relief and fell into line behind him.

There were many visitors, relatives from all parts of the island, for the dead girl was a princess in her own right, and of course her family connections were numerous. They brought fine mats by the dozen, mats stained brown with age and worn ragged with much folding and unfolding, but almost priceless because of their antiquity. There were mats which had been handed down from father to son, or from mother to daughter, for a dozen generations, and which had a well-authenticated pedigree which every Samoan knew by heart. And, of lesser value, there were the shiny new mats around which history had yet to be made, and over which a village dame had stooped for a year or more, carefully weaving the slender slips of pandanus fibre together. When the mat was finished it was as soft as silk, and shone like new gold, and it would be carefully wrapped up and treasured until a wedding or a funeral called for an interchange of gifts. And, of still lesser import, there were huge rolls of the brown stained tapa, or native cloth, which is Teine. 359

in reality only rough, hand-made paper, beaten with a vast expenditure of muscular labor, out of the bark of the paper mulberry. Some of the strips were a hundred feet long and ten feet wide, and so many were they that they carpeted the pathway from the house to the grave.

Down by the shore of the transparent lagoon, where the tiny wavelets rippled under the overhanging palms, the chiefs of the Sama family had from time immemorial had their burying place. great mass of black volcanic rock, the remnant of some gigantic lava flow of a bygone age, jutted out in the middle of a sandy beach, and made a striking contrast to the snowy white of the sands which carpeted the lagoon. Huge boulders had been piled on top of the promontory until a level space of some twenty feet square had been formed, and here amid the bones of her ancestors, the young princess was laid to rest. A single palm, which by some accident had taken root amongst the rocks, waved its long fronds overhead, like tossing plumes, but neither flower nor shrub marked the spot where they placed the mat-wrapped figure. And when the last hymn had been sung, and the rocks had been piled back in their places so the level surface seemed never to have been disturbed, the trader and I put on our hats and walked slowly up to the store. There was a big feast in the village that night, for nothing, not even a funeral, can be conducted in Samoa without eating; but the trader and I had no relish for such affairs. sat on the veranda and enjoyed the cool night air.

"Did you know Teine?" he asked, after a long period of meditation, speaking of the girl who had just been buried. "No, no," he went on, without giving me time to answer, "of course you didn't. She has been sick ever since you came to the village."

"What did she die of?" I inquired.

"Well, if you should ask me, I should call it a broken heart, though I have no doubt the doctors would give it a long Latin name. But if ever a girl died of grief, she did.

"A few years ago, before she went

thing, far and away the nicest taupo on the coast. She was much more slightly built than Samoan girls usually are, and consequently she was one of the few taupos who could dance gracefully. It is astonishing, isn't it, when you come to think of it, how few of these girls, though dancing is their chief business in life, can move lightly and airily? They are all right as long as they are sitting down at a siva, just keeping time with their hands and bodies, and droning out their monotonous chant. But as soon as one gets onto her feet she is like a calf which has lost its mother, and has no idea beyond cutting clumsy capers.

"Well, Teine was quite different. She could dance. really Somebody taught her the hornpipe, which she used to foot prettily to the accompaniment of a mouth organ, and the natives would come from long distances just to see Teine give a siva. The village was gay in those days, nearly always a malanga party visiting, and sivas and feasting every night. But though suitors, all the most eligible young chiefs in the group, came by the dozen, Teine was not to be bought by fine mats and pigs. For a Samoan girl, she was quite accomplished and had ideas above her own people. She had lived for years in a white family at Apia, and had picked up some English, which she used to lisp in her pretty, soft way, always speaking in set sentences, each one correct, just as if she had learned them out of a grammar.

"Of course there was an end to all this. Teine was too nice a girl to be long neglected, and one day there came to the village a young Englishman, fresh from the Australian colonies. He had come over to represent a syndicate which had been buying up a lot of land in the islands, and thus he was looked upon as quite an important man by the natives. He stayed with me for a few days, examining the country, and one evening I got the natives to give a siva for his entertainment.

"Teine, in her high taupo's head-dress and a necklace of red pandanus berries thrown over her delicately chiseled bust, looked her prettiest that night. I soon away from here, she was a pretty little (saw that it) was a case of love at first sight on both sides, for the Englishman was a handsome, well-built young fellow, just the kind of man to take a native girl's fancy. It was soon settled between them; Teine's people got a big present of salt beef and biscuits and cotton print, and the village lost its taupo. It was a marriage 'fa'a Samoa', that is, according to the custom of the country, which means practically from a European standpoint, no marriage at all. There is no ceremony which is legally binding on either party; the husband can go away and leave his wife, or divorce her at will, and no one can make any objection. But in the eyes of the natives it is all quite correct, and custom has sanctioned the practice among the whites, so that everyone accepts these unions as perfectly regular.

"Teine and her husband set up housekeeping in Apia in grand style, for he was generous and could afford to do things well. Whenever I went to Apia I used to go and see them; it was a house where one was treated like a gentleman, and not cold-shouldered as a mere 'Savaii squire,' a name they have for us poor traders. Teine was as happy as possible with her husband, as I suppose I ought to call him, though they had no children, a source of great grief to her, as she often confided to me. 'Felecki,' the native rendering of our English 'Fred,' was the best of all possible men to her; she had papalangi food to eat all the time, and plenty of fine dresses to wear. But still the mother's heart within her yearned for the child which did not come-it would be so nice to have a little one of my own; I would love it and care for it so much,' she would say in her set, grammatical phrases, for her knowledge of English was too slight for her to trust herself with any freedom of expression.

"Arnold and I got to be very well acquainted, for I looked after his land in Savaii, and had often to run up to Apia He was a hard-working, to see him. steady-going young fellow. But he had a fine University education, for his people in Australia were wealthy, so I suppose he was just a cut above our simple Island ways. Had he been less cultured, he would have settled down quietly here, Z wouldn't hear of the match. But to-day

and never looked for a better wife than his faithful, loving Teine. At any rate, whatever the cause, I could see, after a couple of years of married life, he was beginning to weary of exclusive native society. He felt the need of intellectual companionship growing upon him, he told me, and now his only resource was his books, at which he was always studying. Not that he ever treated Teine badly; ! think that, as he grew more and more tired of her, he behaved with more and more generosity, as if to salve his conscience. But Teine, with true woman's intuition, which is the same under a brown skin as a white, saw the change. Fine dresses and dainty food would not console her for the loss of her husband's love, and she grew sadder and sadder every day.

"I was sorry, but I could do nothing to help poor Teine. Naturally this sort of thing could not go on forever, and one day I found Arnold in a great state of excitement. The mail, which had just come in, had brought him a letter announcing the death of his uncle, and he had come in for a pot of money. He would have to go to Australia to settle about his fortune, and---

"He hesitated and colored.

"'Well?' I asked, knowing perfectly well what was coming.

"'Well, you see, old man, it's about Teine'—and he glanced nervously at the girl, who was languidly resting in a hammock at the other end of the veranda, 'I'm in a difficulty. You see, coming into all this money has quite changed my position, and my people wouldn't hear of my having a Samoan wife. I'm afraid I shall have to leave her.'

"I had heard this sort of thing often before and understood. 'There's a white woman,' I said.

"He started: 'How did you know?'

"'I guessed, that was all."

"He seemed vexed, and sat quiet for a bit, as if thinking. Then he looked up. 'I suppose I may as well make a clean breast of it. There was a girl I met on a Riverina station, and we loved. my prospects were poor then, and her father, who is a wealthy squatter,

he writes to congratulate me on my inheritance, and mentions, quite casually, that Kate is still single. I know what that means.'

"' So you have made up your mind to go,' I answered coldly, being sorry for poor Teine.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'but don't think too badly of me, old man; I cannot help myself.'

"'It's not for me to judge you,' I replied, 'but for God's sake break the news gently to the poor girl. She loves you with all her heart, and it will kill her.'

"'I know,' he answered sadly, 'that's why I feel like such a brute. Can't you help me? You understand these people better than I do.'

"I promised to do what I could, as much for the girl's sake as for his, and we talked it over. He agreed that it would never do to tell Teine the whole truth at once; the blow would be too severe. We told her only that Feleckishe never knew her husband by any other name-would have to go to Australia to get his fortune, for he was now the possessor of much oloa, or property. And in the meantime Teine was to go back to her own people in Savaii, and live with them until Felecki returned. And that she might be respected and looked up to, she was to take plenty of presents and money to distribute among her friends, for she was now a rich man's wife.

"It was true enough that Felecki would come back; he had affairs to settle which would require his residence in Samoa for a year or two at least. But we didn't tell Teine the rest of it—that when Felecki came back he would bring a papalangi woman with him as his bride, and that Teine could never be anything to him more. Neither of us had the courage.

"Still, I think she guessed part, if not the whole truth. I suppose she thought Felecki would do as many other white men had done; just go away and never come back. A set look came over her delicate face, and she drew her little figure up to its full height, about five feet, for she was unusually small for a Samoan. Teine. I love Felecki so much. He will never be my Felecki any more.'

"That was all she said; there was never a tear nor a reproach. Resignedly she went to work to pack up her belongings, but it made one's heart bleed to watch the sad little figure moving slowly about the familiar rooms, where the happiest years of her life had been spent, fingering reverently her Felecki's clothes, as she made sure that everything was in readiness for the journey. She never complained, but all the spring had gone out of her step and the light and life out of her face.

"At last the day of parting came. Like a 'true Samoan, in spite of all her troubles, Teine had not forgotten her relations. She had carte blanche to buy what she chose at the best store in Apia, so she loaded my boat with gorgeous frocks and lava-lavas, and Sunday hats which would have made a Parisienne milliner turn in her grave. No one was forgotten but herself. Poor Teine refused all the presents which Felecki showered upon her, and even declined to take any money for her support. 'My people will keep me,' she answered simply.

"But Arnold gave me the money, a large sum, to spend for Teine's benefit, and this was perhaps the wisest arrangement, for otherwise her relatives would have taken it all, and Teine been none the better off.

"Our boat followed the mail steamer out of the harbor, and Teine waved a 'good-bye, Felecki" as the vessel shot gracefully into the open, and shook the spray of the great Pacific rollers from her sides. But Teine never cried. Perhaps it would have saved her if she had. At least I have read so in books," added the trader, as if apologizing for this piece of second-hand information.

"Next day Teine was at home in Savaii, and was feasted and made much of by her own people, for she had gone away poor and come back rich. She was looked upon as a desirable match, even for the highest of chiefs, and all her old suitors, and many new ones, came courting.

"Teine was quite as implacable as in her taupo days. She would hear noth-

"Talofa,' she wailed, 'I am a sad ing of marriage; she would remain true

to Felecki-nothing would alter her determination. Nor did all the merrymaking which went on around her arouse her spirits. She just sat silently and watched it all, speaking never a word, and day by day, I could see, sinking lower.

"It was six months or so before I heard from Arnold, and then he wrote me that he had married and was very happy. But though Teine, who saw the letter come and knew the handwriting, looked at me ever so wistfully, there was no word of love nor message of any kind for her. I could not bear to see the poor girl hungering for her love, so I just lied, and told her that Felecki had sent his alofa and said he would be coming back soon.

"The next steamer brought Arnold and his wife. She was a clever, fashionablydressed young lady, but she looked too delicate for this country, which is very trying for white women. And so it turned out, for a couple of months later Arnold wrote me saying that the climate of Apia did not agree with his wife, and that he had been advised to send her to Savaii for a change. He could not get away himself, but would I make arrangements for Mrs. Arnold's comfortable accommodation at some healthy spot?

"Now, an old bachelor's place like mine is not, of course, fit to accommodate such a grand lady, and, besides, this village is not particularly healthy. But at Leleuma, that's ten miles away, there is a trader with a fine two-storied house, and a half-caste wife quite English in her ways. The house, being situated on a rocky point, well above the sea, and catching the full force of the trade winds, was just the place for an invalid like Mrs. Arnold. So I fixed her up there, and every week or so used to run down just to see how she was getting on.

"News travels in a mysterious way in Samoa. There is a sort of telepathy, I believe, amongst the natives, and no sooner had Arnold and his white wife arrived in Apia than the people of our village knew all about it. Of course Teine heard the sad news, and the little strength in her gave way altogether. Some strange internal complaint, brought on by grief and worry, I believe, attacked her, and she never rose from her mat should find it out by accident.

again-in fact, did not seem to care to.

"The Samoans have great faith in a change of air for a sick person, and will keep on sending an invalid from one viilage to another until he either dies or gets well. Therefore, I was not surprised when they sent Teine away to Leleuma, though I felt it was rather awkward, her being so close to her husband's new wife. However, I could not do anything to prevent the change, for I wasn't consulted, and the missionary who was doctoring Teine recommended it. I could do was to warn the girl's mother not to let Teine know who the white lady really was. The shock might have killed the girl.

"So the two wives, the one white and the other brown, went to live in the same village, within a hundred yards of each other, and I knew that nothing but the most extraordinary luck could prevent their meeting.

"Next time I went to Leleuma I took occasion to give Mrs. Arnold a friendly warning against going around amongst the Samoans in their houses. was a good deal of skin diseases about, I said, inventing falsehood, and there was danger of infection.

"But Mrs. Arnold was not the woman to be frightened by a weak-kneed fib like that. She laughed in my face. 'You're a dear old goose, William,' she said, 'but if you think I'm going to catch any of these native diseases you don't know much of white women and their ways. And then, there isn't any disease in the village: the water's too good.'

"I saw it was no use. 'Besides,' she went on, 'I find the natives so interesting. I think I should die of ennui if I couldn't go round and sit in those lovely breadfruit houses and watch the funny ways of the people. And that half-caste girl of mine is a capital interpreter, so that I ' can have quite long talks with the women. Oh, I was going to tell you there's such a lovely sick girl here, called Teine. She says she comes from your village. Do you know her?'

"Know her? Of course I did, but I didn't dare tell Mrs. Arnold her history. and was in a terrible fright lest she "I didn't know what was best to be done, and so I did what was perhaps the wisest thing—nothing. The copra season was in full swing just then, so that, for a fortnight. I was unable to see Mrs. Arnold. Then to my great surprise a boat came in one evening with the lady herself, escorted by her husband.

"'Why, I am glad to see you,' I exclaimed, 'but why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

"'Oh,' replied Arnold, 'there are not any daily mails in Samoa. I had a few days to spare, so I thought I would sail down and fetch the wife back. I was going to call in here on the way, but we got a fair wind, and as there was no sea we ran in through the Leleuma passage and saved the round.'

"'You were lucky to get through,' I said—for the Leleuma passage is a notoriously dangerous one, and seldom attempted, even by natives.

"'Yes,' answered Arnold, 'I was lucky to get through.' He gave me a meaning look, as much as to say that he wanted speak with me alone.

"As soon as his wife was comfortably settled, we took a walk on the beach, out of anybody's hearing.

"'You're a nice fellow!' exclaimed Arnold, indignantly. 'Why the deuce didn't you let a fellow know Teine was at Leleuma?'

"'Why didn't you let me know you were coming down?' I retorted. 'I was going to tell you all about it when you came.'

"'Well, it can't be helped now,' he answered, 'but it was the narrowest squeak I ever had in my life. Do you know, I found the wife nursing poor Teine, and the two the greatest friends in the world. I'm afraid the girl's dying, though.'

"'I've been sure of it a long time,' I rereplied; 'nothing can save her.'

"'It was lucky,' Arnold went on. 'Neither of the women knew about the other. Strange, too, that the natives didn't tell; some of them must have known. When I got there I found my wife full of sympathy for this dying Samoan girl, with her sad story of desertion by a rich white husband who had gone away and married some, white wo-

man.

"'Wasn't he a brute,' commented my wife, indignantly. 'And now she thinks that all white men are bad and cruel,' she continued, 'and says she doesn't care to live any more. She has lost faith in everything and everybody since the people who tell them to be good, the white people who send them missionaries, behave even worse than Samoans. You know I couldn't bear to hear the dear thing going on like that. I couldn't let her believe all white men are like the immoral wretch who broke her heart, so I told her all about our love, and how you had remained faithful to me for years and years, and never thought of marrying anyone else, and how happy we now are, and what a good and noble husband I have. Do you know it seemed to cheer her, she quite brightened. should like to see a white man like that, just for once before I die,' she said. 'It might help me to believe in that heaven the missionaries are always talking about. If there are really good people on this earth, why of course there must be a heaven for them to go to when they die. If there is, you will go there, I'm sure, and you would not like to go without your husband!'

"'She made me cry, I can tell you, Dudley,' sobbed my wife, mopping her eyes like a lunatic, 'but I talked to her as well as I could, telling her we should love our enemies as Jesus had bade us do But she just moaned, 'I hate white men. I loved one too much; now I hate them all, but I should like to see your good husband before I die.' So I promised I would take you the minute you arrived.'

"'I felt pretty mad,' continued Arnold.
'My wife's talk set me wild, and I had no notion of posing as the model lover God help me if she ever learns the truth. She'll leave me then and there. But there was no getting out of it!'

"'It's a poor girl's dying wish, Dudley,' she urged. 'My wife always calls me so, and not by my first name. And perhaps, who knows, her faith may be really strengthened by the assurance that there is at least one good man in the world.'

"'So I walked straight into the pitfall and never suspected the truth until I was at the very house and spied Teine's mother. Before I had time to stop and think I saw Teine herself, looking, oh, so thin and worn, lying on a mat in one corner of the big house, with her eyes fixed on me. Her people must have warned her, for though she turned livid, she merely smiled and gave no sign of recognition.

"'How I looked I can't say. It was lucky my wife's glances were all for Teine."

"'Here he is, dear,' she said. 'I have brought my husband, as I promised you I would.'

"'So this is the good man you have told me about,' sighed Teine, very faintly; 'this is the true lover who will make me believe in heaven?'

"'Yes,' answered my wife, with a catch in her own voice; 'you will believe in heaven and in good white men now. You know you said you would.'

"'Teine's burning brown eyes looked straight into my wife's glistening blue ones. There must be a heaven,' she said slowly, 'for there are angels. I will not hate white men for one angel's sake.' Then she gazed at me.

"'I am glad to look upon your face," was her greeting.

"'She closed her big eyes wearily, and turned her face to the mat wall of the house. Reverently we left her so. And what do you suppose my wife said:

"'Dudley, dear, did you seen the eager, hungry way that poor thing looked at you. It was so sad and so beautiful. We shall never forget it, shall we, darling?'

"I don't suppose he ever will," commented the trader, as he wound up hisnarrative.

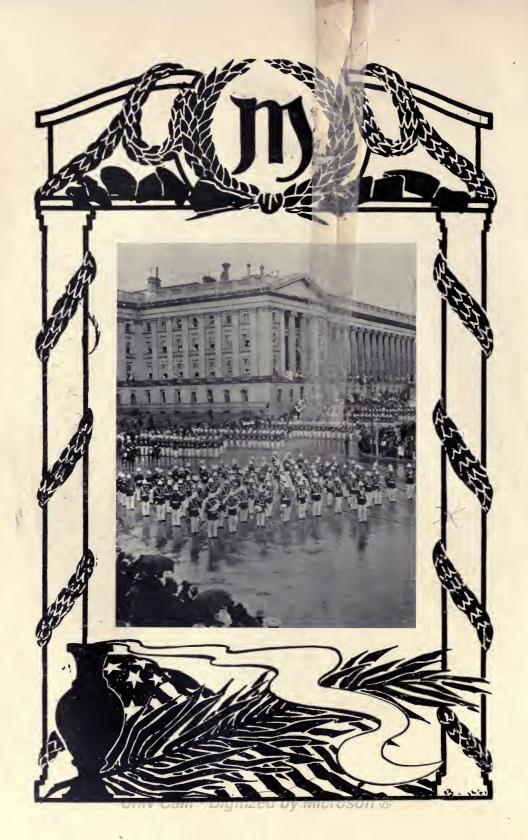
### AND YET-

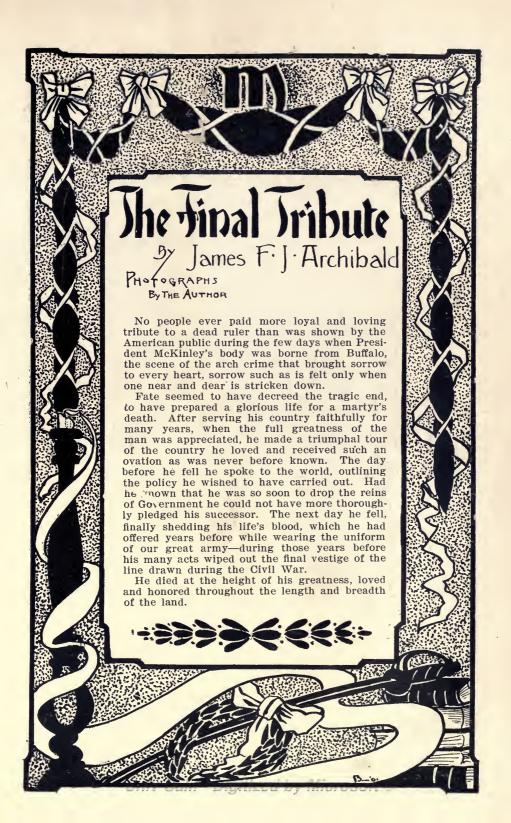
BY JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS

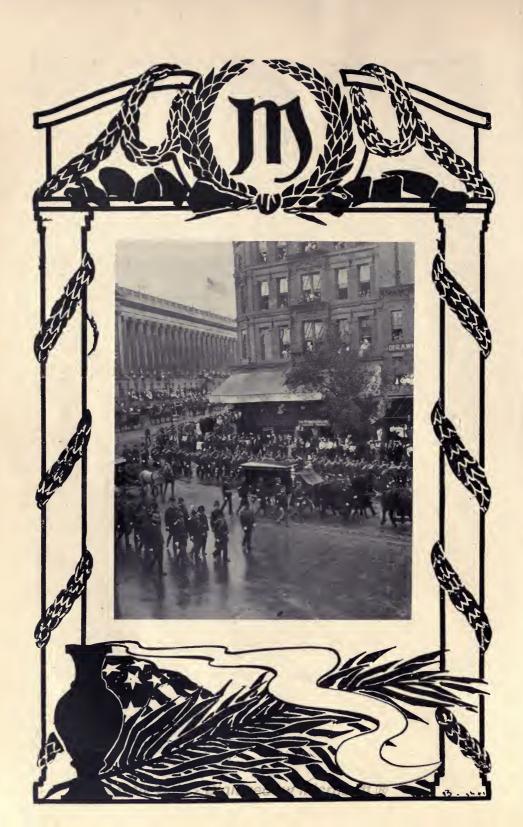
A sudden silence fell upon my life,
That last good-bye hushed its triumphant song.
And yet, with tender melody 'tis rife.
Undying echoes in my heart prolong
The music of thy voice.—so sweet and strong,
I can forget the earth's discordant strife.

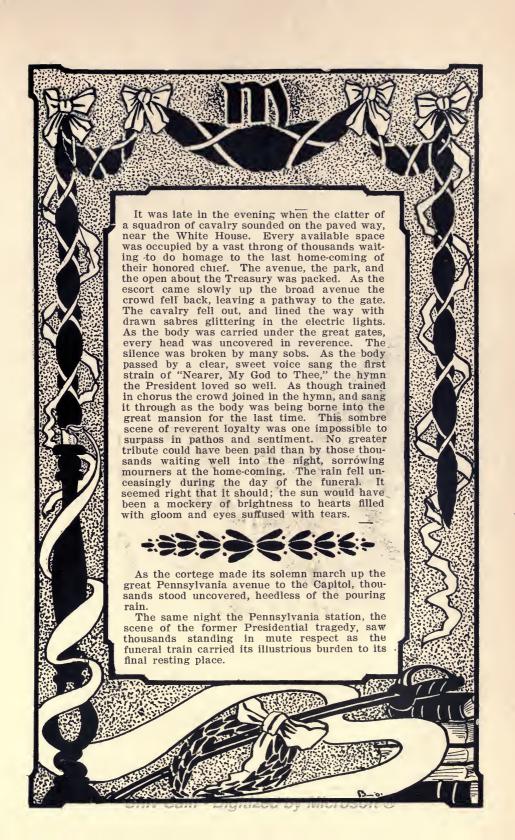
The mist lies heavy love, on land and sea,
The hills of green, the sunlit waves of blue
And heights of amethyst are shut from me.
A grey, sad universe I dimly view,
And yet the consciousness I keep of you
Floods all my soul with love's bright ecstacy.













# Current Books

#### Reviewed by Grace Luce Irwin

The Tragedy of if you feel transAn Agnostic. ported to another country before you have reached the second chapter, you may be sure you are going to enjoy yourself. We are always on the lookout for "green fields and pastures new," and green fields are always distant. Great is the wonder, then, when a realistic novelist takes you there. This is one

On reading a book,

green fields are always distant. Great is the wonder, then, when a realistic novelist takes you there. This is one of the many things Mr. Gilbert Parker does for you in his "Right of Way." He takes you into Canada as completely as if you had traveled over the border with him-he also unfolds new vistas for you, in a man's soul. This man, the central figure of the ardently drawn landscape, is an English Canadian among the French villagers of a town in Quebec province, a stranger among them, an alien in the world. "They had lived and loved, and walked and worked in their own way, and the world went by them. Between them and it a great gulf was fixed; and they met its every catastrophe with the Quid Refert of the philosophers." These lines describe him:

The story is a strange one-and sombre, as Mr. Parker likes to be. Charley Steele, a brilliant young English lawyer, lives a life of cynical dissipation: he is married to a woman who has no sympathy for him, and whom he does not love: in the eyes of the world he is a reckless but dangerously clever atheist: in his own heart are questionings which he never expresses. During a drunken quarrel he is thrown into the river, and to his world thereafter considered dead. However, he is rescued, in an unconscious state, and taken by an humble peasant to the French Catholic village Chandiêre. For seven months. though well physically, he is like a child mentally, and without memory. Then an operation restores him to himwhile his wife has re-married, and his reputation has been successfully smirched. So he does not return to his former life, but becomes the humble "Tailor of Chandiere." The exciting events which befall him in this new, humble, but richer life, are well worth reading about.

In fact, this novel is one of the very best of the year. It is full of incident, action, drama. Each chapter ends with the fall of a curtain. And the character interest, though subservient, includes much picturesqueness, while changes in emotion are so frequently played as to be engrossing. For the time being the reader is certainly transported.

The master-passion is well displayed, and through its power upon him the man's doubting soul is at last cured of its skepticism.

"Rosalie Lashed a glance of inquiry at him. She was puzzled by the fire in his eyes. With her soul in her face as she lifted the tray, out of the warm-beating life in her soul, she said in a low tone:

'It is good to live, isn't it?'

"He nodded and smiled, and the trouble slowly passed from his eyes. The woman in her had conquered his enemy."

A particularly good element in the structure of the romance is the variety and picturesqueness of figures introduced, and the absolute perfection of the way in which they carry out their roles. They are a stirring background to the sad, ardent, noble, impulsive figure of the keen-brained tailor-man. No figure in fiction seems to have been marked so distinctly as this puppet of an iron fate, yet it is not overdrawn or out of proportion. The scene of his death is relentlessly drawn; a grim humor returns to him, his old idiosyncrasy, rather than his newly found light:

Then an operation restores him to him"The curé's voice seemed to calm the self, or rather to a new self. But mean-Z agitated vision, to bring it back to the

outer precincts of consciousness. There was an awe-struck silence as the dying man fumbled, fumbled over his breast, found his eye-glass, and with a last feeble effort, raised it to his eye, shining now with an unearthly fire. The old interrogation of the soul, the elemental habit, outlived all else in him. The idiosyncrasy of the mind automatically expressed itself.

"'I beg your pardon,' he whispered to the imagined figure, and the light died out of his eyes, 'have—I—ever—been—introduced—to—you?'

"'At the hour of your birth,' said the priest, as a sobbing cry came from the foot of the bed.

But Charley did not hear. His ears were forever closed to the voices of life and time."

But of quoting there is no end. "The Right of Way" is a rattling good story, with a "corking" plot—except that I myself prefer the word marvelous.

The illustrations are very pleasing—by Keller. You can get it all for a small sum by sending to

Harper Bros., Publishers, New York.

Stories of animals, told as legends, as allegories, as true tales-we have them of all sorts in large numbers, and they have usually been at least very agreeable reading. The love of nature implanted in the not so long ago savage heart of humankind, responds to them. In "The Outcasts," Mr. W. A. Fraser has written a long tale, which tells of the life and adventures of Shag, the buffalo, and Atim, the Indian wolf-dog. They live on the wild plains of the West, where Indians are the only men, and the whole book breathes an air of savage wildness and love of the pleasures of the Great Outdoors. It is a very interesting story, perhaps more so because there are no men in it. Well illustrated it is by Arthur Hewing, with full-page pictures.

(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City. Price, \$1.25).

Although it reached me somewhat too late for me to give it more than mention this month, I am glad of the opportunity to read another Seton Thompson animal December issue.

book. In Lives of the Hunted" Mr. Seton has followed out his previous purpose, namely, that of defending the wild people of the forest; but the author's plea for his untamed wards is even more earnest than ever before.

"For the wild animals there is no such thing as a gentle decline in peaceful old age. Its life is spent in the front, in line of battle, and as soon as its powers begin to wane in the least, its enemies become too strong for it; it falls.

"There is only one way to make an animal's history un-tragic, and that is to stop before the last chapter."

I hope to review the book more fully in the next issue. Mr. Thompson is so closely connected with California by family ties that we feel the deepest interest in this, his latest work.

(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

Tame Animals
I Have Known.

The life of the late
Mr. Hermon Lee Ensign, a capitalist of
New York city, was

so largely touched with his love for animals, and his work to better their state, as often unappreciated slaves of human kind, that we read his book, "Lady Lee, and Other Animal Stories," with the greatest interest. These short stories do not aspire to the legendary beauty and finish of a "Jungle Book," or the wild interest arising from the savage lives of "Wild Animals I Have Known," yet they are pleasantly written narratives of domestic pets, whose noble qualities deserve remembrance. They have all an air of undoubted truth, show an intimate knowledge of, as well as love for, the humble four-footed friends who so intimately and lovingly share our human life. This book is a delightful one to be found in any household, and should have a hearing. It is well illustrated and beautifully printed.

(A. C. McClurg Co., Chicago. Price, \$2.00.)

In order to present the pictures of the ceremonies attending the funeral of President McKinley, several pages of Book Reviews have been held over to December issue.



Residence of Frank Johnson, Esq., Spanish Castle, San Rafael.

## SAN RAFAEL AND SAN ANSELMO

#### BY CARLOTTA REYNAL.

#### The Past.

HE story of San Rafael and San Anselmo (or Ross Valley) reads like a veritable romance. In treating of the two valleys, both in the same township, separated only by a range of timber-clothed hills, I shall write first of San Rafael, whose early history is coincident with that of San Anselmo.

Tracing the story back to its beginning in 1817, there is found enough of idealism, adventure, old-world mystery to fill volumes of fascinating 20th century reading.

The Mission "San Rafael Archangel" was discovered and christened by a party of Franciscan Fathers in 1817, when they were seeking a place to escape a prevailing mortal sickness. To-day this lovely valley, sheltered on three sides by the

matchless Tamalpais range, is still a savior of life, a sweet, odorous city where sunshine, pure air and pure water drive away any deadly pestilence, and wherein no noxious thing may flourish.

The early history of the Mision is so entwined with that of the discovery of the State that to trace it brief reference must be made to those first energetic explorers whose hardy hands converted the redwoods into timber for adobe houses, and whose intellect and ingenuity taught the Indian to use the unrivaled wealth of his country aright. Whoever first discovered california, whether Cabrillo in 1542, or Sir Francis Drake, or Sergeant Ortega, certain it is that directly from the founding of the old Dolores Mission in San Francisco sprang to life and light the Mission of San



Residence of A. A. Curtis.





Residence of George M. Pinkard, Esq., San Rafael.

Rafael, thus named by the Padres after their patron Saint.

According to an old Indian legend which the Nicasios handed down to the Spanish and American settlers, it seems probable that, about June 17, 1579, Drake guided his vessel, "The Golden Hind," into the bay called by his name. An Indian named Theognis, who is reputed to have been one hundred and thirty-five years of age when he made the statement, said that Drake presented the Indians with a dog, some young fish and seeds of several kinds of grain. Some biscuits were also given them, which they planted, believing that they would spring to life and bear bread. This Indian also states that some of Drake's men deserted him then, and, making their way into the country, became so amalgamated with the aboriginals that all trace of them was lost, except possibly a few names which are to be found among the Indians. "Winnemucca," for example, is a purely Celtic word, and the names "Nicasio," "Novato" and others are counterparts, with a few variations, of places in the island of Cyprus. But after thirty days Drake and his ship vanished, phantom-like, and he never thereafter clearly established his claim to be the discoverer of the Golden Gate.

On October 6, 1769, a distinguished exploring party of monks and soldiers, headed by Sergeant Joseph Francisco Ortega, entered California through the mountainous regions of Santa Clara, and after a slow and painful progress, finally succeeded in sighting the Golden Gate. Of this march across mountain, creek and forest Ortega says: "Sixteen lost the use of their limbs through scurvy, were rubbed with oil nightly, and in the morning were fastened to wooden frames

and supported on the backs of mules." Bancroft says: "To Ortega and his few followers belong the glory of discovering the peninsula of the Northwest, and possibly of the bay itself." Numerous parties followed Ortega, and doubtless opened up fresh avenues of discovery and research.

Finally, on September 17, 1776, the Presidio and Mission of San Francisco were established by those early explorers—the Franciscan Fathers. First a temporary church was built, and the timber for



Ex-Judge M. C. Dufficy, San Rafael.

taking did not progress as smoothly as its record can be written. The little pioneer Mission house was hardly completed before a band of Indians swooped down upon the peaceful fold, and scattered the timid settlement of men and sheep. Flight by bolsas and tule rafts across to Alameda was all that could be done. Nothing daunted, however, the few faithful returned, and on October 9th, with impressive ceremony was born the Mission Dolores.

Hardly was this Mission through its infant strug-



Fifth Street, looking East, San Rafael.

Photos by Lorillard & Bratt, San Rafael.

its construction was brought from the great redwood forests which then clothed the slopes of Mt. Tamalpais. It is worth while to mention that this brave under:

gles when dire distress descended upon it in the form of a pestilence. The anguished Fathers, with Father Sarria at their head, started in



Cochrane-McNear Block, San Rafael.



Marin County Bank Building.

Photos by Lorillard & Bratt, San Rafael.

quest of a more healthful climate. They decided upon San Rafael, and on December 14, 1817, they established the Mission San Rafael on a spot named by the natives "Narraguani." Immediately two hundred patients were transferred from San Francisco with evident benefit to the sick. From this time, despite its pronounced pagan surroundings, San Rafael enjoyed greater prosperity than could reasonably have been expected. There was a steady increase of membership for eleven years, and when the Solano was founded at Sonoma it received a contribution of one hundred neophites from San Rafael, and coincident with this San Rafael became independent.

Of this Mission, which in 1834 had an Indian population of 1250, 3,000 horned cattle, 500 mules and horses, 4,500 sheep and goats, and a crop of 1,500 bushels of wheat and maize, nothing remains but the ground upon which stands the present Roman Catholic Church buildings.

The history of those early days is frag mentary, but interesting. Old Tamalpais, with its scarred face, ruggedly up;

held its sovereign majesty, while evolution upon evolution rioted across its surface. In 1846 the famous mighty Bear struggle was begun between its followers and the Californians, and Marin County was the scene of more than Right here the story one battle. of James Miller and Martin Murphy comes in. In 1844 these two men undertook to guide a party of sixty across the plains. After a tedious journey of six months they were caught in the Sierras by a snow storm. Murphy and the men, leaving Miller in charge, set out in search of some settlement where supplies could They reached General Sutbe secured. ter's fort near Sacramento, but, war having broken out, they were forced to march to San Jose with the insurgents. After some dreary weeks they were allowed to return to the relief of their imprisoned kinsfolk. James Miller, becoming desperate in the meantime, set out with his son William, a lad of twelve, in the desperate hope of getting relief. With a gun and a blanket and a little meat, he undertook the perilous expedition. Five days he and his boy traveled



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

over the snow. At length, nowever, the boy gave up in despair, and throwing his tin cup and blanket over a cliff, lay down to die. But before he slept his quick ears heard the welcome sound of jingling bells. The relief party was at hand. With clearer weather and renewed strength the adventurers reached the Valley of California, and for many years James and William Miller were prominent in San Rafael and vicinity. There were only two white men in San Rafael upon Miller's arrival, Timothy Murphy and Don Antonio Osio.

sands of cattle found pasturage and fattened on the wild oats with which the hills were covered. With the discovery of gold, the white population of Marin increased marvelously, until—go to San Rafael and San Anselmo, and behold the change! Ine rich lands have been plowed and potatoes, oats and hay grown in proportion to the demands of a San Francisco market; the wild steer of the Mexican has been replaced by the quiet milch cow of the dairyman; saw mills have been built, and the giants of centuries' growth—majestic red-woods and



Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy, San Rafael.

Photos by Lorillard & Bratt, San Rafael.

In those days grain farming was unknown, except for the household needs of the rancher. Commerce was chiefly confined to hides, tallow and pelts, Marin County then abounding in otter and other fur-bearing animals. Cattle and horses were almost the only personal property known. There were no roads, so wheeled vehicles were rare and rude, and there was not a wheelwright in the county. Bears ranged on Tamalpais, and in the valleys and hills, thousands upon thous

cedars, which ufted their lofty heads in conscious strength upon the mountains, have been felled, like Samson of old, and carried into the city's carpenters' shops. Navigation has admitted schooners; commerce has prospered; the puzzled Indian and Spanish dreamer have vanished, silently, sadly, like "ships that pass in the night," and under American rule, with an American population, the entire scene is changed. The rude Indian hut and the adobe house have gone. Time has worked

its wonders. Nearly ninety years ago the old San Rafael Mission was erected, and today we find it a populous county-seat, intersected by two railroads, an electric plant in prospect, a boulevard from Tiburon, prosperous tradesmen, grain fields, orchards and vineyards, and as many or more handsome residences in proportion to its population than any county in Central or Northern California.

For romantic beauty look up to scamed and wrinkled Tamalpais, or through the long avenues of locust and

magnolias in the Valley where the Fathers pitched their tents. For health and vigor visit the Lake, half-way up the mountain, and follow its numerous lifegiving streams; for climate winter and summer in the place; for luxury, note the beautiful homes scattered among the hills, nestled in vivia foliage, whose splendor and quiet refinement have replaced all the rudeness and savagery of a "Day that is dead."

Thirty years ago there were bull-fights in San Rafael—Spanish fights, with all their highly-colored environments; the high fence, the smooth enclo-



Lake Lagunitas.

sure, the tantalizing red ribbands, the infuriated bull, the muscular keepers, the brawny combatants, and the brilliant array of beauty applauding the victor. It presented a pageant both thrilling and exciting. To-day there are golf and tennis, paper chases, cricket and base-ball. The taste for blood has departed with the vulgarity of an earlier age, has given place to excitement and pleasure as realistic, but subdued to meet the thought and advancement of the age.

As the foregoing paragraphs demonstrate, Marin is the pioneer county of the State, and although one of the small-

est, has the longest coast line. It is noted for its exquisite scenery and the productiveness of its soil. The county derives its name from Marin, a famous Lacatuit Indian, who, before the American settlement, occupied this part of California. Lacatuit and his friends had several fights with the Spanish invaders between 1815 and 1824, in which he was victorious, but eventually he was captured and his people dispersed. Later he escaped, and took refuge on a small island, which, being called after him, suggested the name of the adjacent mainland. Being taken prisoner



Narrow Gauge Depot, San Rafael. igitized by Micagain he would have been

Photos by Lorillard & Bratt, San Rafael.

San Rafael, from the Tower of Hotel Rafael.



Golf Links and Club House, San Rafael.

put to death, but the priests of San Rafael Mission interceded, and he became a convert to his saviors. This is the romantic story of the naming of the County.

Marin has a total area of 600 square miles or 250,00 acres. In 1862 the County was divided into eight townships, of which San Rafael is the county-seat. Enough has been said in the introduction to establish the claims of Marin County to veneration for its past, and appreciation of its present and future.

#### The Present.-San Rafael To-Day.

San Rafael is situated in the northeast portion of Marin County. Its boundary on the south is Sausalito township; its eastern boundary is San Pablo Bay; its western are Bolinas and Nicasio, and its northern is Novato township. In an easterly and westerly direction the Valley extends nearly four miles, averaging one mile in width. It is separated from the foot-hills of Tamalpais by the same ridge of hills which divide it from San Anselmo.

Some one has said: "California is a jeweled brooch in the breast of our fair republic, and every setting therein is a gem." This seems strikingly true of San Rafael. Will iron arms stretching out in every direction, San Francisco forms a nucleus, from the busy cares of which men fly to the quiet country

resorts within an hour's travel by rail. And among the spots that invite the business man or the pleasure seeker, none are fairer than the pretty vailey, sleeping among the hills that cluster around the base of Mount Tamalpais. Within fifteen miles of San Francisco, easy of access, beautifully located, San Rafael is essentially a place of charming homes. Long ago its perfect climate became a proverb, and now that genius and energy have combined to overcome the natural obstacles which harassed the Mexicans, the result is a garden spot nowhere excelled in California. graphically speaking, nature has been the guide, as far as possible, in grading and laying out the city, and in consequence there are many curved and straight lines, with no uniform monotony. The streets are laid out at right angles, the chief business street, containing several notably fine buildings and residences, being Fourth street. Several representative residences of San Rafael we illustrate, and among mem it is interesting to note the National Flag halfmast in the representation of Mr. A. A. Curtiss' house. This photograph was taken on the day when all the world mourned with us for our martyred President, Mr. McKinley.

The residence lots are most advantageously situated, upon slightly elevated



Photos by Lorillard & Bratt, San Rafael.

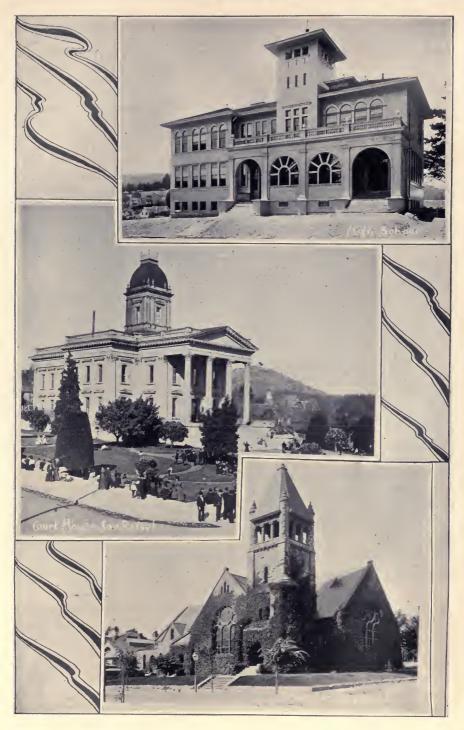
sites, and broad avenues of a hundred feet in width wind about the gentle slopes, from which one can look up at, instead of down upon the rural houses. In all approaches to the houses the natural beauty has been preserved, nature herself being in this instance the best engineer. To drive or walk up to most of these lovely homes is like being in a wooded-flower-land. Often the house is invisible for a considerable distance, and the foliage upon every side is luxuriant and lavish. The most valuable hothouse exotics, which in many countries only attain to a feeble, stunted growth, bloom here luxuriantly in the open air. The climate is partially responsible for this; likewise the calcareous sub-soil, forming the great body of the hills, is rich with those stores of native food needed for the best development of forest and ornamental trees and shrubs. This sub-soil, properly treated, gives wonderful vitality to the vineyards and orchards, which reach a high state of cultivation with comparatively little care. The great pear trees, planted by the early Padres, tower ten to fifteen feet above the tops of two-story buildings, and are neavily weighted with fruit. The magnolia, the flowering madrone, the laurel, eucalypti, cypress and locust trees need only be mentioned, while the eastern chestnut, oak and elm grow side by side with strange varieties of palm and foreign ornamental grafts.

Upon the northern slopes of Tamalpais lies a beautiful sheet of water, clear as crystal, with mirrored surface smooth as glass. This is Lake Lagunitas, from whence comes the pure water of the district. In addition to the winter rainfall, a constant supply of fresh water flows into the lake from hundreds of living springs high up upon the mountains.

The Marin County Water Company was incorporated in 1872, with a capital stock of \$600,000, its object being to supply San Rafael and San Anselmo with good water. This result was obtained by



Entrance to Residence of A. W. Foster, Esq., San hafael of @



Photos by Lorillard & Bratt, San Rafael. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft  ${\cal B}$ 

turning part of the Lagunitas Creek into a reservoir near the headwaters of the stream. The main reservoir, high upon Mt. Tamalpais, has a capacity for 390,000,000 gallons. From this reservoir the water is led for half a mile by a flume, thence by an iron pipe, to the distributing reservoir, six miles distant, on the northwest side of the town. The height of the main reservoir is 740 feet above tide water, and the pressure from the lower reservoir is sufficient in force to preclude the need of engines.

pole line, etc., to furnish the district with electric currents from the power house of the Bay Counties Power Company situated upon the Yuba River, 162 miles from San Rafael. This service will begin on December 1, at which time there will be a considerable reduction in the selling price of current for illuminating the district.

San Rafael has been an educational center from early days. Probably the first school in Marin County was St. Vincent's—1855—while probably the first



Stables and Vineyard, J. F. Fugazi, Esq., San Rafael.

San Rafael has four churches and many fine buildings, of which the Court House, the Cochran and Wilkins blocks, the Marin County Bank, and the new High School are all in the business part of the city. The town has been lighted by the San Rafael Gas Company, but recently the California Central Gas and Electric Company have purchased the entire plant of the San Rafael Gas and Electric Light Company, and are now actively engaged in the construction of

school in San Rafael was one taught by Father Dodette in a small frame building owned by James Miller. To-day the graded public schools, the new high-school, the Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy, the Hitchcock School for boys, the Dominican Convent, and the several private schools, attest to the steady growth and importance of the place. Space only permits brief mention of two of these institutions.

The Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy

has been established eleven years, and is one of the most important enterprises of Marin County. There are now enrolled about one hundred boys from all parts of the State and United States. The course of instruction prepares students for entrance into the most advanced colleges and universities, East and West. This school has the distinction of being the only school in Cali-

Dominic founded St. Catharine's Academy in Benicia. In 1889, a new college being necessary, His Grace Archbishop Riordan selected San Rafael for its location and the present building was erected at a great cost. Instead of the traditional high wall surrounding it this convent college stands in a natural park of winding avenues, noble trees and bright-hued flowers. The college is built in the Re-



Villa, J. F. Fugazi, Esq., San Rafael.

Photos by Lorillard & Bratt, San Rafael.

fornia, except the State University, to which an officer of the United States army has been detailed, and therefore it offers the most complete exposition of military discipline so universally recognized.

In lovely Magnolia Valley, one of the prettiest portions of San Rafael, stands the magnificent Convent of the Dominican nuns. In 1850 the Sisters of St.

naissance style of architecture, with elegant appointments and modern improvements. It is a boarding school of the highest grade, where young girls receive the best of instruction and care.

San Rafael has several hotels, among which the Hotel Rafael stands pre-eminently the first. Situated in the middle of a twenty-acre park, Hotel Rafael is the favorite resort of San Francisco

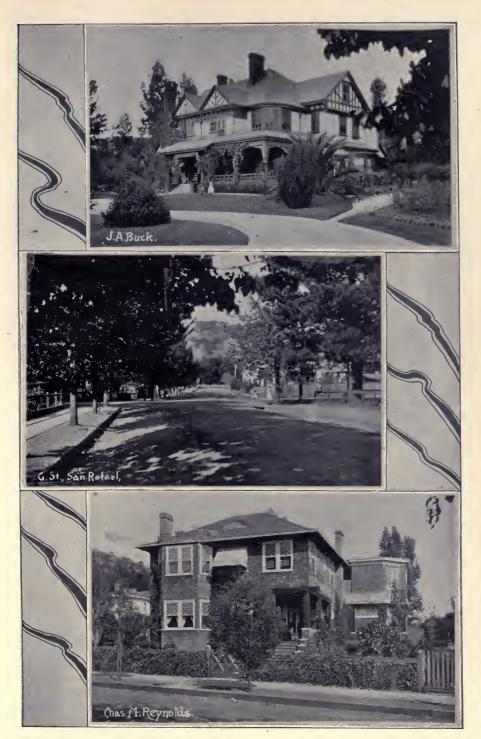


Theological Seminary Buildings, San Anselmo.

society, summer and winter. The main building is an imposing structure, finished throughout in native woods. It is a well-known fact that its tennis courts are the finest on the coast, and a gay scene is depicted here when the "smart set" hold their tournaments upon these asphaltum floors. Here are held the annual tournaments of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association, which events attract all the best players of this exciting game. Often, too, upon a Saturday afternoon, the Hotel Rafael is the starting point of a brilliant paper-chase, a form of amusement much in vogue at present.

The Golf Club of San Rafael is too celebrated to need much introduction. In the summer of 1898 a Golf Club was started by General and Mrs. Warfield, and links were laid out by T. W. Tetley in the "Happy Valley," a ten minutes' walk from the hotel to the southeast. The interest was so great that shortly a lease was obtained of the five hundred acre tract of land known as the Santa

Marguerita Ranch, across the Porto Suello, a mile and a half to the north of town. The first arrangements of holes was laid out by Mr. Tetley, and play was begun in the fall of '98. Later, changes were introduced, until now the nine holes, aggregating over 3,000 yards, give opportunity for the finest kind of golf. Another nine holes can easily be added to the course. A fine club house has been built upon the grounds, and there are sheds for stabling horses. All the greens are turf of Australian rye, and vary from sixty to one hundred and twenty feet in diameter. These putting greens are as fine as any in California. The membership stands at about one hundred and twenty, and in the summer there are always twenty or thirty players holding visitors' tickets. The "First" hole is four hundred and forty-four yards long, straight away from the ivy tree above the club house, with a slight slope to the left, which will easily get a pulled ball into difficulty. Bogey for the hole is



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft  ${\cal B}$ 



Californian North-Western Railway Company's Depot, San Rafael.

The second or "Hill" hole is two hundred and ninety-two yards, and an excellent hole for the Bogey five. The "Third" hole is three hundred and fifty-seven yards. A fine drive from the little hill near the second green calls for a good second shot for a two on the green. This green is guarded by a ditch in front, Bogey five. The Fourth or "Short" hole is only one hundred and fifty-seven yards long, but it is not easy to make in the Bogey figure of three, for a deep ditch skirts the course on the left, and besides that two copp bunkers lie across the course. - "Faraway," the fifth hole, is three hundred and seventy yards long. With a wind from behind, the green will be overplayed on the second shot by a long driver. It is a well-proportioned hole, and any faulty shot is punished both by loss of distance and by getting trapped behind one of the four copp bunkers, Bogey four. The sixth, or "Long" hole, is five hundred and fifty yards long. A clear, broad course of good turf, Bogey six. The sev-

enth, or "Cove," is rather a trick hole, but here absolutely good play gets its reward. A long drive and a good approach over the spur to a concealed green, makes a Bogey four. Its length is three hundred and twelve yards. "Spur," or the eighth hole, is one hundred and seventy-eight yards long, and a long drive is necessary to clear the top of the spur, Bogey four. The "Home" hole is thirty-eight yards long. The drive from the ridge is very enticing, and it is here that the player must exercise selfcontrol. The temptation to "press" for a long ball that will reach or cross the road must be resisted, for a "slice" means out of bounds, a "top" or a "pull," the ditch. A good drive with a long second shot makes the hole a possible four. The Bogey, however, is five. Taken all in all the links are an admirable test of golf, and to one familiar with this course the difficulties of other courses have no terrors.

San Rafael has two well-conducted newspapers, the Marin County Tocsin



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft (B)



Dominican Convent, San Rafael.

and the Marin County Journal, the latter being the oldest newspaper in the County and to which the writer of this article is indebted for much information.

And now the query is, what made the early Fathers choose San Rafael as a refuge from sickness and death? has it prospered and grown all these years, until to-day it is a little Paradise of flowers and streams, peace and plenty? The answer is this: Primarily, its location, which renders its climate nearly perfect. Nestling among the hills, whose shelter forms a barrier against fog and wind, San Rafael has a climate which is an everlasting summer, without the enervating heat of the tropics. The atmosphere is elastic and bracing, and any one of the twelve months is pleasant. The great mountains and the general topography of the country have given this valley a climate totally different from localities near by. It has often been favorably compared to the climate of Mentone, and certainly it excels many of France

This is why the business man of San Francisco chooses San Rafael or San Anselmo for his home. Frequently when the bay has been crossed in a heavy fog or a light rain the waiting train for San Rafael bears us out from the chill and gloom into a bright sunshine and a soft, balmy air. Even the "rainy season" is hardly noticed in this vailey.

Finally, how can this "Happy Valley" be reached? Of the two lines of railroads the narrow gauge belongs more properly to San Anselmo, while the broad gauge, or the California Northwestern Railroad, goes direct to San Rafael. A steamer from San Francisco reaches the cozy port of Tiburon in less than thirty minutes, passing close to Alcatraz Island (so like an old-world picture) and commanding a fine view of the bay in all direc-Point Tiburon is the southeast extremity of Marin County, and the picturesque little town lies in a sheltered cove at the mouth of Raccoon Straits. the most accepted portions of Italy and The ride by rail from Tiburon to San

Rafael is short, and flashes through a charming country, towering hills on the left, and the bay waters on the right. This road has a large freight and passenger traffic, and transports a considerable amount of lumber, wine, grapes, fruit, hops, grain, hay, live stock, and dairy produce. This company is operating at its own expense the only fish-hatchery in the United States that is maintained exclusively by a railroad company. Its route is picturesque, its service quick and reliable, and its schedule convenient.

Still another ambitious undertaking has at last triumphed, and the beautiful boulevard from Tiburon to San Rafael is an accomplished fact. Upon October 10th the Supervisors of Marin County and about one hundred and fifty leading citizens of San Rafael drove over it, making a gala day of the acceptance of this new highway. This boulevard is a formidable rival to the famous seventeen mile drive at Monterey. Cut out from the solid rock it measured 20 feet in breadth and winds through a delight-

ful country. Winding away from Lyford's archway, into the hills, with the water in sight, it passes vast boulders and gashes in the rocks, describing a series of horse-shoes, until it reaches El Campo and California City; from thence it is down grade to Greenbrae, past the vine-yards of Larkspur and Escalle, and on to San Rafael.

#### San Anselmo.

All that has been written of San Rafael regarding climate, natural beauty, lovely homes, and romantic early history, is true likewise of San Anselmo. This valley, commonly called Ross Valley, from the name of its former owner. takes its title from the creek which runs its entire length, and enters into San Pablo Bay. Nature was bountiful when San Anselmo was planned, and wealth and refinement soon discovered its retired beauty. It is, like San Rafael, a place of charming nomes, whose denizens would like to keep this sheltered valley just as it is, a hidden paradise of trees, flowers and streams, watched over by old Tamalpais, "Our



Residence of H. E. Bothin, Esq., San Rafael.

Photos by Lorillard & Bratt, San Rafael.

Mountain," as these people lovingly can it. Thirty years ago San Anselmo was a wild, almost unknown tract. To-day, with its groves of native trees of manzinita, madrone, redwood, laurel, oak and fir, its magnificent views, its splendidly cultivated acres, its Theological College buildings in peerless "Sunnyside," and its fair old and new homesteads, San Anselmo is unexcelled. Its first settlers were Mrs. Anne E. Ross and her son, James Ross, after whom the valley was re-christened. In 1866, Mr. William Barber, a San Francisco lawyer, purchased seventy-one acres of land upon which he built his homestead. Being the first to build extensively, Mr. Barber chose a charming site for his house. combining hill and valley, woodland and stream, and facing Mt. Tamalpais. The original house was destroyed by fire, but is now replaced by the residence we illustrate. Others quickly followed.

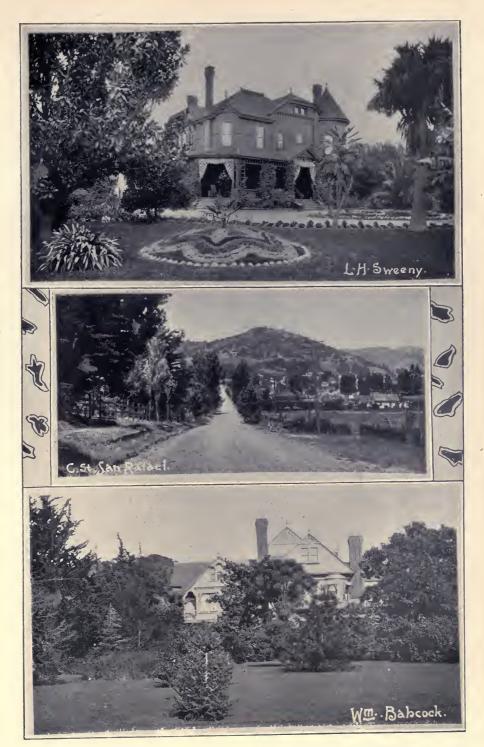
With the more recent arrivals a slightly different style of architecture is noticeable. For instance, the charming residence of Mrs. L. B. Rowe, designed by Mr. J. W. Dolliver, represents a typical

Swiss chalet. The large, projecting eaves and heavy timber work remind one of the quaint houses dotted among the Alpine hills of Europe, and surely such designs are most appropriate for our Tamalpais homes.

"Tranquility" best describes San Anselmo, a gentle peace pervading the sweet valley, inducing contentment of mind and spirit. To feel the silence is intense pleasure when coming from the turmoil of a busy city. The greater part of the valley has been occupied for years by a few wealthy individuals, who have built magnificent residences on estates of more than one hundred acres, which are laid out in parks. These few are the early settlers, and many an interesting story connects the present with the past. For instance, facing Mrs. J. B. F. Davis' house stands a large oak, with a circumference of fourteen feet. In early years, when the Indian made this section his hunting-ground, and when wild beasts roamed at will among its forests and underbrush, a bear used to shelter her four cubs under this big tree. One day the mother pear stayed



T. S. Malone, Esq.'s Palm Avenue Residence, San Rafael. @



Photos by Lorillard & Bratt, San Rafael. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft  ${\mathcal B}$ 



Sixth Street, Looking West, San Rafael.

away, and the baby bears were hungry and helpless. The mother never came again, and the four little forsaken ones finally laid down and died beneath the oak, where their bodies were found by a settler shortly afterwards.

Upon the Tompkins place are trees planted thirty-one years ago, while there are many other trees in the valley whose age must be hundreds of years. One of the interesting features of Mr. Barber's estate is an Indian mound, from which numerous relics were exhumed during the construction of the road; arrowheads, mortars, and other primitive instruments of use and warfare were found—all that is left to tell of a departed race.

In 1887 fresh tracts of land were purchased in San Anselmo, at the northwestern and southeastern ends. Many of these building lots are parallelograms of about 18 or 20 acres in extent, fronting on the romantic Lagunitas road, and running back to the foot of Tamal-

pais. They command a perfect view of the entire valley.

San Anselmo has a most fertile soil, not only yielding heavy crops of hay, grain and corn, but one well-adapted for fruits. Even citrus fruits grow here as well as in any other part of the State, and flourish without irrigation. Table and wine grapes grow lavishly, and various species from Central America and Australia flourish here. Yet, withal, the climate, like that of San Rafael, is temperate. The pure water of Lake Lagunitas is laid on in the houses; besides, there are shallow and wholesome wells, filled from numerous springs, upon nearly every lot. Of the railroad stations, Ross Station is the most important and the best-equipped between the Junction and Sausalito.

One of the prettiest sections of San Anselmo is "sunnyside," which looks diagonally across the valley, embracing six hundred or more acres of most fertile land. Shut in or almost every side by



Residence of Ex-Judge Dufficy, San Rafael. Photos by Lorillard & Bratt, San Rafael.

Tamalpais, his little brother, Bald Mountain, and other lofty hills, Sunnyside is a perpetual summerland. Acre upon acre here are covered with everygreen shrubbery, while high up the side of Bald Mountain a living stream of water gushes forth, in the shadow of a bushgrown ravine, to the plain below. At Sunnyside are the stone buildings of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, regarded as the handsomest structures of the kind in the State.

Of all the valleys none is lovelier than San Anselmo, and this inadequate description cannot be concluded without a brief eulogistic mention of the Mount, so reverenced and beloved by every resident.

Not in the Lake Districts of England, North Wales, Switzerland or Italy, is there a more beautiful mountain than Tamalpais. Green to the summit, with purple shadows where the sun kisses it, or where its canyons are in shade, it has been the theme of many a sonnet. There is nothing cold or severe about it —like Shasta and Hood—but by grace and dignity Tamalpais compels admiration and even affection. The deep scar, seamed across its face, is a reminder of a rugged past, when mighty storms assailed it, when bloodshed and fire desecrated and denuded it, but when it stood firm, unmoved, a silent, tragic monument of Nature's strength, holding in its embrace the lovely valleys which to-day look up and reverence it.

As we leave San Anselmo and its Arcadian charm we breathe a sigh of regret. Surely we need another Wordsworth to sing its beauties in the ear of Time, that successive ages may be the better for the inspiration of Nature as revealed here. The narrow gauge road of the North Pacific line takes us to Sausalito, the township which has been likened to Edinburgh or Barmouth—thence by steamer across the bay to San Francisco. This daily service is frequent, and from the foot of Market street it is only forty-five minutes to San Anselmo Valley.

As one steps off the boat, and meets

again the roar and rush of the city, the exquisite peace and beauty of San Rafael and San Anselmo seem like a dream. Their quiet streets, their woodland paths, their noble shade trees meeting overhead, their grand old mountains of redwood, their ideal country-seats, the cross and spires on convent and churches, all combine to elevate the mind and purify the senses. The valleys are full of sweet thoughts, breathed into the through Nature's speechless channels, in whispering every falling leaf and stream. As the Padres in other days wandered through the forest pathways and upraised the standard of their faith here, so to-day, in beautiful continuity the soft-footed nuns glide past us in the twilight bent upon tender missions of love and pity. Surely we cannot close this paper more fittingly than by quoting a few lines from a well-known singer of verse, which voice the true spirit of inexpressible peace to be found in these two historic valleys. Beginning with the Franciscan Fathers, we close with a tribute to the Dominican Sisters:

"And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley.
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard!
They pass thro' the Valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word."



Mr. T. F. Boyd, Attorney.



## Little

But

# Oh! My!

What volume of sound— What beauty of case— What perfection has been reached in BIJOU UPRIGHT

# CHICKERING

and BABY GRAND

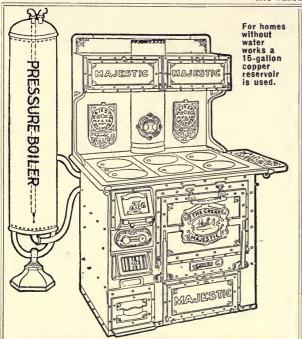
Sold on easy monthly payments.

BENJ. CURTAZ & SON

Sole Agents, 16 to 20 O'FARRELL ST.



State what kind you prefer - light or dark, wide or narrow.



GREAT MAJESTIC RANGE

#### MAJESTIC

MALLEABLE IRON AND STEEL

#### RANGE

Increasing Sales Each Day: increasing Satisfaction for Ambitious Home Keepers.

#### WHY?

Works equally well with wood, hard or soft coal. Heats all the water needed almost instantly. Saves one-half the cost of fuel. Does not clog with ashes or clinkers nor allow smoke and dust to escape into the kitchen. Made of the very best grade of malleable iron, cannot crack or break, saving annoyance and expense-Flues lined with asbestos board one-fourth inch in thickness. Entire range riveted (not bolted), air-tight and dust-tight-Works well all the time, and lasts for generations.

Ask for the new booklet "All About Majestic Ranges and Kitchen Arrangement." Postal brings it.

#### Majestic Mfg. Co.,

2012 Morgan St. St. Louis, U. S. A.

The booklet will be furnished and full information given by the following dealers, who carry a stock of MAJESTICS and can fill orders promptly.

Louis E. Spear Co., San Francisco, Cal.; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash.; McCabe-Johnson Co., Spokane, Washington; Salt Lake Hdwe Co., Salt Lake City, Utah; Harper & Reynolds Co., Los Angeles, Cal.; Pier Hdwe Co., Portland, Oregon; Coffin & Northrup Co., Boise City, Idaho.

Subcribers to the OVERLAND MONTHLY should not fail to read the

# XMAS NUMBER

OF THE

## S. F. NEWS LETTER

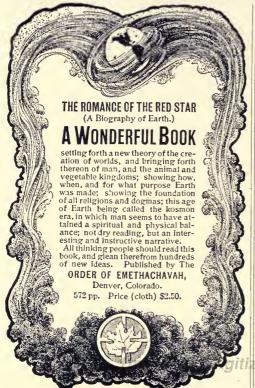
Containing over 100 pages adorned by articles, verse, and fiction written by the best known writers in the West, profusely illustrated by artists of national reputation.

Price, 25 cents









# Free Trial

DEATH TO HAIR===ROOT AND BRANCH



NEW DISCOVERY by the

#### MISSES BELL

Trial Treatment FREE to Any One Affilcted with Hair on Face, Neck, or Arms.

We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for discovery which has observed the meaning appendix of absolutely distroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that, too, without impairing in any

way the finest or most sensitive skin.

The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment. to which they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALL-HAIR," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent free of charges, to any lady who will write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment, "KILL-ALL-HAIR." will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfious hair on the face or neck of women.

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our freatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourse f and prove our claims by sending two two-cent stamps for mailing.

MISSES BELL

78 and 80 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY.

#### **Prints**

directly from the face of the type like a Printing Press.



The "Beautiful Work" of the

Yost

Typewriter has made it famous.

United Typewriter and Supplies Co., 327 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## OLD VIOLINS

What is the use of sawing away on a scratching, miserable fiddle when you can get a nice, smooth-toned old violin for a very reasonable price. We have old violins from \$25 to \$5,000, which can be bought on time payments.

Send for our handsome catalogue, describing our collection. No charge.

#### KOHLER & CHASE

28-30 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco.

# The Best Thought of the Church

## "The Church Eclectic"

The Monthly Magazine of the Protestant Episcopal Church

THE REV ARTHUR LOWNDES, D. D., Editor

#### TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

EDWIN S. GORHAM, Publisher, 285 Fourth Ave. New York City, N. Y. Subscriptions commence at any time. Sample copies sent free.

Unequalled medium for advertisers, as it reaches the best class of people in every city in the United States. For rates, address Business Manager, "CHURCH ECLECTIC," 285 Fourth Ave., New York City, N. Y.

### THE

# Overland Monthly

**FOR** 

## December

will contain many special features and will be a

# CHRISTMAS NUMBER

that will appeal to all readers

More Profusely Illustrated Larger in size

PRICE, 10 cents

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# California

-----

CREATEST SUMMER AND WINTER RE-SORT IN THE WORLD

Best reached via the

VARIOUS ROUTES

of the

#### Southern Pacific

Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of routes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

Southern Pacific

Write to

4 Montgomery St., 349 Broadway, San Francisco. New York. 238 Clark St., Chicago.



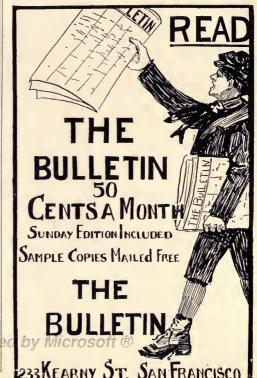
# Rolling Inn

Swift and splendid rolling on the California Limited San Francisco to Chicago in 75 hours

# Santa Fe

Ticket Office, 641 Market St. and Ferry Depot





# FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY THIS HOTEL HAS BEEN THE HOME OF TOURISTS AND TRAVELERS WHO HAVE JOURNEYED FROM

ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD TO THE GOLDEN GATE

PROF. J. H. AUSTIN, McVicker's Theater Bldg., Chicago, PROF. J. H. Austry, McVicker's Theater Bidg., Chicago.

DEAR Sin:- If any one doubts that you can grow hair have them call on
me. Last March I was bald allover the top of my head and I was advised
to try your remedies; after five months treatment I have a fine head of
hair. I want to thank you for the good you have done me. I have more
hair now than I ever had; all I did was to apply your remedies three times a week.

H. J. McCARRON 79 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

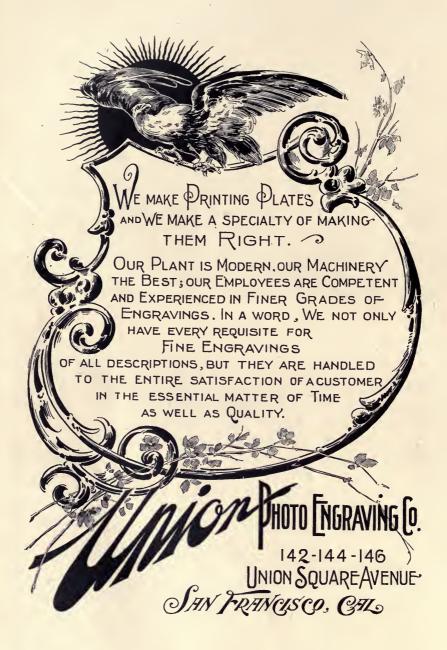
am

If you are absolutely bald or have dandruff, itching scalp or falling hair which is a sign you are becoming bald act at once. If you are absolutely bald write Prof. Austin and tell him so. He will help you if you are losing hair.



Take three fallen hairs from the morning combings and mail Take three fallen hairs from the morning combings and mail them to Prof. J. H. Austin, the celebrated scalp and skin specialist of years standing and national reputation, who will send you absolutely FREE a diagnosis of your special case after making a minute examination of your hairs under his specalily constructed and powerful microscope. There is no charge whatever, and in addition he will send a special prescription for your case put upin a little box, also absolutely FREE. When you are cured of DANDRUFF, which is the forerunner of baldness, and grow NEW HAIR. Prof Austin asks that you tell your friends about it. SEED NO MONEY. If you are already partly or totally bald write and find the cure. WRITETO-DAY to

Send 2c for postage PROF. J. H. AUSTIN, on can grow a full head of invuriant hair Senu 26 for pusiage PROF. U. H. ACCUING, and secure long lashes and heavy cycbrows. 157 McVicker's Theater Building, CHICAGO, ILL.



## HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA.



The society resort, winter and summer, of California; fifty minutes from San Francisco; sixteen trains daily each way; Otis passenger and baggage elevators; electric lights; service, tables, and appointments not excelled by any hotel; dark room for amateur and professional photographers. Average thermometer in the winter months 64 degrees, excelling the temperature of Mentone, the famous health resort of Southern France. Open all the year. The climate will give im-zed by Mi (According to room.) mediate relief to the worst case of asthma, and seldom fails to permanently

There is no more handsome, comfortable or desirable hotel in the United States than the Hotel Rafael, with its beautiful grounds, handsome cottages, elegant drives, magnificent scenery, and all forms of amusements. No finer tennis courts, bowling alleys and club house can be found.

#### Rates:

By the day.....\$2.50 upward

By the week......\$15.00 upward Special rates by the month.

#### IRVING INSTITUTE

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

#### 2126 CALIFORNIA STREET

Conservatory of Music Accredited to the Universities. Art, and Elocution.

For Catalogue address the Principal. Reopens Aug.

REV. EDWARD CHURCH, A. M.

YOU can learn the PERNIN easily by SHORTHAND YOU can learn the PERNIN easily by mail or self-instruction. No position, no sheding, connective vowel method; leads the world in shorthand. Free lessons; text-hook on approval. Write H. M. PER-NULL MARKET DEVISE Michael Proposit Michael Position (Market Position). NIN, Author, Detroit, Mich.

# CANCER CURED WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS Tumor, Piles, Skin and Womb Diseases, Fistula, Ulcer, etc. Result of 30 years experience. Convincing book

etc. Result of 30 years experience. Convincing book sent free. DR. D. M. BYE CO., Box 325, Indianapolis, Ind. (The Originators of the Oil Care.)

Opium habits permanently cured at

No loss of time from business. No relapses. Free sample and book (in plain sealed envelope). Describe case. DR, PUBDY, Room 51, Binz Building, scribe case. Di

# RE or Big-Neck Positively Cured

A PERFECT HOME TREATMENT.

No Pain-No Danger-No Inconvenience. The discovery of an old Established Doctor.
Thousands cured. Send stamp for booklet and
the proof. DR. R. A. PINKLEY,
Coitre Specialist, Box 104, Bushnell, III.

#### PERFECT BUST



May quickly be gained by using the famous "NADINE" New System of development. All hollow or slighted parts are rapidly filled out and made beautiful in contour. The en-tire form may also be developed iire form may also be developed
15 to 30 lbs more when desired.
Harmless, failure impossible.
Fully guaranteed. YOU WILL
HAVE THE PERSONAL ATTENTION OF A FORM AND
FACE SPECIALIST UNTIL
DEVELOPMENT IS FULLY
COMPLETED. Highly endorsed by phy-icians. Instructions, photos. references, etc., sealed free. Enclove stamp for you age.

MME, HASTINGS, B. S., 50 Dearborn St., Chicago, III.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1900. E. & S. CALIFORNIA.

Stands without a peer in point of purity and deliciousness.

Sold in San Francisco by:

W. J. BRYAN, Apothecaries Hall, under Grand Hotel; Wm. Searby's Pharmacy, 400 Sutter Street; The Lion Pharmacy, 852 Market Street.

> 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle. EKMAN-STOW CO.,

No. 1 Montgomery street. CALIFORNIA **OROVILLE** 

### A. Zellerbach & Sons

PAPER... OF ALL KINDS

416-426 Sansome St., S. F.

Los Angeles Branch-311 N. Main St.

#### BLAKE, MOFFIT TOWNE

TELEPHONE MAIN 199.

Dealers in

55 57-59-61 First St., S F. Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles, Cal. Blake, McFall & Co.. Portland, Or.

**Paper** 

#### **Bed Wetting Cured**

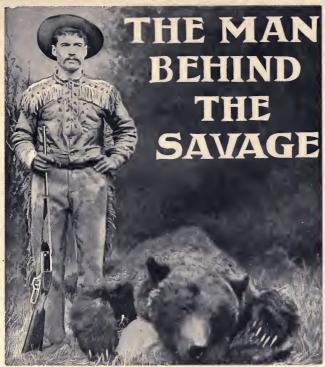
MOTHERS should know NATURE'S treatment that NEVER fails to CURE ANY case of involuntary wetting the bed in children or old people. Strengthens the body and mind, and A Posilive Cure. For information address,

DR. A. T. NOE, Kirksville, Mo.

Ladies to do plain needlework for us at home We furnish materials and pay \$7 to \$10 per week. Send stampedenvelope to STANDARD CO. Desk. O M.,Indiana Ave., Chicago, Illinois,

## PAINLESS AND PERMANENT HOME ORPHAIN A Trial Treatment Free. Sent to anyone addicted to the use of Morphine, Opium or other drug habit. Contains Vital Principle heretofore unknown and lacking in all others. We restore the nervous and physical systems and thus remove the cause. Confidential correspondence invited from all. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, 46 - Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

#### BYRON" MAUT 308-312 POST ST., S. F. Warranted for Ten Years-SOHMER AGENCY



Result of a single shot from a .303 Savage Expanding Bullet

KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES

Do not buy a rifle until you have examined into the merits of the

SAVAGE, which is the TWENTIETH CENTURY ARM.

#### Absolutely Safe Strongest Shooter

Only hammerless repeating rifle in the world.

...Constructed to shoot...
SIX DIFFERENT CARTRIDGES in one rifle.

Adapted for GRIZZLY BEARS and RABBITS. We guarantee every SAVAGE Rifle.

.303 and 30-30 calibres.

Write for our handsome new catalogue No. 3.

#### SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY UTICA, NEW YORK, U.S. A

Baker & Hamilton, San Francisco and Sacramento. Cal., Pac. Coast Agents.

Awarded Grand Gold Medal at Paris, Beating all Competitors. SAVAGE ARMS CO.

## A TRIAL FREE. TAR PINE CATARRH CURE

A New Discovery That Positively Cures.
THE GREATEST BOON EVER OFFERED TO SUFFERERS FROM THOSE DREAD DISEASES, CATARRH
AND HAY FEVER.

#### NOTHING LIKE IT UNDER THE SUN.

Thousands have studied and experimented for years to discover a remedy that would not only relieve but cure Catarrh and Hay-fever, absolutely and permanently, but all have failed in giving any more than merely temporary rellef. We have the only positive and complete remedy in our

#### TAR-PINE GATARRH CURE

and the reason for this is simply in the fact that we have used in the formula, new remedies that have never before been tried in the treatment of Catarrh and Hay-fever.

and Hay-fever.

In order that every one afflicted may have an opportunity of testing the merits of our remedy we will send absolutely free, a trial treatment of our Tar Pine Catarrh Cure, to any one who will write for it, and enclose two 2-cent stamps for malling. You can use the trial treatment and see for yourself the great good you will derive from it. Our treatment contains absolutely new ingredients which have never been used in curing Catarrh or Hay-fever. The result of a discovery by one of the greatest medical authorities.

Send for the trial treatment at once and obtain immediate relief. There is no reason why you should still suffer when the remedy is so easily within your reach. Remember, the trial treatment is absolutely free if you send two 2-cent stamps for malling.

BELL DRUGCO., DIGITAL Dept. C, 4 and 6 East 14th Street, New York Cly.

## The Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy

Represents the best of Preparatory Schools. Ideal climate. Strong and able faculty, good discipline and complete equipment. Prefaces for Colleges and Government Schools. Business course. U. S. Army officer detailed by War Department. Cadets received at any time.

For Illustrated Catalogue, Address

····

HEADMASTERS, San Rafael, Cal.

A REMARKABLE OFFER TO OVERLAND MONTHLY SUBSCRIBERS.

#### NEW 20TH

# Century Encyclopaedia Britannica

#### 31 VOLUMES

Our circulation department has arranged with the publishers to advertise and distribute for them, on the Pacific Coast, the first edition of this work and at the same time increase our own circulation. With this end in view we have set aside, with the compliments of the publishers, for distribution, while they last,

#### ABSOLUTELY FREE

each alternate book throughout the entire set together with one year's subscription to the OVERLAND MONTHLY.

#### IT CONTAINS

16,509 separate articles.

3,399 articles written and signed by specialists, or 142

16,255 pages compiled by special contributors, forming

four-fifths of the entire work.
338 full-page engraved plates, containing over

338 full-page engraved plates, containing over 900 separate illustrations.

675 maps and plans, including 237 colored

Nearly 12,000 illustrations, exclu-

REVISED

AMERICAN

sive of maps and plans.

12,000,000 More Words than the largest English dictionary extant. It

has been pre pared at a cost of

about

\$3,000,000

annica
is a library so complete that it
covers the entire
range of human
knowledge and, is
so reliable that it has
hecome the standard of
all English speaking countries. It means for you the
help of the world's greatest
specialists in every departent.

The

Brit-

Can you afford to be without it?

Cut out the attached inquiry blank and mail it to us, or send a Postal giving name and address; on receipt of same a brief resume of the plan of distribution concisely set forth will be promptly forwarded.

#### OVERLAND MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION CLUB. 206 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal.

I am interested in your proposition relative to the distribution of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and I should be pleased to have you forward sample pages and other information.

Name

hy Microsoft ®

Town ..... State .....

# A GOOD INVESTMENT

A few shares of stock for sale. The Automobile craze has been the means of immensely increasing our business. Men of business will readily see the great opportunity now presenting itself to invest with a company who have the facilities for turning out machines, not alone of a high grade but possessing speed and durability. For full particulars address

## California Automobile Co.,

222 SANSOME STREET

FACTORY, 346 McALLISTER STREET.

'PHONE JESSIE 366.



#### SIMPLICITY SPEED DURABILITY

Three things you should insist on having when purchasing a typewriter.

combines all these features as ln no other machine.



Model 3, 76 characters. Model 4, 88 characters.

During the time "The Fox" has been on the market it has gained a reputation for

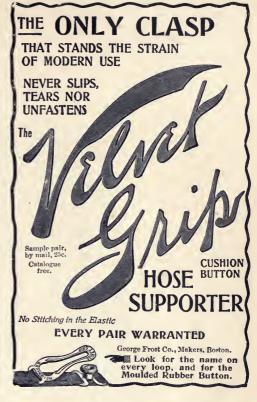
#### Construction Honest

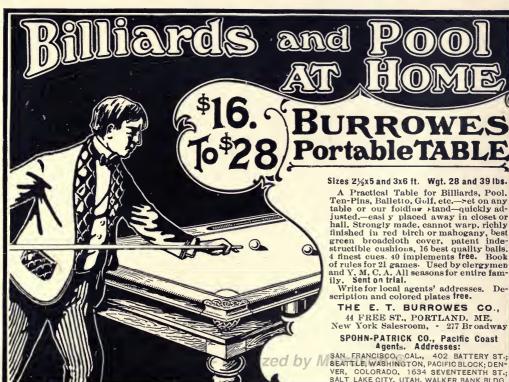
that is unequalled. New Models have every Automatic feature. Art Catalogue on request.

FOX TYPEWRITER CO.,

116 N. FRONT ST. Grand Rapids.

Mich. 





Sizes 21/2x5 and 3x6 ft. Wgt. 28 and 39 lbs.

Sizes 2½x5 and 3x6 ft. Wgt. 28 and 39 lbs. A Practical Table for Billiards, Pool. Ten-Pins, Balletto, Golf, etc.—>et on any table or our folding stand—quickly adjusted.—easi y placed away in closet or hall. Strongly made, cannot warp, richly finished in red birch or mahogany, best green broadcloth cover, patent indestructible cushions, 16 best quality balls. 4 finest cues. 40 implements free. Book of rules for 21 games. Used by clergymen and Y. M. C. A. All seasons for entire family. Sent on trial.

Write for local agents' addresses.

ily. Sent on trial.
Write for local agents' addresses. Description and colored plates free.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 44 FREE ST., PORTLAND, ME.

SPOHN-PATRICK CO., Pacific Coast Agents. Addresses:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 402 BATTERY ST.; SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, PACIFIC BLOCK; DEN-VER, COLORADO. 1634 SEVENTEENTH ST.; SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, WALKER BANK BLDG.

COPYRIGHT 1931 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO CINCINNATI



The man who uses Ivory Soap
Is easy of detection,
By clear-eyed, wholesome, well-groomed look,
And fresh, clear-toned complexion;
And other soaps, if offered him,
Will meet with prompt rejection.

IT FLOATS.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be just as good as the lvory; they are not, but like all imitations they lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for lvory Soap and insist upon getting it.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

## California and Utah Oil Co.

Incorporated under the Laws of California.

NON-ASSESSABLE OIL STOCK E. V. BUCKOW,
Pre t. and Man.
PERCY von LOESEKE,
Secretary and Manager.

#### Branch Office:

Adams Building, 206 Kearny Street. San Francisco.

#### References:

Pac. Land & Oil Syndicate, A. G. Gurnett, 308 Pine St., President. Marsh Rig Building Co., Mills Building.

## A Few Reasons WHY INVESTMENT IN OUR STOCK WILL PAY:

1. We hold by ownership and long lease a total of 800 acres approved oil lands in McKittrick District, Kern County; Devil's Den District, Kern County; Solano County; Santa Cruz County; San Luis Obispo County.

2. Our properties are surrounded with heavy producing wells.

3 Our Directors have NO PROMOTION STOCK, sharing profits with stock-holders.

.4. Our management is honest and capable.

5. Two Standard Rigs are contracted for.

6. Stock bought now will double in value in 90 days.

7. Our Capital Stock is 500,000 Shares, par value \$1.00 per share.

8. IMPORTANT-This corporation will bear investigation.

200,000 SHARES for sale now for development purposes only at 25 cents per share

## Occidental El Rey Oil Co.

200 acres in Kern Co., Cal. Capitalization, - - 500,000 shares. Par Value, \$1.

First Block of stock sell=

(Incorporated under Arizona laws and positively non-assessable.)

ing at 15c.

**DIRECTORS:** 

President, B. F. Suiter Vice-President, F. M. Graham Secretary-Treasurer, C. E. Hailstone M. H. Yost E. T. Harms M. B. Suiter W. P. Woolsey

#### **AGENTS:**

GRAHAM, HAILSTONE & CO., 71 Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. SUITER & CO., 1112 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

Room 2, Chamber of Commerce, Portland, Oregon.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft R

## Lacy Manufacturing Company



Manufacturers of

Steel Water Pipe

General Sheet Iron Works

#### OIL STORAGE AND WAGON TANKS Oil Well Casing, Oil Stills

Works: Corner New Main and Date Streets.

Telephone, Main 196.

P. O. Box 231 Station C.

Bak er Block. OFFICE, 334 NORTH MAIN STREET, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## 500 and more

Different Views of Kern County Oil Fields

For Sale By ASTON BROS., Photographers

BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

Mail orders attended to promptly.

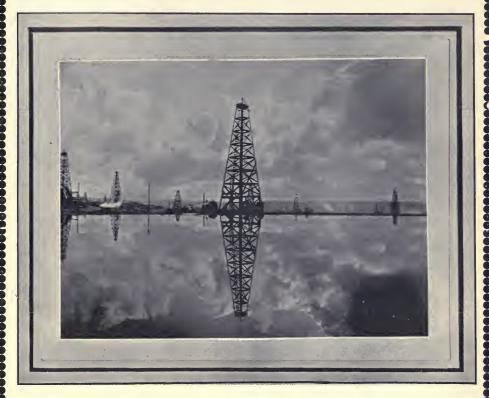
#### NOT QUANTITY BUT QUALITY

25 Cents Per Share

Derrick Erected for our 25 Cents First Well.... Per Share First Well....

## The Fruitvale Paraffine Oil Co.

Situated within one mile of San Francisco Bay.



A Lake of Oil.

CAPITAL STOCK 250,000 SHARES PAR VALUE \$1.00 PER SHARE 150,000 SHARES IN THE TREASURY

Only a Limited Amount of Stock to be Sold For information write to

## The Fruitvale Paraffine Oil Co.

Stock non-assessable

Stock non-assessable

ROOMS 11-12 10031/2 Broadway, ROOM 13 5TH FLOOR, MILLS BUILDING

Oakland, Cal.

San Francisco, Cal.



## OMA PRIETA OIL

707-708 CLAUS SPRECKELS BUILDING. San Francisco CAL. 'PHONE MAIN 5209

Fully Paid Up and Positively Non-Assessable

Divided into 1,000,000 shares Par Value, \$1.00 each.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, or Bank Drafts payable to SECRE FARY LOMA PRIEA OIL CO.

## AN OIL.... PARADISE

Ourland in Ventura County is surrounded by a

Our land in Ventura County is surrounded by a greater number of producing wells than that of any other company in California.

This oil t-rritory has made several millionaires and will make several more. One 100 barrel well means 17 per cent on our entire capitalization. We will put down four wells at once. Our stock is fully paid and legally non-assessable. Each buyer of our stock receives a regotable Interest-bearing of our stock receives a regotable Interest-bearing security bond, endorsed by a trust company, with resources of \$4,000.000 that guarantees the stock-holder against loss from any cause whatever.

The Bond pays three per cent interest on his invested cash; besides, the stockholder gets his profits and dividends declared on the stock.

#### YOU CANNOT LOSE. OTHERS HAVE MADE FORTUNES. WHY NOT YOU?

References — Pacific Coast Underwriting Company; California Home Building Loan Company; California Safe Deposit and Trust Company of San Francisco, Cal. Also special reports Dun and Bradstreet—Banks on application. Send for oil chart, This secured stock is a ready seller. A few first-

class agents wanted.

#### PAXTON GOLD BOND OIL COMPANY,

318 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

Branch Office: Paxton, Ill. Chicago Office: 167 Dearborn St., Suite 506. OIL COMPANY....

## Diagnosis

#### KERR'S REPORTS CO.

1. Assumes in the oil industry of the Western and Southern fields the same comparative significance that Dun and Brad-treet do in the commercial world.

KERR'S REPORTS give in the form of month-ly KEYED OIL INVESTMENT TABLES e-timative ratings on the financial integrity and the commer-cial credit of oil companies, with regard to legality of characters, the comectency of management, well progress and production, the oil field limits, the different share questions, the exact land LOCATION, the LA D ASSETS, and the SENERAL PROSPECTS of oil corporations.

3. A prospective buyer of oil stock with these TABLES before him can tell at a glance what he wishes to know of the companies listed in those TABLES, and have a sure and competent guide for

his investment.

4. These TABLES are the result of the closest investigations by expert field men and competent eredit examiners.
6. KERR'S REPORTS is the only thing of the kind

in the world. Send for prospectus.

#### Kerr's Reports Co.,

(INCORPORATED)

San Francisco.



U. M. C.

Cartridges

303 and 30-30 calibres



TRADE MARK.

SAVAGE RIFLES

are superior to any other make, give exceeding accuracy, uniformity, cleanliness, little recoil and no smoke.

303 SAVAGE

30-30

UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

Bridgeport, Conn. San Francisco, Cal.

## Clabrough Golcher & Co.

Kuns and Ammunition

FISHING TACKLE

Sporting Goods

538 MARKET STREET

Hobart Building, opp. Grand Hotel
TELEPHONE MAIN 1394

SEND FOR CATALOGUE ..



ASK

us about our new plan for selling

Pianos \$1.50 a week

THE ZENO-MAUVAIS MUSIC CO.

769 MARKET STREET, S. F.



DORCHESTER, MASS. GOLD MEDAL, PARIS 1900.

w for the to July 11'02

# Overland Nonthy



Christmas Number 1901 & PRICE 10 é. A Christmas Present to Your Wife! A Policy in

## The Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK
Richard A. McCurdy, President

RETURNED TO POLICY HOLDERS \$560,000,000

This is what the MUTUAL LIFE has done, and still holds securely invested for them

\$326,000,000

A. B. FORBES & SON

Company's Building,

California and Sansome Sts.

San Francisco, Cal.

# EGYPT THE NILE PALESTINE

EGYPT IS THE WINTER

\* \* RESORT OF THE

\* \* WORLD'S 400.

are you going?

We can send you a pamphlet telling how to do the Nile Trip, Palestine, too. Shall we?

THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market Street, San Francisco.

#### "The New Book Store"

L. H. CARY, Manager

This is the most likely store in San Francisco to have the book you want in stock because it is the largest and most complete book-store. EVERY BOOK PUBLISHED IS HERE or will be obtained for you promptly at universally low prices.

No catch-penny price trickery but the lowest fair price on EVERY book, and you can obtain it on the day advertised or a week or month after.

NEW CATALOGUE MAILED FREE.

16 GRANT AVENUE

SAN FRANCISCO.

# GOLD MEDAL

OF THE

PAN-American

EXPO-SITION

COPYRIGHT 1901

BY THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

BUFFALO 1901

AWARDED TO

MELLIN'S FOOD

MELLIN'S FOOD CO. BOSTON.

## Overland Monthly

#### AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

## DECEMBER, 1901

#### CONTENTS:

Frontispiece	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	Bret Harto
Lanty Foster's Mistake Story. Illustrated by G. Leslie Hun		
Nostalgia Poem.	Robert V. Carr	410
Christmas Roses	<b>V</b>	
Gulf Between		
A Telephonic Error	•	
Manila's Day of Civil Government Illustrated from Photographs.		
Story.		
A Dreamer's Lay Poem. At Home in the High Sierras		
Illustrated from Photographs.		
Poem. The Laugh of Fate		
Story. Illustrated by G. Leslie Hur The Unknown	nter.	
Poem. Shoalhaven River Tragedy		
Story. Illustrated by Sydney Armst The Hidden Chord	_	457
Story. Little Wolf	.John G. Neihardt	461
Story.  Building of Ships in the Navy Yard	. George C. Campbell, Jr	465
Illustrated from Photographs.  Social Life at Mare Island	.Ella M. Hammond	483
Illustrated from Photographs.  National Guard and Its Value  Illustrated.	.Colonel Thomas Wilhelm, U.	S. A496
A Matter of Opinion		504
Current Books		
Illustrated from Photographs.		



IT'S UP TO YOU, whether you will have one of our machines and get about, as well as the more fortunate part of humanity. We say what we mean, and mean what we say, when we claim to have THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED, for that class that need something to help them get about and enjoy life. JUST THE THING FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT for an invalid, friend or relative. We make other good things, too, in the way of Tricycles, etc. SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. IT'S UP TO YOU, whether you will have one

## EAMES TRICYCLE CO.

2015 to 2024 MARKET ST. San Francisco, Cal.

### Vallejo Commercial Bank

VALLEJO, CAL. Incorporated May 17th, 1889

G. W. Wilson, President R. J. R Aden, Vice-President S. J. McKnight, Cashier D. Brosnahan, Asst. Cashier

#### DIRECTORS:

G. W. Wilson, R. J. A. Aden, S. J. McKnight, Frederick W. Hall, A. Wilzinski, Jas, McCudden, M. Kemper,

#### STATEMENT AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS:

OCTOBER 17th, 1901.

#### Resources

Loans and Overdrafts		\$152,462.05
Cash on hand and Due from Banks -	-	102,309.91
United States Bonds and other Bonds	-	- 108,460,00
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures -	-	39,827.84
Miscellaneous Advances		- 622,22

\$103,682.02 Liabilities

\$403,682,02

- \$ 95,000,00 Capital Stock Paid In Reserve Fund -8,200.00 Undivided Profits, Net - Univ Calif - 15,494.89 zed by Microsoft ® -284,987.13

OMPANY OF A MINUTE BOULLION IN EFUSE COUNTERFEITS LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE IN BLUE

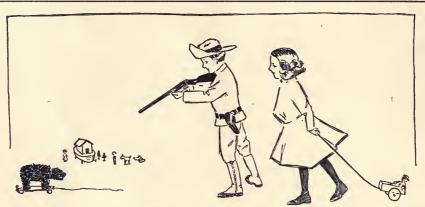


## ST. NICH

FOR YOUNG

ARE there any boys or girls in your home? If so, do you want them to grow up familiar with the best literature and art, and with all their highest impulses quickened? There is a way to do it, at an expense of less than one cent a day,— a way to have in your home the best educational influence of our time.

"St. Nicholas for Young Folks" is the medium - a magazine



"OUR HOUSEHOLD JOYS—BEAR HUNTING."
A prize drawing by a young St. Nicholas League artist.

The above is a drawing by a young artist in the St. Nicholas League department of St. Nicholas, wherein prizes are offered for the best pictures, photographs, stories, poems, etc. This special picture attracted the attention of Howard Pyle, who offered the young artist a scholarship in his School of Art. Mr. Pyle writes the following letter showing his interest in the St. Nicholas League:

WILMINGTON, DEL., September 23, 1901. To the Editor of the St. Nicholas League. Dear Sir:

I find myself much interested in the work which you are doing in the St. Nicholas League. It is not only that I am so interested in young artists and in their efforts to produce beautiful and interesting pictures; apart from this, I enjoy studying for its own sake the honest competitive effort that the prizes which you offer through the valuable pages of your magazine stimulate. I never fail, when the St. Nicholas enters the house, to turn to the leaves of the League and to look at the pictures that embellish it, wondering as to who are the boys and the girls who draw them, what they are like, what their homes are like, what are their ambitions, their desires, their aims in life. Who knows but that some great future artist, who is destined, after a while, to reach high-pinnacled altitudes, is here essaying his first unfledged effort at flight; who knows but that some future man of might may some time look

back to the very page of the magazine which I hold open in my hand, and may see in it his first young work that won the glory of his first young prize in life! These are the thoughts that make the pages of the League so interesting to me.

I am, besides, more personally interested in that I have a School of Art of my own in Wilmington, Delaware, where I live and where I teach a few pupils, some three or four of whom are not older than these young people of the League, and who are now starting at the very elementary beginning of their Art studies. Hence, also, I never open the pages of the League without wondering whether I may not see in it some, as yet, unopened flower of Art that is destined to be transplanted to my own little garden:

I wish you every success in your endeavors to stimulate such young efforts in so beautiful a field of lifework, and I am

Very sincerely yours,

HOWARD PYLE.

## OLAS FOLKS

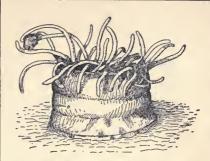
absolutely unique in the literature of the world,—indeed, without a rival. It is recommended by educators everywhere,—it contains only the very best and most helpful and entertaining literature, and it is illustrated by the greatest of American illustrators.

IN 1902 some new features are to be introduced into this famous periodical—one is the printing of long stories complete in a single number,—no serials. A splendid group of stories by the best living writers for young folks has been gathered for this purpose.

NATURE STUDY is now a feature of St. Nicholas. The young readers ask questions and they are answered in a department called "Nature and Science." Private schools take the magazine for this alone. The "St. Nicholas League" is an organization of St. Nicholas readers wherein prizes are offered for the best pictures, stories, poems, etc. This is a most stimulating department; its results are astonishing.

St. Nicholas costs \$3.00 a year. It is the best magazine of its kind in the world. Begin subscriptions with November, first number of the volume.

The Century Co., Union Sq., NewYork



CAN THE SEA-ANEMONE TELL THE DIF-FERENCE BETWEEN A PIECE OF MEAT AND BLOTTING-PAPER SOAKED IN MEAT-JUICE?

An illustration from "Nature and Science" in St. Nicholas.

#### "Nature and Science"

one of the special departments of St. Nicholas, is attracting the notice of educators everywhere.

"I am glad to say that I consider the 'Nature and Science' department a most valuable educational feature, not only for young children but for more mature students, and for teachers and parents. I believe the gain in power over a mind not developed by such an interest to be at least fifty per cent."—C. E. Mason, Principal of the Castle School for Girls, Tarrytown, N. Y.

"The worth of the 'Nature and Science' department is so great that the State of New York allows the publishers to distribute circulars concerning it at the teachers' institutes."

—American Kitchen Magazine.

"That school is to be pitied indeed that never sees a copy of St. NICHOLAS. When a teacher is perplexed as to how to take up the work in nature study, the magazine inaugurates a new department, dealing with this very subject, that is full of suggestion for her as well as of unfailing interest for the children."—Southern Educational Journal, Atlanta.

"I am very much interested in the naturestudy work in the ST. NICHOLAS, and I believe it will be a great success. The illustrations are unapproachable."—John W. Spencer, Bureau of Nature Study and Farmers' Reading Course, Cornell University, College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y.

"YOU HAVE STRUCK THE KEY-NOTE. No subject is more important and no subject has so little printed matter and material to help the teacher. I shall be glad to avail myself of your help."—F. J. Barhard, Superintendent of Schools of Seattle, Wash.

"I am very much pleased with the department' Nature and Science,' and feel that it certainly will do a great good in directing many young people to interesting and beneficial observations of the wonderful field of Nature that lies so close to them and yet is closed to so many because they have not been led to observe.''—George F. Atkinson, Professor of Botany, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

## R. H. RUSSELL'S PUBLICATIONS



#### A WIDOW AND HER FRIENDS

CHARLES DANA GIB-SON'S new book. The pictorial history of a fascinating young widow in Mr. Gibson's skilful style. Price, \$0.00.

#### IN THE FOG

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

The most entertaining novelette that Mr. Davis has ever written, marking his entrance into a new field of fiction. A detective story treated in a burlesque spirit, but filled with thrilling adventures and mysteries. Beautifully illustrated with pictures in color by FREDERIC DORR STEELE and THOMAS MITCHELL PEIRCE. Price, \$1.50.

## FORTY MODERN FABLES

GEORGE ADE'S clever fables in slang. A keenly humorous book, beautifully printed in imitation of the old books of fables. Price, \$1.50.

#### IF I WERE KING

By JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY

A dramatic novel founded upon the career of Francois Villon. A vital story, full of romance and spirited action with a charming love story. Bound to be the most popular novel of the year. Handsomely illustrated with pictures of Mr. E. H. Sothern and company in scenes from the play, and drawings in color by ALICE WOODS. Price, \$1.50.

## MR. DOOLEY'S OPINIONS

The new Dooley book by F. P. DUNNE. Humorously quaint views on the political and social discussions of the day. rrice, \$1.50.

## A BUNCH OF BUCKSKINS

By Frederic Reminston

Eight large striking drawings in pastel, beautifully reproduced in color. The most attractive color work produced in America. Price, \$6.00. Single prints, price \$1.00 each.

## THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

By CAROLYN WELLS

Spirited satires and amusing parodies. Illustrated with many clever drawings by PETER NEWELL and F. Y. CORY. Price, \$1.50.

The STORY of CUPID and PSYCHE. WALTER PATER'S charming translations with beautiful reproductions in color of the thirty-two famous drawings by Raphael, and a frontispiece in color of the exquisite Psyche of Praxiteles. The most artistically complete edition published. Price, \$3.00

AMERICAN GIRLS. Seven bewitching types of the American girl, by THOMAS MITCHELL PEIRCE, reproduced in photogravure. Price, \$7.00. Single prints, \$1.50 eac...

THE OLD FARM. Pictures by RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR. Price, \$2.00.

A BEAUTIFUL CATALOGUE with over 200 illustrations by GIBSON, CHRISTY, REMINGTON and the majority of the best artists of America will be sent free to any address.

Any of the publications on this page may be obtained of all booksellers, or will be sent to any address, postpaid by the publishers, upon receipt of price.

R. H. RUSSELL, 3 W. 29th St., New York.



## THE DOLLY DIALOGUES

An edition-de-luxe of ANTHONY HOPE'S fa-mous dialogues, with a number of new ones. Fifteen beautiful full-page drawings by HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY. Price, \$2.50.

#### SOME POPULAR FICTION.

### Up and Down the Lands of Gold

By MARY DEVEREUX

Author of "From Kingdom to Colony." A story of the Present Day. 12mo., \$1.50.

#### MISTRESS BRENT

Lucy M. Thruston's charming Maryland romance, with a real woman, Margaret Brent, for the central character. Illustrated. \$1.50.

#### WHITE APRONS

New Edition of Maud Wilder Goodwin's favorite Colonial romance, with colored frontispiece and five full page illustra-

#### SIR CHRISTOPHER

SEVENTH EDITION NOW READY!

Mrs. Goodwin's Romance of a Maryland Manor in 1644. \$1.50.

#### TRUTH DEXTER

The Great American Society Novel with "The Most Lovable Heroine in Modern Fiction." By Sydney McCall. 12mo., \$1.50.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.



#### NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION





## WEBSTER'S INTER NATIONAL Useful Reliable DICTIONARY Attractive Lasting

NEW PLATES THROUGHOUT

25,000 ADDITIONAL WORDS

PHRASES AND DEFINITIONS

Prepared under the direct supervision of W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education, assisted by a large corps of competent specialists. Rich Bindings. 2364 Pages. 5000 Illustrations

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT



We also publish Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with a Scottish Glossary, etc. "First class in quality, second class in size."- NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

Full particulars with specimen pages etc., of both books sent on application. G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass

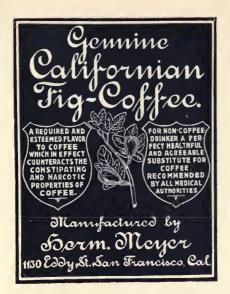








DIGITIZED DY WILLIOSOIL



Will send postpaid on receipt of 10c. a trial package all over U. S. and Canada.



## BUTLER & PILKIN

3/2

Fine Photographs

2/3



Conning towers of the Oregon.

and Views

3/2

1

The Guns that did the work at Santiago. Views of United States Navy, Mare Island, South and Central America and Samoa; also California views. A full assortment on hand at all times. Liberal discount to the trade. Zed by Microsoft (8)

328 GEORGIA ST., VALLEJO, CAL.

## California Limited=

RUNS DAILY to Chicago in fast time & with fine accommodations



## SELBY SMELTING AND LEAD COMPANY

@ Refiners of @

GOLD AND SILVER BARS, GOLD DUST, ETC.

D Buyers of D

GOLD, SILVER, LEAD AND COPPER ORES, GOLD CONCENTRATES, LEAD BULLION, CYANIDE PRODUCT, ETC.

W ORE and BULLION ASSAYERS W

Works at Vallejo Junction, Cal. Office, 416 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.



## THE BLOMOVIST SYSTEM



is the only system known throughout the whole world that successfully cures Spinal Curvatures. Not only does it cure any deformity of the body, but it also corrects any deformity in the outlines of the body.

This system treats successfully both ladies and gentlemen for Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, Nervous Trouble Loss of Appetite, Sour Stomach, Sick Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion, Heart Disease, Liver Complaint, Malaria, Cold Hands and Feet, Weak Circulation.

For the Ladies—Wrinkles are removed, the complexion inproved, and phy-

For the Ladies—Wrinkles are removed, the complexion improved, and physic I health restored. A successful treatment for bust development is given. In short, nature is aided to give the bodies of both men and women the most perfect type of development and the best condition of health.

Any muscles developed to any size—natures's cure, Swedish movement cure given.

References furnished from many people of the highest social and political standing in the United States.

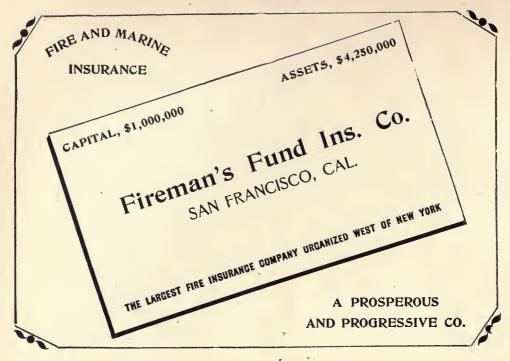
Consult your family physician. Treatment by mail only requires five minutes, morning and evening.

Write for full information and convincing endorsements—write today.

#### BLOMQVIST

Gymnastic and Orthopedic Institute

Jniv Calif - Creighton Block, OMAHA, NEBRASKA.





To help its members to build homes, also to make loans on improved property, the members giving first liens on their real estate as security. To help its stockholders to earn from 8 to 12 per cent per annum on their stock, and to allow them to open deposit accounts bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

HOME OFFICE: 222 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal. Wm. Corbin, Secretary and General Manager.





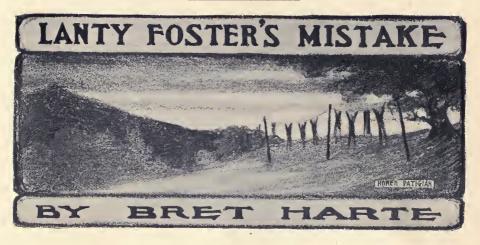
(From a photograph taken in [1869.)

First Editor of the OVERLAND MONTHLY.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

## Overland Monthly Vol.xxxvIII December 1901.

No6



ANTY FOSTER was crouching on a low stool before the dying kitchen fire, the better to get its fading radiance on the book she was reading. Beyond, through the open window and door, the fire was also slowly fading from the sky and the mountain ridge whence the sun had dropped half an hour before. The view was up-hill, and the sky-line of the hill was marked by two or three gibbet-like poles from which, on a now invisible line between them, depended certain objects-mere black silhouettes against the sky-which bore weird likeness to human figures. Absorbed as she was in her book, she occasionally cast an impatient glance in that direction, as the sunlight faded more quickly than her fire. For the fluttering objects were the "week's wash" which had to be brought in before night fell and the mountain wind arose. It was strong at that altitude and before this had ravished the clothes from the line, and scattered them along the high road leading over the ridge-once even lashing the shy schoolmaster with a pair of Lanty's own stockings, and blinding the parson with a really tempestuous petticoat.

A whiff of wind down the big-throated chimney stirred the log embers on the hearth, and the girl jumped to her feet. closing the book with an impatient snap. She knew her mother's voice would follow. It was hard to leave her heroine at the crucial mement of receiving an explanation from a presumed faithless lover, just to climb a hill and take in a lot of soulless washing, but such are the infelicities of stolen romance reading. She threw the clothes basket over her head like a hood, the handle resting across her bosom and shoulders, and, with both her hands free, started out of the cabin. But the darkness had come up from the valley in one stride, after its mountain fashion, had outstripped her, and she was instantly plunged in it. Still the outline of the ridge above her was visible, with the white steadfast stars that were not there a moment ago, and by that sign she knew she was late. She had to battle against the rushing wind now, which sung through the inverted basket over her head and held her back, but with bent shoulders she at last reached the top of the ridge and the level. Yet here, owing to the shifting of the lighter background above her, she

Univ Calif - Digitized by Wich Copyright 1901 by Bret Harte.

now found herself again encompassed with the darkness. The outlines of the poles had disappeared, the white fluttering garments were distinct apparitions waving in the wind like dancing ghosts. But there certainly was a queer misshapen bulk moving beyond, which she did not recognize, and as she at last reached one of the poles, a shock was communicated to it, through the clothes line and the bulk beyond. Then she heard a voice say, impatiently:

"What in h—ll am I running into now?"

It was a man's voice, and, from its elevation, the voice of a man on horse-back. She answered without fear and with slow deliberation:

"Inter our clothes line, I reckon."

"Oh," said the man in a half apologetic tone. Then in brisker accents: "The very thing I want! I say, can you give me a bit of it? The ring of my saddle girth has fetched loose. I can fasten it with that."

"I reckon," replied Lanty, with the same unconcern, moving nearer the bulk, which now separated into two parts as the man dismounted. "How much do you want?"

"A foot or two will do."

They were now in front of each other, although their faces were not distinguishable to either. Lanty, who had been following the lines with her hand, here came upon the end knotted around the last pole. Then she began to untie.

"What a place to hang clothes," he said curiously.

"Mighty dryin' tno'," returned Lanty, laconically.

"And your house?—is it near by?" he continued.

"Just down the ridge—ye kin see from the edge. Got a knife?" She had untied the knot.

"No—yes—wait." He had hesitated a moment and then produced something from his breast pocket which he, however, kept in his hand. As he did not offer it to her she simply held out a section of the rope between her hands, which he divided with a single cut. She saw only that the instrument was long

and keen. Then she lifted the flap of the saddle for him as he attempted to fasten the loose ring with the rope, but the darkness made it impossible. With an ejaculation he fumbled in his pockets. "My last match!" he said, striking it, as he crouched over it to protect it from the wind. Lanty leaned over also with her apron raised between it and the blast. The flame for an instant lit-up the ring, the man's dark face, mustache, and white teeth set together as he tugged at the girth, and on Lanty's brown velvet eyes and soft round cheek framed in the basket. Then it went out, but the ring was secured.

"Thank you," said the man with a short laugh, "but I thought you were a humpbacked witch in the dark there."

"And I couldn't make out whether you was a cow or a bar," returned the young girl simply.

Here, however, he quickly mounted his horse, but in the action something slipped from his clothes, struck a stone and bounded away in the darkness.

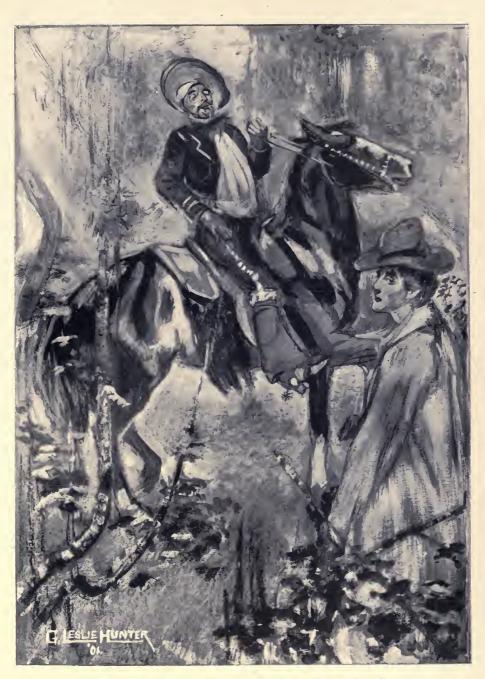
"My knife," he said hurriedly. "Please hand it to me." But although the young girl dropped on her knees and searched the ground diligently, it could not be found. The man, with a restrained ejaculation, again dismounted, and joined in the search. "Haven't you got another match?" suggested Lanty.

"No—it was my last!" he said, impatiently.

"Just you hol' on here," she said suddenly, "and I'il run down to the kitchen and fetch you a light. I won't be long."

"No! No!" said the man, quickly, "don't! I couldn't wait; I've been here too long now. Look here. You come in daylight and find it, and—just keep it for me, will you?" he laughed. "I'il come for it. And now, if you'll only help to set me on that road again—for it's so infernal black I can't see the mare's ears ahead of me—I won't bother you any more. Thank you."

simply held out a sected between her hands, with a single cut. She instrument was long gloom. But in a few moments he felt Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft (8)



"And more than that, she was conscious that she was blushing."

the muffled thud of his horse's hoofs on the thick dust of the highway, and its still hot impalpable powder rising to his nostrils.

"Thank you," he said again, "I'm all right now," and in the pause that followed it seemed to Lanty that he had extended a parting hand to her in the darkness. She put up her own to meet it, but missed his, which had blundered Before she could onto her shoulder. grasp it, she felt him stooping over her the light brush of his soft mustache on her cheek, and then the starting forward of his horse. But the retaliating box on the ear she had promptly aimed at him spent itself in the black space which seemed suddenly to have swallowed up the man, and even his light laugh.

For an instant she stood still, and then swinging the basket indignantly from her shoulder, took up her suspended task. It was no light one in the increasing wind, and the unfastened clothes line had precipitated a part of its burden to the ground through the loosening of the But on picking up the trailing garments her hand struck an unfamiliar object. The stranger's lost knife! She thrust it hastily into the bottom of the basket and completed her work. As she began to descend with her burden she saw that the light of the kitchen fire, seen through the windows, was augmented by a candle. Her mother was evidently awaiting her.

"Pretty time to be fetchin' in the wash," said Mrs. Foster, querulously. "But what can you expect when folks stand gossipin' and philanderin' on the ridge instead o' tendin' to their work."

Now Lanty knew that she had not been "gossipin'" nor "philanderin'," yet as the parting salute might have been open to that imputation, and as she surmised that her mother might have overheard their voices, she briefly said, to prevent further questioning, that she had shown a stranger the road. But for her mother's unjust accusation she would have been more communicative. As Mrs. Foster went back grumblingly into the sitting room, Lanty resolved to keep the knife at present a secret from her mother, and

to that purpose removed it from the basket. But in the light of the candle she saw it for the first time plainly—and started.

For it was really a dagger! jeweledhandled and richly wrought-such as Lanty had never looked upon before. The hilt was studded with gems, and the blade, which had a cutting edge, was damascened in blue and gold. Her soft eyes reflected the brilliant setting-her lips parted breathlessly; then, as her mother's voice arose in the other room, she thrust it back into its velvet sheath and clapped it in her pocket. Its rare beauty had confirmed her resolution of absolute secrecy. To have shown it now would have made "no end of talk." And she was not sure but that her parents would have demanded its custody! And it was given to her by him to keep. This settled the question of moral ethics. She took the first opportunity to run up to her bedroom and hide it under the mattress.

Yet the thought of it filled the rest When her household of her evening. duties were done she took up her novel again partly from force of habit and partly as an attitude in which she could think of It undisturbed. For what was fiction to her now! 'rue, it possessed a certain reminiscent value. A "dagger" had appeared in several romances she had devoured, but she never had a clear idea of one before. "The Count sprang back, and, drawing from his belt a richly jeweled dagger, hissed between his teeth" -or, more to the purpose, "Take this," said Orlando, handing her the rubyhilted poignard which had gleaned upon his thigh, "and should the caitiff attempt thy unguarded innocence-"

"Did ye hear what your father was sayin'?" Lanty started. It was her
mother's voice in the doorway, and she
had been vaguely conscious of another
voice pitched in the same querulous key
—which, indeed, was the dominant expression of the small ranchers of that
fertile neighborhood. Possibly a too
complaisant and unaggressive Nature had
spoiled them.

"Yes!-no!" said Lanty, abstractedly,

"what did he say?"

"If you wasn't taken up with fool book!" said Mrs. Foster, glancing at herdaughter's slightly conscious color, "ye'd know! He allowed ye'd better not leave yer filly in the far pasture nights. That gang o' Mexican horse-thieves is out again, and raided McKinnon's stock last night."

This touched Lanty closely. The filly was her own property, and she was breaking it for her own riding. But her distrust of her parents' interference was greater than any fear of horse stealers. "She's mighty uneasy in the barn, and," she added, with a proud consciousness of that beautiful, yet carnal, weapon upstairs, "I reckon I ken protect her and myself agin any Mexican horse thieves."

"My! but we're gettin' high mighty," responded Mrs. Foster, with deep irony. "Did you git all that outer your fool book?"

"Mebbe," said Lanty, curtly.

Nevertheless, her thoughts that night were not entirely based on written romance. She wondered if the stranger knew that she had really tried to box his ears in the darkness; also if he had been able to see her face. His, she remembered; at least, the flash of his white teeth against his dark face and darker mustache, which was quite as soft as her own hair. But if he thought "for a minnit" that she was "goin' to allow an entire stranger to kiss her-he was mighty mistaken." She would let him know it "pretty quick"! She should hand him back the dagger "quite careless like"-and never let on that she'd thought anything of it. Perhaps that was the reason why, before she went to bed, she took a good look at it, and, after taking off her straight beltless calico gown, she even tried the effect of it, thrust in the stiff waistband of her petticoat, with the jeweled hilt displayed, and thought it looked charming-as indeed it did. And then, having said her prayers like a good girl, and supplicated that she should be less "techy" with her parents, she went to sleep and dreamed that she had gone out to take in the wash again but that the clothes had all changed IZO Lanty (musing,) with far off eyes):

to the queerest lot of folks, who were ail fighting and struggling with each other until she, Lanty! drawing her dagger, rushed up single-handed among them, crying: "Disperse, ye craven curs-disperse, I say." And they dispersed.

Yet even Lanty was obliged to admit the next morning that all this was somewhat incongruous with the baking of "corn dodgers," the frying of fish, the making of beds, and her other household duties, and dismissed the stranger from her mind until he should "happen along." In her freer and more acceptable out-ofdoor duties she even tolerated the advances of neighboring swains who made a point of passing by "Foster's Ranch," and who were quite aware that Atalanta Foster, alias "Lanty," was one of the prettiest girls in the country. But Lanty's toleration consisted in that singular performance known to herself as "giving them as good as they sent," being a lazy traversing, qualified with scorn, of all that they advanced. How long they would have put up with this from a plain girl I do not know, but Lanty's short upper lip seemed framed for indolent and fascinating scorn, and her soft, dreamy eyes usually looked beyond the questioner, or blunted his bolder glances in their velvety surfaces. The libretto of these scenes was not exhaustive, e. g.:

The Swain (with bold, bad gayety): Saw that shy schoolmaster hangin' round your ridge yesterday! Orter know by this time that shyness with a gal don't pay.

Lanty (decisively): Mebbe he allows it don't get left as often as impudence.

The Swain (ignoring the reply and his previous attitude and becoming more direct): I was calkilatin' to say that with these yer hoss-thieves about, yer filly ain't safe in the pasture. I took a turn round there two or three times last evening, to see if she was all right.

Lanty (with a flattering show of interest): No! did ye now? I was jest wonderin'-

The Swain (eagerly): I did—quite late, too! Why, that's nothin', Miss Atlanty, to what I'd do for you.

Then that's why she was so awful skeerd and frightened! Just jumpin' outer her skin with horror. I reckoned it was bar or panther or a spook! You ought to have waited till she got accustomed to your looks.

Nevertheless, despite this elegant raillery, Lanty was enough concerned in the safety of her horse to visit it the next day with a view of bringing it nearer home. She had just stepped into the alder fringe of a dry "run" when she came suddenly upon the figure of a horseman in the "run" who had been hidden by the alders from the plain beyond, and who seemed to be engaged in examining the hoof marks in the dust of the old ford. Something about his figure struck her recollection, and, as he looked up quickly, she saw it was the owner of the dagger. But he appeared to be lighter of hair and complexion and was dressed differently and more like a vaquero. Yet there was the same flash of his teeth as he recognized her, and she knew it was the same man.

Alas! for her preparation. Without the knife she could not make that haughty return of it which she had contemplated. 'And more than that, she was conscious she was blushing! Nevertheless she managed to level her pretty brown eyebrows at him, and said sharply that if he followed her to her home she would return his property at once.

"But I'm in no hurry for it," he said with a laugh—the same light laugh and pleasant voice she remembered, "and I'd rather not come to the house just now. The knife is in good hands, I know—and I'll call for it when I want it! And until then—if it's all the same to you—keep it to yourself—keep it dark—as dark as the night I lost it!"

"I don't go about blabbing my affairs," said Lanty, indignantly, "and if it hadn't been dark that night you'd have had your ears boxed—you know why!"

The stranger laughed again, waved his hand to Lanty and galloped away.

Lanty was a little disappointed. The her own vocabulary, to "jaw"—a pecudaylight had taken away some of her liarly masculine quality. But later in illusions. He was certainly very good-the evening, when the domestic circle looking—but not quite as picturesque, in the sitting-room had been augmented

mysterious and thrilling, as in the dark! And it was very queer—he certainly did look darker that night! Who was he? and why was he lingering near her? He was different to her neighbors-her admirers. He might be one of these locaters, from the big towns, who prospect the land, with a view of settling government warrants on them-they were always so secret until they found out what they wanted. She did not dare to seek information of her friends-for the same reason that she had concealed his existence from her mother-it would provoke awkward questions; and it was evident that he was trusting to her secrecy, too. The thought thrilled her with a new pride, and was some compensation for the loss of her more intangible romance. It would be mighty fine when he did call openly for his beautiful knife, and declared himself, to have them all know that she knew about it all along.

When she reached home, to guard against another such surprise, she determined to keep the weapon with her, and distrusting her pocket, confided it to the cheap little country made corset which only for the last year had confined her budding figure and which now, perhaps, heaved with an additional pride. She was quite abstracted during the rest of the day, and paid but little attention to the gossip of the farm lads, who were full of a daring raid, two nights before, by the Mexican gang on the large stock farm of a neighbor. The vigilant committee had been baffled; it was even alleged that some of the smaller ranchmen and herders were in league with the gang. It was also believed to be a widespread conspiracy: to have a political complexion in its combination of an alien race with southwestern filibusters. The legal authorities had been reinforced by special detectives from San Francisco. Lanty seldom troubled herself with these matters; she knew the exaggeration; she suspected the ignorance of her rural neighbors. She roughly referred it, in her own vocabulary, to "jaw"-a peculiarly masculine quality. But later in the evening, when the domestic circle

by a neighbor and Lanty had taken refuge behind her novel, as an excuse for silence. Zob Hopper, the enamored swain of the previous evening, burst in with more astonishing news. A posse of the Sheriff had just passed along the ridge; they had "corralled" part of the gang, and rescued some of the stock. The leader of the gang had escaped, but

of her novel, here "allowed" that if his advice or the filly had to be "took," she didn't know which was worse.

"I wonder ye kin talk to sech peartness, Mr. Hopper," said Mrs. Foster, severely; "she ain't got eyes nor senses for anythin' but that book."

"Taikin' o' what's to be 'took'," put in the diplomatic neighbor, "you bet it



"For it was really a dagger!"

his capture was inevitable, as the roads were stopped. "All the same, I'm glad to see ye took my advice, Miss Atalanty, and brought in yer filly," he concluded, with an insinuating glance at the young girl.

But "Miss Atalanty," curling a quarter of an inch of scarlet lip above the edge

ain't that Mexican leader! No, sir! He's been 'stopped' before this—and then got clean away all the same! One o' them detectives got him once and disarmed him,—but he managed to give them the slip, after all. Why, he's that full o' shifts and disguises thar ain't no spottin' him. He walked right under the

constable's nose onct, and took a drink with the sheriff that was arter him-and the blamed fool never knew it. He kin change even the color of his hair quick as winkin'."

"Is he a real Mexican—a regular Greaser?" asked the paternal Foster, "cos I never heard that they wuz smart."

"No! They say he comes o' old Spanish stock-a bad egg they threw outer the nest, I reckon," put in Hopper, eagerly, seeing a strange animated interest dilating Lanty's eyes, and hoping to share in it, "but Le's reg'lar high-toned, you bet! Why, I knew a man who seed him in his own camp-prinked out in a velvet jacket and silk sash, with gold chains and buttons down his wide pants and a dagger stuck in his sash, with a handle just blazin' with jew'ls. Yes! Miss Atalanty, they say that one stone at the topa green stone-what they call an 'emral'-was worth the price o' a 'Frisco house lot. True! ez you live! eh-what's up now?"

Lanty's book had fallen on the floor as she was rising to her feet with a white face, still more strange and distorted in an affected yawn behind her little "Yer makin' me that sick and hand. nervous with yer fool yarns," she said hysterically, "that I'm goin' to get a little fresh air. It's just stifling here with lies and terbacker!" With another high laugh she brushed past him into the kitchen, opened the door and then paused, and turning, ran rapidly up to her bedroom. Here she locked herself in, tore open the bosom of her dress, plucked out the dagger, threw it on the bed where the green stone gleamed for an instant in the candle-light and then dropped on her knees beside the bed with her whirling head buried in her cold red hands.

It had all come to her in a flash—like a blaze of lightning—the black haunting figure on the ridge, the broken saddlegirth, the abandonment of the dagger in the exigencies for flight and concealment; the second meeting and skulking in the dry, alder hidden "run," the changed dress, the lighter colored hair, but always the same voice and laughthe leader, the fugitive! the Mexican ont counted on; the clattering of hoofs of,

horse thief! And she-the God forsaken fool!—the chuckle-headed nigger baby with not half the sense of her own filly or that sop-headed Hopper-had never seen it! She-she who would be the laughing stock of them ali-she had thought him a "locator," a "towny" from 'Frisco! And she had consented to keep his knife until he would call for it-yes, call for it with fire and flame perhapsthe tramping or hoofs, pistol shots-and yet-

Yet!—he had trusted her. Yes! trusted her when he knew a word from her lips would have brought the whole district down on him! When the mere exposure of that dagger would have identified and damned him! Trusted her a second time, when she was within cry of her house! when he might have taken her filly without her knowing it! And now she remembered vaguely that the neighbors had said how strange it was that her father's stock had not suffered as theirs had. He had protected them-he who was now a fugitive-and their men pursuing him! She rose suddenly with a single stamp of her narrow foot and as suddenly became cool and sane. And then, quite her old self again, she lazily picked up the dagger and restored it to its place in her bosom. That done, with her color back and her eyes a little brighter, she deliberately went downstairs again, stuck her little brown head into the sitting room, said cheerfully, "Still yawpin', you folks," and passed quietly out into the darkness.

She ran swiftly up to the ridge, impelled there by the blind memory of having met him there at night-and of the one vague thought to give him warning. But it was dark and empty, with no sound but the rushing wind. And then an idea seized her. If he were haunting the vicinity still, he might see the fluttering of the clothes upon the line and believe she was there. She stooped quickly and in the merciful and exonerating darkness stripped off her only white petticoat and pinned it on the line. It flapped, fluttered and streamed in the mountain wind. She lingered and listened. But there came a sound she had

not one—but many—horses on the lower road. She ran back to the house to find its inmates already hastening towards the road for news. She took that chance to slip in quietly, go to her room, whose window commanded a view of the ridge and crouching low behind it, she listened. She could hear the sound of voices, and the tramping of heavy boots on the dusty path towards the barn yard on the other side of the house—a pause, and then the return of the trampling boots and the final clattering of hoofs on the road again. Then there was a tap at her door and her mother's querulous voice:

"Oh, yer there, are ye? Well—its the best place fer a girl—with all these man's doin's goin' on! They've got that Mexican horse thief and have tied him up in your filly's stall in the barn—till the 'Frisco deputy gets back from rounding up the others. So ye jest stay where ye are till they've come and gone, and we're shut o' all that cattle. Are ye mindin'?"

"All right, maw—'tain't no call o' mine, anyhow," returned Lanty through the half-opened door.

At another time her mother might have been startled at her passive obedience. Still more would she have been startled had she seen her daughter's face now, behind the closed door-with her little mouth set over her clenched teeth. And yet it was her own child and Lanty was her mother's real daughter; the same pioneer blood filled their veins-the blood that had never nourished cravens or degenerates, but had given itself to sprinkle and fertilize desert solitudes where man might follow. Small wonder, then, that this frontierborn Lanty, whose first infant cry had been answered by the yelp of wolf and scream of panther; whose father's rifle had been leveled across her cradle to cover the stealthy Indian who prowled outside-small wonder that she should feel herself equal to these "man's doin's," and prompt to take a part. For even in the first shock of the news of the capture she recalled the fact that the barn was old and rotten, that only that day the filly had kicked a board loose from behind her stall, which she, Lanty, had lightly returned to avoid "making a fuss." If his captors had not noticed it, or trusted only to their guards, she might make the opening wide enough to free him!

Two hours later the guard nearest the now sleeping farm house-a farm hand of the Fosters'-saw his employer's daughter slip out and cautiously approach him. A devoted slave of Lanty's and familiar with her impulses he guessed her curiosity, and was not averse to satisfy it, and the sense of his own importance. To her whispers of affected, half-terrified interest, he responded in whispers that the captive was really in the filly's stall securely bound by his wrists behind his back, and his feet "hobbled" to a post. That Lanty couldn't see him, for it was dark inside and he was sitting with his back to the wall as he couldn't sleep comf'ble lyin' down. Lanty's eyes glowed but her face was turned aside.

"An' ye ain't reckonin' his friends will come and rescue him?" said Lanty, gazing with affected fearfulness in the darkness.

"Not much! There's two other guards down in the corral and I'd fire my gun and bring 'em up."

But Lanty was gazing open-mouthed towards the ridge. "What's that waving on the ridge?' she said in awe-stricken tones.

She was pointing to the petticoat a vague distant moving object against the horizon.

"Why, that's some o' the wash on the line—ain't it?"

"Wash—two days in the week!" said Lanty sharply. "Wot's gone of you?"

"Thet's so," muttered the man—"and it wan't there at sun-down, I'll swear! P'raps I'd better call the guard," and he raised his rifle.

"Don't," said Lanty, catching his arm. "Suppose it's nothin'—they'll laugh at ye. Creep up softly and see; ye ain't afraid, are ye? If ye are—give me yer gun—and I'll go."

That settled the question, as Lanty expected. The man cocked his piece, and bending low, began cautiously to mount the acclivity. Lanty waited until his

figure began to fade, and then ran like fire to the barn.

She had arranged every detail of her plan beforehand. Crouching beside the wall of the stall she hissed through a "Don t crack in thrilling whispers. move. Don't speak for your life's sake. Wait till I hand you back your knife, then do the best you can." Then slipping aside the loosened board she saw dimly the black outline of curling hair, back, shoulders and tied wrists of the captive. Drawing the knife from her pocket, with two strokes of its keen cutting edge she severed the cords, threw the knife into the opening and darted away. Yet in that moment she knew that the man was instinctively turning towards her. But it was one thing to free a horse thiefand another to stop and "philander" with

She ran half way up the ridge and met the farm hand returning. It was only a bit of washing, after all-and he was glad he hadn't fired his gun. On the other hand Lanty confessed she had got "so skeert" being alone that she came to seek him. She had the shivers-wasn't her hand cold? It was-but thrilling even in its coldness to the bashfully admiring man. And she was that weak and dizzy, he must let her lean on his arm going down-and they must go slow. She was sure he was cold, too, and if he would wait at the back door she would give him a drink of whisky. Thus Lantywith her brain afire, her eyes and ears straining into the darkness and the vague outline of the barn beyond. moment was protracted over the drink of whisky, and then Lanty, with a faint archness, made him promise not to tell her mother of the escapade, and she promised on her part not to say anything about his "stalking a petticoat on the clothes line," and then shyly closed the door and regained her room. He must have got away by this time, or have been discovered; she believed they would not open the barn door until the return of the posse.

She was right. It was near daybreak when they returned, and, again crouching low beside her window, she heard with a fierce joy the sudden outcry, the oaths, the wrangling voices, the summoning of her father to the front door and then the tumultuous sweeping away again of the whole posse—and a blessed silence failing over the rancho. And then Lanty went quietly to bed and slept like a three-year child.

Perhaps that was the reason why she was able at breakfast to listen with lazy and even rosy indifference to the startling events of the night; to the sneers of the farm hands at the posse who had overlooked the knife when they searched their prisoner, as well as the stupidity of the corral guard who had never heard him make a hole "the size of a house" in the barn side! Once she glanced demurely at Silas Briggs—the farm hand—and the poor fellow felt consoled in his shame at the remembrance of their confidences.

But Lanty's tranquility was not destined to last long. There was again the irruption of exciting news from the high road; the Mexican leader had been recaptured and was now safely lodged in Brownsville jail! Those who were previously loud in their praises of the successful horse thief who had baffled the vigilance of his pursuers, were now equally keen in their admiration of the new San Francisco deputy who, in turn, had outwitted the whole gang. It was he who was fertile in expedients; he who had studied the whole country, and even risked his life among the gang and he who had again closed the mesnes of the net around the escaped outlaw. He was already returning by way of the Rancho, and might stop there a moment-so that they could all see the hero. Such was the power of success on the country-side! Outwardly indifferent, inwardly bitter, Lanty turned away. She would not grace his triumph if she kept in her room all day! And when there was a clatter of hoofs on the road again, Lanty slipped upstairs.

But in a few moments she was summoned. Captain Lance Wetherby, Assistant Chief of Police of San Francisco, Deputy Sheriff and ex-U. S. scout, had requested to see Miss Foster a few mo-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

"how?"

ments alone. Lanty knew what it meant -her secret had been discovered-but she was not the girl to shirk the responsibility. She lifted her little brown head proudly, and, with the same resolute step with which she had left the house the night before, descended the stairs and entered the sitting room. At first she saw nothing. Then a remembered voice struck her ear-she started, looked up, and gasping fell back against the door. It was the stranger who had given her the dagger, the stranger she had met in the run!—the horse thief himself! -no! no! she saw it all now-she had cut loose the wrong man!

He looked at her with a smile of sadness-as he drew from his breast pocket that dreadful dagger-the very sight of which Lanty now loathed! "This is the second time, Miss Foster," he said gently, "that I have taken this knife from Murietta, the Mexican bandit; once when I disarmed him three weeks ago, and he escaped, and last night, when he had again escaped and I recaptured him. After I lost it that night I understood from you that you had found it and were keeping it for me." He paused a moment and went on: "I don't ask you what happened last night. I don't condemn you for it: I can believe what a girl of your courage and sympathy might rightly do if her pity were excited; I only ask-why did you give him back that knife I trusted you with?"

"Why?-why did I?" burst out Lanty in a daring gush of truth, scorn and temper, "because I thought you were that horse thief! There!"

denly came that laugh that Lanty remem-



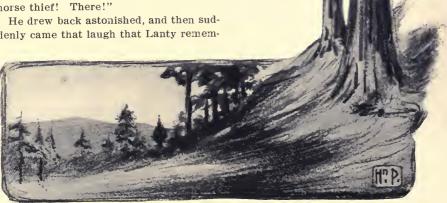
bered and now hailed with joy. lieve you, by Jove!" he gasped. "That first night I wore the disguise in which I have tracked him and mingled with his gang. Yes! I see it all now-and more. I see that to you I owe his recapture!" "To me!" echoed the bewildered girl,

"Why, instead of making for his cave he lingered here in the confines of the ranch. He thought you were in love with him because you freed him and gave him his knife, and stayed to see you!"

But Lanty had her apron to her eyes, whose first tears were filling their velvet depths. And her voice was broken as she said:

"Then he-cared-a-good deal more for me-than some people!"

But there is every reason to believe that Lanty was wrong! At least later events that are part of the history of Foster's Rancho and the Foster family, pointed distinctly to the contrary.



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

#### NOSTALGIA.

BY ROBERT V. CARR.

A man is he from God's country, A private in the infantry; Foreign service—Philippines— Well, any rook knows what that means.

When they sound "lights out" an' th' quarters git quiet, With th' stillness as deep as oceans of gloom; With nettin's pulled down o'er th' cots an' jes' seemin' Like white hearses standin' around th' dim room,

Then, oh, say, it gits lonesome, An' a feller can't help it; He can't sleep so his thoughts Git away an' they roam, To th' lights an' th' music An' sweet-soundin' voices, On a night at th' place That his heart's callin' home.

When they sound "lights out" an' there hain't nothin' doin', An' you smoke 'til tobacco hain't got any taste; An' then you turn over, but still your mind travels, Back, back to that country across th' white waste.

Seems to me that I'm hearin' Hallie Jones's pianner, An' they're havin' a soshal out on her dad's lawn; Seems to me that I'm talkin' with all th' town people, Tho' it's been a long life-time since first I "took on."

"Lights out, lights out," an' a-thinkin' an' thinkin',
"What's th' use of it all?" you ask an' you hark;
An' th' palms near th' window a-whisperin' answer:
"What's th' use—what's th' use—you're alone in th' dark!"

Then, oh, say, it gits lonesome, An' a feller can't help it; He can't sleep, so his thoughts Git away an' they roam, To th' lights an' th' music An' sweet-soundin' voices, On a night at th' place That his heart's callin' home.



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft @



"Gather ye rose buds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying."

O sang the Elizabethan Herrick in England's passing season, but the lyric, however sweet, could scarcely apply in California, where the poet may pluck a rose in June or January without the fear of robbing the summer of its last treasure. However, if we would have roses at Christmas, we Californians must render careful attendance upon the queenly flower; for even in this wonderland of the West, the rose requires sedulous cultivation. In the England of Herrick's time the servitors of a great household were wont to march into the banquet hall bearing before them the boar's head, "all gaily decked with rosemary." The hospitable Californian of to-day would more fittingly deck his Yule-tide boar's head with the best roses in the world-which he can cultivate in his own garden, if he loves flowers and has the leisure and patience to grow his blossoms as they should be grown.

I have written this article partly to show how much truth there is in the common Eastern notions of California's perennial feast of flowers.

Thirty years ago the opinion was cur-

rent among many good Eastern people that in California gold nuggets were waiting around in all sorts of places to be picked up by any one who chose to do so. To-day a somewhat similar opinion exists in regard to our roses. Reports, not at all exaggerated, have gone around the world of our rose fetes, where millions of blooms are sacrificed to make a California holiday. So now, over and above our sobriquet of Land of Sunshine, we are known as the Land of Roses, and it is popularly supposed that the bushes grow spontaneously with a never-ending supply of choice blossoms ready for the plucking.

Of course it gratifies our State pride to hear the generous praises of friends concerning this fairest of flowers, but we who cultivate them know only too well that they have a price like all other things of worth, and that this price is exactly proportionate to their ultimate perfection.

Yet nature must not be robbed of her due. With the thermometer seldom below 60 deg., and almost perpetual blue skies, it is not surprising that she seems to turn to us with evident relief from those lands where she is held sternly to her duty by King Frost, and that in her revolt from his blighting influences wilfully refuses to separate her four charm-

ing daughters on conventional lines, and scatters her precious gifts with reckless prodigality throughout the year. If we want holly for Christmas we must import it, but, if we choose to have them so, our gardens may be gorgeous with roses and smilax, with carnations and chrysanthemums. *Only* if we choose, for successful gardening presupposes a partnership with this ever-generous yet ever-just dame whose decree that reaping follows sowing is as emphatic here as elsewhere in her realm.

If, then, one contemplates having a garden, he must be prepared to furnish his part of the capital: a piece of ground dug to the depth of a foot or eighteen inches; an assortment of howers such as he most likes; a hose and a goodly

number of implements; a zest for toil, untiring and continuous; patience, and lots of it; common sense as much as he has; love unfailing for the work. Having faithfully employed his stock he may safely trust the returns to the great silent partner.

Some one once asked Dr. Holmes when the education of a child should be begun. "A hundred years before it is born," was the prompt reply, and that is the cue for the gardener. The bewildering beauty of multitudinous roses no doubt seems little short of miraculous, but the methods of insuring at are strictly normal, and are the open secrets of the growers' guild. This period of preparation is the chief of them, learned at first hand from the best of all teachers. When, in early

acacia Spring, trees burst into glory, we hear on every side: "Wonderful; to-day ablaze; yesterday not a blossom." True, yet yesterday the buds were waiting breathlessly for the appointed time. Hardly had the last exquisite little yellow ball fallen last year than tiny red fingers appeared. terminating every bough. Slowly, day by day, they grew and changed until autumn discovered myriad clusters of golden green, and when the transformation came it was but the culmination of a whole year's preparation plainly visible to watchful eyes. In our gardens the process is not so patent, and for springtime flowering we must labor betimes.

When, then, the golden crowned sparrow announces from every hedge and tree, in plaintive minor notes that fall has come, with all lits soft and hazy atmos-



A December "Bride." Calif - Digitized by Microsoft



Christmas roses.

phere, and the strange rustle of the autumn wind fills you with a vague and restless melancholy, be sure your garden needs you. Turn your back upon all other forms of recreation and pleasure, and when you can say, "I am quite ready for the rains," your satisfaction will make the moment supreme.

The languid airs and graces that the great Mother permits herself at this season may set the pace as a leisurely one. Hurry is always an incongruous element in gardening—it is not to be tolerated now. I like best to take Poly and talk over the situation, listening to her trenchant criticisms of what constitutes good and bad qualities in roses, and getting her sometimes valuable suggestions. Then I send a message to Gordon at

for three loads of mulct; put a new spring in the pruning shears, sharpen shears and knife, nail an extra board on the wheelbarrow, look to the spade fork, and rake, examine my gauntlets that have no rips or torn places for insidious thorns, then set the alarm clock for dawn. One is fairly in now and must be deaf to the hundred calling hill voices and blind to the peckoning of the idle woods.

The first step will be pruning, and nowhere does one's experience count for so much. One of the State University professors, who is a lover and authority on this Queen of Flowers, maintains that the pruning incident to the cutting of roses for one's self and friends keeps the bushes well enough down. I have not found it so, although my friends will attest to the bushels of blooms they carry away during

the year, and Polly keeps our cottage bower. It is, however, true that the cuting of all roses should be a pruning, for the stem that has borne one fine blossom has often done its whole duty, and should be removed either back to the main stalk or at a considerable distance down, just above an "eye" looking to the outside of the bush. In this way much useless foliage is disposed of throughout the year, but one does not pluck every rose, and there is an accumulation of detrimental branches that ought to be taken away at this time. Therefore, cut fearlessly ail interior growth, so that the new foliage may have a chance to breathe, and when the next blooms appear you will see by their improved texture and form, and increased richness in color that attention at this point was not unappreciated.

Always cut to an eye, looking toward the direction you wish the new branch to take, trimming away awkward or ungainly stalks, for you must never forget that you are responsible for the shape of the bush, nor, further, must you disreregard the truth that man's only excuse for going into the garden at all is that he may aid and abet nature; that he may first ascertain what her aims are, then lend a hand to help her attain them in spite of her handicap. Where she is free to carry out her designs unrestrictedly as in the "wilding wayside bush," she is lovely with the grace which perfect freedom has created in a careless and irregular arrangement. Look closer and the carelessness resolves itself into carefulness, the irregularity into regularity, the grace into a result of freedom employed in assuming perfect proportion. Just as soon as the amateur has grasped this idea, his position is secure, and not only will his own province, the garden. receive the encomiums of beholders for the indefinable something that makes its beauty more pleasing than others, but his wife will be often asked: "How is it that your roses always seem to have exactly the sort of pranches to make effective decorations? The bends occur at the right angles, and the curves at the needed places." Ah, madam, that is the result of very careful and thoughtful pruning.

When every bush has been faithfully gone over and those which remain persistent'y unsatisfactory dug up to make

> room for better ones, cart the debris into the back yard, and, green as it is, coax it to burn until reduced to ashes, which is the best of fertilizers; sprinkle a few about each bush, and then give the soil, which should always be loose and fine. a last stirring to admit the light and air; let it remain so until your work is finished, and then cover with a generous supply of coarse stable dressing.

> There is no better time to plant slips and no better place than the north side of the parent rose. For a number of reasons it is a good plan to start some reliable varieties every year-the old bushes may die in spite of your care. Your wife may want to give a "pink tea," or your daughter a "yellow wedding," or you yourself to discuss the relative merits of Dukes, Princes and Barons over a "red smoke." If



A holiday gift from the garden - Digitized by Microso you have room it is al

ways well to have several of the best sorts, but if you are already overstocked, slip more, just the same, for friends and Whatever neighbors. their sensations may be, your own, when presenting a fine young nursling, is one of such virtuous satisfaction that in the realm of benefactions I doubt if it have its counterpart.

Of course, the stuff pruned makes the slips. I like best a vigorous stem not too new nor yet too old, cut diagonally across just below an eye, and eight or ten inches long. Some amateurs get better results from breaking downwards a stem where it joins a larger branch, or a shoot where it springs from near the root. Both are good ways. The essential tning in all cases is to make firm the soil about them and keep them moist.

It is the time now, too, A "Rainbow" in Winter. to transplant such bushes

as are in the wrong place, for it not infrequently happens that a whole corner of superb roses is ruined because of a lack of harmony; usually it is a single offender, and there is no mistaking its joy when removed to more congenial surroundings, nor the relief of its former unhappy companions. One cannot live amongst them year after year without having the conviction forced upon him that these garden folk possess very human characteristics, and that in no school-room is individuality more a factor in successful culture. Some are so dainty and modest that they are utterly unable to do themselves justice in the full blaze of the too-ardent sun, and the rough embraces of the wind, but in a sheltered nook they develop a surpassing



beauty. Others will have none of seclusion, but sulk and droop until put where their vanity is sated with homage. Still others will yield to no amount of coaxing; they mildew and blight and behave so altogether badly that, notwithstanding the few perfect blossoms that occasionally appear, the best thing to do is to consign them to the ash-heap, and go to a nursery in the vicinity for something to take their places (instead of trusting to "catalogues," which too frequently are delusions and well-baited monstrous snares.) The best of all roses to have are those true and tried ones which, like old friends, take your love for granted, and do their best under any and all circumstances; demanding nothing but the privilege of expressing themselves in lovely form and color, they have reaped abundant reward in the loving admiration of all good Californians to whom flowers are almost as great a necessity as air and water.

In doing homage to this El Dorado it makes little difierence whether one is a native or an adopted son, and this intense love of flowers characterizes both. So when the garden proper is finished to your liking, the vines that cover everything on the place must receive their meed of attention, which is bound to be a large one. Their inaccessibility has made daily pruning less possible and they must be greatly thinned, and the desirable new growth firmly tacked, or you will awaken some morning after a heavy storm, as I did once, to find some favorite torn from its moorings and lying, a pitiable object, twisted and broken.

It was a neglected Banksia, whose weight, augmented by water, must have been considerably more than a ton, and in its fall it tore off a quantity of ornamentation from my house as well as from a portion of the piazza.

But in those days I trusted to "well recommended" men to do my pruning and my ignorant admiration of the luxuriance of this exquisite vine had easily persuaded him to keep his shears Turned away from it. from what would have peen legitimate prey he gave his undivided attention to a Bouquet d'Or. The old wood had a very respectable showing, but, as if imbued with a superabundant spirit of life, long new branches from ten to twenty feet hung from it in wild profusion. This rose blooms only in early spring, but

comprising the gold and crimson sunsets in the Golden Gate, makes a fine one, the pride and darling of its fortunate possessor. The finest blossoms are borne on the new wood-and it has the most vicious thorns of any rose I know of. I could never account for the conduct of one experienced gardener on any other ground than that of old scores to pay off for lacerated wrists; for while my back was turned one day he cut off every branch from my favorite beauty, and left the mutilated stump crying to Heaven for vengeance. Since that day no "professional" has blighted my hopes and expectations. If ruin follows in the wake of the knife, there is a little bit of satisfaction in not having paid a man to accomplish it. The rose is too sensitive to give her best to other than those who love her.



its entrancing beauty. 2/A Yellow Tea Rose! Microsoft ®

## THE GULF BETWEEN

BY W. W. BATTLES.

In the dim passages of under-world,
Blind and deaf and dumb, the earth-worm delves
And digs, and crawls its life out in the dark,
Conscious only of the feel of earth
That ever walls it round; a thing content
To creep along its quiet corridors
Of dust or dank decay, doomed in a day
To end its narrow life in death's forgetfulness.

High overhead, serene, the eagle soars,
Born to the blessed boon of heaven's free air,
And to the wind-blown realm that stretches far
O'er endless plains and seas,—creature whose keen,
Unclouded vision scans the world below,
Whose swift flight carries it thro' leagues of space
The while the earth-worm crawls its little inch!
Ah, God! the gulf between them! 'Tis a gulf
The eagle measures, but the worm cannot—
A bridgeless chasm that lies 'twixt earth and sky.

Between the souls of men there are abysms
Unmeasured, there are distances unspanned—
Heights undreamed of by the sightless worm,
Depths unpierced e'en by the eagle's eye,—
And yet, from deepest hades' blackest night
The lowest soul may rise to heavenly height.
Univ Cair - Digitized by Microsoft ®



"Please, sir, here's poppies."

(Drawn by Arthur Lewis.)

## A TELEPHONIC ERROR

#### BY WINIFRED WEBB.

I. Mrs. Burton.

OR three days the water had been rushing along the streets, surging up over the curbings, growing each hour more daring and turbulent in the steady uncompromising fall of rain. Late in the afternoon of the third day it cleared, leaving the great wall of the Sierras a deep blue across from the west where the sun was setting in a glory of red and gold. People began venturing out charily, and along the wheeltrack, which was almost immediately dry, one saw an occasional rider.

Mrs. Marjorie Burton, standing in a large window whose draperies of white under the bright oriental hangings set off her dark hair to advantage, and made her quite worthy the absorbed and satisfied attention she was unconsciously receiving from a corner whence came a curl of cigar smoke, turned around to announce in evident relief and delight that they could have their Sunday dinner party after all.

"You needn't laugh," she added to the corner. "It's an exceedingly important event." To which grave affirmation she received a teasing: "Exceedingly important events are dangerous things for little women to try to manage, my dear."

She did not hear his wisdom, for she was going over in her mind the details of her plan. They would drive in the morning, stopping in formally at the Guirnalda on their way home, to inquire how the Fosters were feeling after their trip overland, and to learn if the newspaper reports about the blizzards in the East were true: then she would tell them how fortunate they had been in getting a house, and ask them to dine on Sunday. Which, of course, they would be glad to do. Then she would drop a pretty little note, on the paper she had brought from Paris, to Mr. Denton, telling him about it, and asking him to join the little party: which, also, he would be glad to do. Mrs. O

Burton was sure of it. At this point her mind turned backward to one of a number of calls, made not too long ago, when he had complained of the monotony of hotel-life, with its ceaseless round of gaiety, and envied them audibly their home life.

"I shall take a house the next time I come to California," he said, and looking up, chanced to meet eyes over which the lids dropped quickly before something in his gaze. It was then that the sister, Mrs. Burton, with a voice just perceptibly more cordial, said he must drop in to dinner with them now and then. And later in the evening, when she found that he knew the Fosters, who were coming soon for over Sunday, she said he should hold himself in readiness for a summons when they arrived. "Now don't forget!" she said, as she gave him her fingers at parting.

"I couldn't if I would," he replied cavalierly before he turned to make a strangely awkward adieu to the girl whose lids had drooped, and who, when he had gone, returned to the parlor and played very rapidly a very gay little song on the piano which stood in the shadow. Nobody said anything, and Phyllis and Mrs. Burton would have stoutly denied having meant anything by the look of surprise in each other's eyes.

Now perhaps had the weather fulfilled the promise so beautifully made in blue and gold, the plan of the little woman between the bright draperies might also have been fulfilled. But in the night there came a sudden gust of wind that blew the photographs from her dressing table by the window and sent a frail vase crashing to the floor; a moment later an angry dash of rain beat against the window-panes, and when the morning came no bit of blue sky could be seen or reasonably hoped for.

"The Fosters have come," announced the husband that evening, looking up from the list of hotel arrivals in the Times. His remark met with no response unless the slightly petulant "It's cold," from Mrs. Marjorie, crouched down before the tiny sheet-iron stove whose pipe ran into the fireplace behind it, might be taken for a reply.

"I never suffered so with the cold in my life," she added, giving a disdainful glance at the prettily useless fireplace which had been the sole provision for heating the large rooms. "What should we have done without that stove? It's worse than Italy."

The husband poked at the fire in a harmless effort to tactfully manifest sympathy. Phyllis, laying back comfortably in her Morris chair, hands idly clasped in her lap, glanced at Ruth, who had started slightly at her brother-in-law's announcement, and then remarking the pucker still lingering in Mrs. Marjorie's forehead she said in singularly direct reply to the stove tirade: "Why don't you telephone them?" And after considerable discussion as to the fitness of the medium, Mrs. Marjorie, minus all traces of pucker and petulance, absented herself from the room for a while to act upon the suggestion.

"I had a terrible time," she said in justifiable hyperbole, when she returned. "If money would help the Pasadena telephone service, I think Carnegie's attention should be drawn to it at once. If it's brains that are lacking—well, I hope some will be provided soon! But I got them finally. And they're coming—all of them," she added carelessly. A moment later, to Phyllis: "I thought Mr. Denton seemed surprised. He hesitated a little—he didn't seem to understand at first. I wonder if he thinks we are not sincere."

Phyllis smiled. "Maybe he isn't himself," she said quietly.

#### II. Mrs. Barton.

Jack Denton stood in the lobby, biting the end of his mustache.

"Mrs. Barton," he thought. "What can have come over her? It strikes me that this is what you might call 'so sudden!"

A moment later: "Well, it must mean she is ready to make up at last. Humph, I'll have an item of news for Sis' letter to-morrow when I write." He strolled down to the stall where the evening papers and magazines were kept along with the drawn work, Indian baskets, cigars, and auge red skins with heads of fierce Indians burned upon them.

"Please, sir, here's poppies! They'll open in the morning."

The figure was little and the voice full of pleading. Jack bought what were left in the basket.

"I wonder," he thought with a sudden inspiration, "if Mrs. Barton has had fresh ones to-day."

He held them up critically. The shiny gold petals were locked tightly together. "They'll open in the morning, though," the piping little voice had said. "I suppose Sis would want me to go half way—and more. I believe I'll just call with them."

He walked through the waiting room and looked out into the clear evening. The stars were shining, some men from the hotel strolling up and down the paths of the park, and through the palm trees he could see two ladies muffled in their fur capes, on the porch of the Annex. California dries her tears like a child. It fascinated him. He took his coat and hat and started out.

A half hour later Mrs. Barton, lounging listlessly in the room her aunt had assigned her, was handed the card of Mr. John Denton. Her face showed surprise and dismay. Then instantly her lips curved in a quick smile.

"Well, it's good of him-at last!" she said under her breath. "Tell him I'll be down soon." She tilted her mirror and gave the picture it presented a quick, critical glance, such as an artist gives before he puts the finishing touches in. She loosened her dark hair a little and tied a knot of lavender in it, frowning at the result. She drew out the bureau drawers, revealing a tangle of lace and color. Ah, that scarlet! She knew how white would be the smooth cheek. how flashing black the eyes, with that! She hesitatea; then she fastened it defiantly in the loose soft coils of hair. She took some roses like it in shade and put them in her belt, against the black dress. She stood back to get the result. She smiled and tossed her small head



"Tell him I'll be down soon." Digitized by (Drawn by Arthur Lewis.)

slightly, as she turned it to watch the sweep of silk behind her.

"Five years!" she said, prettily triumphant. "Well, Mr. Jack, they haven't hurt me!"

Five years before Sarah Gordon had quarreled with Jack Denton, who people had thought she would marry. His sister had been involved in it. It was a foolish little affair, but since that time there had been no word between them. Not that any one of them wholly wished it so, but no one was willing to take the first step. Thus Sarah Gordon Barton, one year a widow, was not only glad on general principles to have one of her long evenings varied, but a bit relieved at the prospect of commonplace peace again.

She rustled into the room where he waited, quite graciously; with no least recognition of a delicacy in their position, gave him her small hand, and then seated himself where the fire-light would play merrily about her while she chatted easily concerning the piquant things she found in the most humdrum of days. He, for his part, took her as she gave herself and gave back in like measure, pleasantly conscious meanwhile from his place in the shadow of all the exquisite lines in the picture she made for him. It was not until he rose to go away that the telephone message was mentioned.

"I thank you for the dinner invitation," he said. "Fortunately Sunday is free. You said at two, didn't you? The telephone was unusually misty to-night. And I didn't make out who you said is coming also."

Mrs. Barton turned her head, holding the fire-screen she had toyed with, where it shadowed her face.

"Pardon me, Jack," she said a moment later, as if startled. "What were you saying? Dinner Sunday? Why, of course at two. And nobody's coming but you. That's what I said, aunt and uncle and you and I, just as it used to be. Must you go so soon?"

This as she walked across the room beside him. Then she held out her hand again, tipping back her head so that he looked straight in her face and down into the depths of her great dark eyes,

and she said, with a little laugh: "This is lots better than the other way, isn't it? I only wish your sister were here, too." And while he kept the hand he replied:

"It is better, Sarah; why didn't we do it before?"

Sara Barton came back to the fire and sat there staring in it with her face between her hands.

"What in the world does it mean?" she asked. "I thought people said he is half in love with that girl—what is her name? Ruth something or other—And the telephone——?"

She figured at the problem patiently for nearly a minute. Then she gathered her silken skirts about her and went gaily upstairs. "I never did believe that Providence wanted anybody to be as bored as I have been. And this proves it. Whoever has lost and whatever is lost I'm decidedly the gainer. Now, to tell auntie that she's been getting up a dinner party for next Sunday at two o'clock."

#### III. Ruth.

Mr. Foster, tall, thin, keen-eyed, rose from the big leather chair in which he had been comfortably smoking, and, throwing down his cigar stub grasped the arm of the husband heartily, saying:

"Well, old man, your dinner was tiptop and the cigars even better. But time's up now."

The husband drew aside the curtains which separated his den from the larger rooms and they stood for a moment in the door watching the picture before them. On the sofa, Mrs. Foster, small, elegant and nervous, talking rapidly in a rather high voice, and near her Mrs. Marjorie, whose face was flushed and whose eyes wandered, making the pretense of listening to her. A little apart from them Phyllis sat, calm and silent. In the alcove where the piano was stood Ruth. She had just risen and the fingers of her left hand still touched the keys. Behind her were windows through whose tiny diamond panes the roses showed, seeming just now to be blooming only for a background for her. She had been singing wonderfully. It had excited her,



"It's Worse than Italy."

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®
(9rawn by Arthur Lewis.)

perhaps, for her cheeks were full of color and her eyes strangely bright. Mr. Foster, Jr., whom Phyllis had expected to entertain, sat beside the piano with his chin propped by his hand. His eyes were bent full upon her. He did not see the men in the door, nor did he notice when they went through to the room where the ladies sat. He had been as devoted to this girl as she would allow, for many months. There had never before been an hour like this. It made his head swim. When the men's voices roused her and she started to leave him, he sprang up and caught at her hand which just evaded him.

"I thank you for this. And may I come again?"

Could he believe his own senses? Pausing for an instant there beside him, so close that the edge of the lace over her shoulder lay against his sleeve, she answered: "Come often, Mr. Foster; we shall be most glad if you do."

"It seems to me that Ruth has changed very much," remarked Mr. Foster, senior, discriminatingly to Mrs. Foster that "California must have improved her health in some way or other. I never saw her so gay and so gracious. She always seemed to me rather cold andwell, proud, before."

"Ahem!" replied Mrs. Foster's high voice. "How any of them could be either very gay or very proud in the face of the slight Jack Denton gave them passes my understanding. Why, it was perfectly evident that they looked for him up to the last moment. He's clearly not so nearly in love with Ruth as they thought."

"They thought!" judiciously interposed the rebuffed Mr. Foster.

"Why, yes, of course they thought so. Don't you suppose they could see what everybody else has been seeing?"

#### IV.

#### The Man.

Meanwhile Jack Denton was feeling the world a very habitable place as he strolled slowly back to Hotel Green, with warmth, color, the flash of dark eyes and the sound of a low voice in laughter still lingering deliciously in his himself for having so enjoyed her. Looking up just then he saw a party of three leave a carriage and go into the Guirnalda.

"Jove! The Fosters!" he ejaculated, and started to follow them. But the door closed behind them, and after a moment's hesitation he went on. It was too near supper for a call. The following afternoon he inquired for them. They had already gone on to San Fran-

"Funny," he said testily. "Mrs. Palmer's memory isn't as good as she asked mine to be. Ah, there's Swint. I say, Swint, did you see the Fosters?"

The two men walked down the steps together. No. Swint had not. He had called on Sunday, but they dined out, so he missed them.

"Where did they dine?" demanded Denton, abruptly.

"Why, I don't know. With the-what's their names? There they come now in that carriage."

The Burton party were in the carriage. They passed without recognition. Denton gave a low whistle, and bit his lip.

"I believe young Foster stays on for a couple of weeks," added Swint, looking straight ahead of him in a kindly ignoring of the evident loose screw somewhere.

Two weeks later he smiled at having hit upon that remark as a pleasing one for the delicate situation. Young Foster was in dancing attendance upon the lady Ruth from the day of the dinner until he left Pasadena. And Mrs. Barton found no resistance from Denton to the delicate net she wove for the whiling of her vacant hour.

# Phyllis.

Phyllis wrote long letters in which she told in detail the events of her every day to a Harvard assistant, who was some day to be a Harvard professor, which would mean the beginning of the coming true of some dreams for Phyllis and the professor. She leaned back in her chair now, late at night, thinking about it; after a bit her thoughts turned to this strange affair of Ruth's, consciousness. He smiled slightly at which had naturally found its place in

her pages. Writing of it had pushed her a little nearer to the point where she felt that something ought to be done. It was very still all through the house. Suddenly e started and listened. Ruth's room was next to hers. She got up softly and put her ear to the door. The noise was that of smothered sobbing.

Phyllis came back to her desk, pushed aside the thick envelope resolutely, and after a moment of fierce biting at the end of her pen, she took a sheet of paper and wrote a short paragraph in which was stated the fact that they were to leave for the East again on Monday. She told Mr. Denton that she would be pleased if ne cared to call before then. Then she put the note away in a private drawer, hoping to see him and not need to use it. When Saturday came and she had not had a glimpse of him she sent it.

#### VI.

#### The Telephone.

He came on Sunday, stating clearly that he wished to see Miss Phyllis. He heard voices in the parlor and declined entering. Phyllis came down stairs with her furs and hat on.

"It tempts me out of doors," she said,

"I should have gone before if I had not half expected you."

So they strolled down the street, turning at Marengo avenue, where the wide walk, the low boughs of the pepper trees with the bright berries and the blossoms they had learned to love would help her out a little, this resolute maiden thought.

"Mr. Denton, perhaps I'm wrong. If I am, I shall be sorry I did this. If I'm not I shall be glad. It seems to me that there must have been a mistake somewhere. Will you tell me why you treated Mrs. Burton's dinner invitation as you did?"

The walk did not need to be a very long one. Very soon it developed into a somewhat merry one. And the little scene in the library afterward was also a merry one. The telephone once understood and given its proper place, proved quite the good fairy of the tale. To all that is, but young Foster.

That ended the California chapter. A New York year ensued, however. And when, two years later, Jack Denton returned to California, he did take a house, as he had prophesied. In that house, also, Mrs. Ruth, whose name he never confused with Barton again, did her first house-keeping.



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# MANILAS DAY OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT By Oliver Leslie Lawrence. -2223 GGGGG

T was on the first of May, 1898, that Admiral George Dewey sailed into . the harbor of Manila in the gray of the morning and demolished the Spanish fleet. His act was the forerunner of a change in Government policy backed up by a war that has lasted three and a half years, and, though practically ended, still smoulders. For over three yeasr the Philippine Islands were under the military rule of the United States, but, with the surrender of Aguinaldo, active hostilities ceased, and the Islands have pased from military to civil authority. This ceremony atending the change took place at Manila on July 4th, when Wiliam H. Taft became the first purely civil ruler of the Islands.

As had been predicted by the sanguine, the new order of things was received in a happy spirit by everyone. Immense crowds witnesed the inauguration ceremonies, and Manila was decorated as never before in its history. Flags, lanterns, palms, flowers, and bunting were profusely displayed all over town, and

and feeling of a real American Fourth of July.

People began to gather early on the morning of the Fourth, and by eight o'clock the Paseo de Magallanes was filled with people on foot, on horseback, and in cariages, wending their way to the Palace Square, where the ceremonies were to take place. Palace Square is within the walls of "Old Manila," in the shadow of the palace of the Captains General of Spain, and within a stone's throw of the spot where Rizol and many other Filipino patriots were shot to death by Spanish shoulders. What had been a scene of violence and bloodshed became the inauguration place of an era of now see the difference between the old rule and the new, and are beginning to ralize the superiority of the latter. They have adopted July 4th as their national holiday.

The ceremonies that took place were very interesting and impressive. eight o'clock in the morning officers of the general staff began to assemble in there was all the patriotic appearance the offices in the south wing of the Pal-



ace, and the Comissioners and their officers met in the north wing. Members of the Consular corps in uniform gathered in the hall downstairs. Judge Taft, accompanied by his children, arrived shotrly after eight, and a few minutes before nine the official party started for the grand stand, passing through the plaza park, where great crowds had gathered. A large number of American and native policemen were on hand to keep order, but the crowd was extremely quiet.

The grand stand, built to seat six hundred, was only crowded in the official

section. Here were the officers of the civil an dmilitary government, General Greely, Admiral Kempff, and many other Generals of the Army. Behind these sat the Consular Corps, resplendent in uniforms of gold braid, covered with decorations, and other invited people.

At nine o'clock General MacArthur rose and briefly announced the Hon. William H. Taft as the appointed Governor who was now to take the oath of office.

Judge Taft and Chief Justice Arallano rose in the center of the stand, the former standing on the right, in front of the General Staff, and the latter on the



Univ Calit - Digitized by Microsoft ®



left, facing him, before the Commissioners and Civil heads. Secretary Ferguson stood between to translate the oath. Senor Arellano prescribed the oath, and Governor Taft, with raised hand, replied to "do you solemnly swear," etc. with "I do" in a voice distinctly audible throughout the hushed crowd. The impressive ceremony concluded, a great cheer went up, and the Ninth Infantry Band, stationed in the Plaza, struck up "Hail to the Chief," and the guns of Fort Santiago boomed forth the Governor-General's salute of seven-

teen guns. His Excellency the Governor then arose and advanced to the center of the stand, and delivered his inaugural address.

His speech was a long and masterly one, in which he reviewed past events and spoke most hopefully of the future.

"This ceremony," he said, "marks a new step towards civil government in the Philippine Islands. The ultimate and most important step, of course, will be taken by the Congress of the United States, but with the consent of the Congress the President is seeking to make



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

the Islands ready for its action. However provisional the change made today, the President, by fixing the natal day of the Republic as its date, has manifested his view of its importance and is hope that the day so dear to Americans may perhaps be associated in the minds of the Filipino people with good fortune. The transfer to the Commission of the legislative power and certain executive functions in civil affairs under the military government on September first of last year, and now the transfer of civil executive power in the pacified provinces to a civil Governor are successive stages in a clearly formulated plan for making the territory of these Islands ripe for permanent civil government on a omre or less popular basis."

He referred to the fact that twentyseven provinces had been organized under the General Provisional Act, but that it had not been posible to fill the office of Supervisor in several of them because a Supervisor must be a civil engineer a deficiency which would be supplied as soon as competent men who had been sent for arrived from the States.

Speaking of mining rights and the granting of franchises, he said:

"Congress in its wisdom has delayed until its next session provision for the sale of public land, of mining rights, and the granting of franchises. All are necessary to give the country the benefit of American and foreign enterprise and the opportunity of lucrative labor to the people. Commercial railroads, mortgage loan companies or land banks and steamship companies only await government sanction to spring into being. These may remedy the poverty and uffering that a patient people have now to bear."

"The school system," said the Governor, "is hardly begun as an organized machine. One thousand American teachers will arrive in the next three months. They must not only teach English in the schools, but they must teach the Finipino teachers. School houses are yet to be built; school rooms are yet to be equipped. Our most satisfactory ground for hope of success in our work is in the eagerness with which the Philippine people, even the humblest, seek for education."

In speaking of his fellow countrymen holding office in the Philippines, Governor Taft said: "Then there is another kind of education of adults to which we look with confidence. It is that which comes from the observation of the methods by which Americans in office discharge their duties. Upon Americans who accept office under the Civil Government is imposed the responsibility of reaching the highest American standard of official duty. Whenever an American fails, whenever he allows himself to use his official position for private ends, even though it does nto involve actual defalcation or the stealing of public property or money, he is recreant to his trust in a higher degree than he would be were he to commit the same offense in a similar office at home. Here he is the representative of the great Republic among a people untutoredin the methods of free and honest governement, and in so far as he fails in his duty, he vindicates the objection of those who have forcibly resisted our taking control of these Islands, and weakens the claim we make that we are here to secure good govenment for the Philippines."

In the evening of the Fourth, Governor Taft gave a reception at his residence in Malate, in honor of General MacArthur. The evening was a success, as the day had been.

It is hoped that the continuation of civil rule will be as happy as its beginning.

# "FINDERS, KEEPERS."

#### BY ROBERT B. GRANT.

LICK! click!" went the hammer on the drill, through the stillness of the afternoon, ringing musically over the lonely sun-browned hills. In the little gopher-hole of a tunnel, up in the dark end, Ah Sing bent to his work, his brown leather face, with the black pig-tail coiled above it, as motionless as the rock he was boring. Only the eyes showed life, gleaming like the earthdemon's he resembled. Near the mouth of the tunnel lay a shovel and pick, and several cans. In one of these was powder and in another a coil of fuse.

Ah Sin was stripped almost naked, for it was a warm summer's day, and the white man's work was warm work. Ah Sin knew the white man's trade almost as well as the best of them. He was tired of cooking and had gone prospecting on his own account. Figuring that an old hole was just as good as a new one, and a near prospect as good as one distant, he had plumped himself down on an old claim that had been Sawhorse Jule's, and was hammering away with the industry of his race. A few rods down the sloping hill stood the little shack which was his new home. It was nearing six o'clock, time to go down and cook supper, and the blast was to be made first.

"Click! click!" The hole was nearly deep enough. A few more strokes, an examination, and then the drill was withdrawn, and the hole cleaned out. Without wasting time in stretching, or heaving sighs of relief, Ah proceeded to put in the charge and attach the fuse. Soon he had all plugged up securely and the slow end of the fuse burning, and then he withdrew to the outer air to await results.

Somewhere in that hill, maybe, there was gold, glittering yellow gold, which would furnish wings to far-off China, and luxury there for life. Perhaps it was destined for him, had been kept from the greedy eyes of the white pig for that pur-

pose. Ah Sing watched and waited—waited until his little strong friend, the powder, should do its work for him.

A minute passed, and then came a muffled explosion, shaking the earth under Ah Sing's feet. He waited, and the smoke came curling slowly out.

Several minutes later Ah Sing knelt in the back end of the tunnel, among the shattered fragments of rock. The air was heavy with the smell of the powder, and still clouded with smoke. But Ah Sing minded not these. He was gazing through the smoke, his whole soul gleaming out through his bulging eyes, and a trembling fascination upon him that held him motionless.

Before him, in the shattered rock, lay the yellow gold, torn from its hiding place, where it had rested for ages unseen by the many who had tramped above and around it; by old Jule, who had dug and swore and left the place in disgust-now to be found by him, son of the sacred realm. There were hundreds-thousands of dollars-wealth untold, in that wall of rock ahead of him. No wonder Ah Sing was dazed. He put forth his hand tremblingly, scarcely daring to breathe, as some one who fears to make a sound. The very walls seemed to have eyes and ears, and the stillness seemed peopled with restless spirits in hiding. Lifting a lump of the gold-laden quartz, Ah Sing looked fearfully around.

There are eyes which can glow with the evil of the fiend, and there are moments when humans forget they are humans. In the mouth of the tunnel was the eye and the moment was at hand. Never was the lust for gold more fully personified than in the face of the man who stood looking into the tunnel at the gold in front of Ah Sing. He was a tall, grizzled prospector, with a pack on his back, one of the straggling failures of the mountains. Mixed with the greed gleaming in his eye was a ghoulish gleam of

triumph. At last he had made his find. Even as the eyes of the two met, they seemed to understand each other, and Ah Sing instinctively clutched the drill that lay beside him. The move opened the conflict. Setting down his pack, the miner drew a revolver and a knife, and advanced slowly upon his prey. His prey was easy; the Chinaman was only of medium height and slender. He would kill him with the knife if he could, and no noise would be made. If he could not, he had the revolver.

Several seconds of stealthy approach, and the shaking Chinaman waited, a fly at the mercy of the spider, his eyes dilating and his lips apart in terror. The spider crept up; there was a pause, and the uplifted drill shook in the Chinaman's unnerved hands. Then came the lunge, swift and sudden, and the Chinaman's counter stroke. As the drill shot out in the latter's hands, a brawny arm knocked it aside, and another brawny arm buried the knife deep in the Chinaman's breast. A shriek echoed through and out of the little tunnel-a shriek wild and terrible, seeming as the soul departing from the quivering form that lay stretched on the ground. But vengeance was at hand. Even as the shriek ended came the report of the revolver, exploded by the hammer catching on a rock, and the assassin fell forward on the body of his victim, dead. The bullet had passed through his heart. The Chinaman still struggled, pulled at the knife, and partly wrenched it out. The blood spurted forth, and in a few minutes death came, stilling the shaking form and glazing the eyes.

Out beyond the mouth of the tunnel the sun sank slowly to rest, throwing long shadows and bars of light over hills and valleys. The birds flitted hither and thither, twittering and scolding as they hunted places for the night. Down by the brook the little log house waited lonely and still. Then came the moon, casting its pale light into the hole in the hill, over the boot of the stilled form nearest the mouth, and then going on its way.

The sun came again, and poured its heat into the hole; again the moon peered with wide-eyed wondering at the boot, and passed on.

As the sun rose on the third day a dog and a man came walking down the hill above the hole. The man was old, and carried a pick. The dog nosed the ground.

At the hole the dog stopped and looked within. Then he growled, sniffing the air. The man stopped.

"What is it, Jack?" he said.

The dog looked at him, then looked into the hole and growled again, taking a step farther in. The man came and looked.

"Jack," said the man, as he came out of the hole a few minutes later, "I think this place is to let. I think we'll move in."

Jack said nothing, but sniffed solemnly at the air again. Then the man "took precautions," and marched down to the little town.

He went to the recording office first; then, in the leisure hours following, the coroner was notified that there were a couple of "corps" up on the old Sawhorse claim, and that they ought to be moved. Men heard it with open mouths, and poured questions upon the old man. But he knew nothing, and cared less; he was deep in business. So the crowds came to the tunnel to see. And they saw, and they said this and said that, but only the birds knew, and they had gossiped and forgotten. And the old man sat by the gold.

## A DREAMER'S LAY

#### BY CHESTER FIRKINS.

She dwelleth afar on the silver bar
Of an isle in a Southern sea,
And evermore, from her coral shore,
She watcheth the ships ride forth before,
And methinks she waiteth me.

Full many a heart, by town and mart,
Of many a lady fair,
I win and break for a fancy's sake,
And cast behind to the keel's white wake
With never a thought of care.

But she who dwells by the level swells
Of that sweet-climed, tropic isle—
My soul is plight to that maiden bright,
Though never my swift-winged bird may light
Where her palm-hung bowers smile.

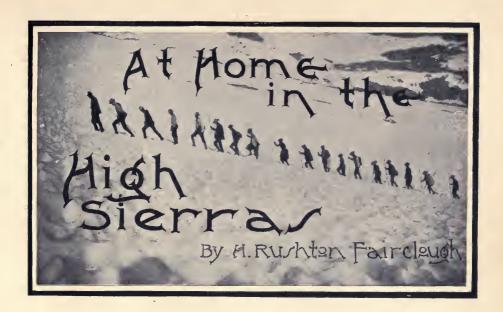
Dark, dark is she as a cloud-roofed sea,

Her smile like the lightning's gleam,
And hers the grace of a Southland race,
The languorous mood of form and face

Of a maiden in a dream.

Though never we meet but the moment sweet—
Oh, the gulf 'twixt shore and sea!—
Our faith is fast and our love will last,
And, night or day, by the groaning mast,
I know she waiteth me.

My Love alone on her silver throne,
And I at the white ship's helm—
Think what ye may of a dreamer's lay,
The heart of the maid is mine for aye;
Part we by world or realm.
Univ Cair - Digitized by microsoft ®



OU have come home at last," said Mr. John Muir, when he first entered the large camp-fire circle of the Sierra Club on the Tuolumne Meadows. "The mountains are the true home of the Californian," he continued, and no one in the large company could have disputed the word of their honored president, this wholesouled, enthusiastic lover of nature, whose delightful work on the "Mountains of California" draws our people in annually increasing numbers from the seashores and level plains to the wondrous Yosemite and the still more wondrous Sierra Heights beyond.

The Sierra Club had indeed come home to a land of joy and refreshment and inspiration-a land of sweet meadows and fragrant pine forests, of springing verdure and brilliant flowers, of rushing waters and snowy mountain-peaks. Muir Camp, as it came to be called, was pitched in an Alpine Valley, which extends some twenty miles east and west, and varies from half a mile to four miles in breadth. This is known as the Tuolumne Meadows, so called from the swift river, which, rising in the snows of Lyell, is fed by numerous mountain streams, and rushes in swift current through level stretches toward the deep

canyons that carry its waters on to the great thirsty valley of Central California. The Meadows themselves have an altitude of 8,500 to 9,000 feet, and are surrounded by lofty Sierra peaks. To the south-west the most conspicuous of these are Hoffman, Tuolumne, Cathedral and Unicorn, each nearly 11,000 feet high. Higher still are Tioga (11,532) and Conness (12,550) on the north. On the east rise Gibbs (12,700) and Dana (13,050), and on the south-east tower the giants McClure and Lyell, the latter 13.120 feet in elevation.

Amid these grand surroundings the Sierra Club of California spent its first annual outing last July. In the early days of the month members and friends came up by various routes from the coast towns and cities and assembled in the Yosemite Valley, whence the Club was to start in a body on or about the ninth. Meanwhile the wagons carrying supplies were journeying from Merced via Crocker's and the Tioga road, which leads to Tioga Lake and the old mining town of the same name, now deserted.

As the day fixed for our departure approached, various discouraging reports reached us about the difficulties encountered by our commissariat. The heavy snows of the previous winter had so

swollen the streams that bridges were washed away; roads were rent by deep gullies and buried under landslides; great snow-drifts made traveling impossible for horses, and a mule-stampede had caused no end of trouble. On the receipt of this news, some of our heavy-weights were sent ahead as an engineering corps, and did such good work that the main party was enabled to set out on the thirteenth.

Starting at five o'clock in the morning, we climbed out of the valley by way of the Yosemite Falls trail. Early risers must have found us an interesting sight. Most of the party, clad in soft sombreros, rough neglige shirts, belted khaki or corduroy trousers, canvass leggings and boots heavily soled and nailed, went on foot, but many of the women were mounted on horse or mule. these the majority had bravely but wisely doffed their skirts and adapted a more sensible, though more man-like mountaineering costume. Our two Chinamen, who had never before been on horseback, looked like the uneasy marshals of a small civic procession. The guides, however, rode as if to the manner born. Their picturesque costume, with true Mexican sombreros, bear-skin leggings, long boots, and spurs, recalled to fancy the early days portrayed by Bret Harte.

This varied cavalcade reached the top of the falls while the day was still young. As we looked back in the fresh morning air and brilliant sunshine, the old Yosemite, with its familiar glories, seemed to our quickened senses to be more magnificent than ever before, furnishing a noble and auspicious prelude to the grandeur that lay before us in a region to most of us still unknown.

Our first camp was pitched at Porcupine Flat, near the junction of the trail and Tioga Road, and here we stayed for two nights. At this point our force numbered only four short of a round hundred, probably the largest party that ever set forth on a similar mountaineering expedition in the United States. No wonder that our commissary trembled as he thought of possible disaster overtaking the provision train. Rumor has it that for three successive nights his rest was

iniv Calit - Digitize

disturbed by a haunting vision of ninetyfive gaunt and hungry faces looking at him with reproachful and threatening glances, while he earnestly pleaded for time and for life. Meanwhile the wagons were slowly approaching. Most of the men formed themselves into working "gangs," and labored to repair the road and make it passable. Never was work undertaken more readily. Doctors and lawyers, clergymen and college professors for once at least did some honest log-rolling, besides removing boulders, filling in holes, and shoveling snow. "I took those fellows for tenderfeet, but I guess I was wrong," I heard a cowboy say, as he gazed admiringly at a big, strapping lawyer, who worked like a Trojan, and proved a very efficient section "boss."

While we were at Porcupine Flat, a large number undertook to climb the nieghboring Mount Hoffman, 10,921 feet in height. It was a comparatively easy ascent, and very little snow was encountered, but for many it was our first piece of real mountaineering, and afforded us a good opportunity to test our capabilities in this direction. From Hoffman's summit one has a grand view of the main crest of the Sierras to the north, some twenty miles distant, as the crow flies. Directly, below, on the east side, lies Lake May, its deep emerald hue contrasting beautifully with the snowy frame in which it is set.

On Monday the fifteenth we moved our camp six miles forward to Tenaya Lake, a beautiful sheet of water in a granite basin at the foot of Tenaya Peak. Many of us enjoyed a refreshing swim in this old glacial lake, and we all spent an unusually merry evening around the campfires, happy in the knowledge that the comissary train had safely overtaken us, and we need not part company again.

The next day completed our march to the Meadows, a tramp of some fourteen miles. Several of the party, lured by the tempting prospect, left the road, which the wagons and horses followed, to explore the attractive stream above the lake. It was a happy, dancing rivulet, which bathed the feet of numerous hemlock spruces, that graceful tree which, with bent head and trailing

skirts, is one of the most beautiful in the mountains. Wild flowers flourished in great profusion-buttercups, marshmallows, cyclamens, violets, phlox, tiarella, Labrador tea, and gorgeous purple bryreached the top of the falls, where beneath Cathedral Peak lay the beautiful sheet of Cathedral Lake, one of the loveliest gems in the whole Sierras. The Cathedral is well-named, being a Gothic



Above California Falls.

anthus, the commonest Sierra heather.

We soon reached the cascades, where the water flowed in a shallow white stream over the smooth granite shelves.

church ready carved in stone, with tower, nave and buttresses, and this general appearance it presents from every point of view. On its east side stands the By careful climbing in zigzag fashion we Unicorn, with its horn-shaped summit

tilted forward and its granite battlements worn as sharp as a knife-edge. Looking back, we saw Lake Tenaya, 1200 feet below, while beyond stood Mount Hoffman, with its characteristic chimmey-top distinctly visible.

The walk down the trail from Cathedral Lake to the Meadows was delightful, and gave us a grand opportunity to study the life-conditions of these high mountain forests. The snow, still lying in great drifts across our path; the babbling brooks, whose song was ever in our ears; the delicious air; the perfume of the woods, the flowers blooming in rich abundance all reminded me of early spring-time in Canadian forests. Indeed, it is one of the greatest charms of this delightful Sierra region that while an almost tropical heat is burning the great plains below, one can pass so easily into another zone of climate and flora, and enjoy a subarctic environment within the confines of California.

In two hours we reached the Meadows, where we found the vanguard of the main party enjoying the hospitality of the well-known California artist, Mr. William Keith, who with Mrs. Keith and a few friends, was encamped on the south bank of the river, midway between the Soda Springs and Lambert's Dome. One



Le Conte Falls, Univ Calif - Digitize in of the Sierra Club) which the man



Beneath Cathedral Peak.

mile further east and directly opposite the Dome, the club established its own permanent camp on a gentle slope rising from the river's edge. Besides an unfailing supply of pure water, we had here the richest meadow-grasses for our horses and mules, with tamarack pines to shelter us from wind and sun and rain. Here then we set up tents for the women and "tenderfeet," while the "old uns" made their beds of pine twigs, and at night, rolled up in their blankets, slept beneath the starry canopy of the clear, blue skies. Though we had an occasional frost in the early morning, very few of the party felt any discomfort from the cold. Indeed, the summer nights in these high altitudes are, as a rule, much warmer than in the sea-coast towns of California, such as San Francisco.

Lambert's Dome is a mass of smooth granite rising up suddenly some 1200 ft. from the floor of the Meadows, and showing the smoothly polished summit and slopes with which the Yosemite has made us familiar. It bears the name of a hermit who, disappointed in love, made his home among the mountains, and lived in a cabin which still stands near a fine soda spring. Here, after his death, was found a diary (now in the posses-

had kept for years, and in which he had entered his curious fancies about the imaginary spirits who peopled these mountains and vales. The campers made daily pilgrimages to the cabin, sometimes, no doubt, filled with sentimental thoughts; but, as a rule, more intent upon securing a refreshing draught from the spring, the water of which, with lemon and sugar, made a delicious effervescing drink.

To reach the Dome and the spring, it was necessary to cross the river. The current being very swift, this was impos-

charming talks by naturalists and travelers were a most welcome feature of the outing. John Muir, who arrived with his two daughters, after we had been in camp for a few days, was the idol of the party, and many who had learnt to love him through his books, now hung with delight upon his spoken words. A simple, unpretentious man he is, all aglow with a genuine love of nature, and able to kindle enthusiasm in others. For more than thirty years he has wandered at all seasons through the Sierras, and studied more minutely than any



A Sierra Forest.

sible for those on foot, but a University professor who teaches what is commonly supposed to be a very impracticable subject, devised a raft which, after various futile experiments, was at last successfully worked across the stream. Later a bridge was constructed of felled pine trees, affording a drier, if not more secure, means of crossing.

A happy fortnight sped all too quickly by with Muir Camp for headquarters. Each evening the members met around the blazing camp-fire, talked over the pleasures of the day, and planned fresh trips for the morrow. Laughter, story, and song enlivened the circle, and other man the mountains, canyons, forests, and animal life of a region so far removed from the ordinary courses of human travel. Whatever conclusions this Scotch Thoreau reaches in reference to the ancient forces that have determined the present topography of this region deserve our careful consideration, for they are based upon a thorough study of the "original documents."

Very enjoyable were the rambles which the members of the club took with their honored President to Lambert's Dome, the Tuolumne cascades, the Lyell Glacier, and elsewhere. John Muir is no sportsman. He is too fond

of his four-footed and winged friends to kill them. Birds and beasts have nothing to fear from him. "I am a self-appointed Inspector of Gulches," he once remarked, "and I do not wage war on the native inhabitants." Even the rattle snake, if attending strictly to his own business, is allowed to glide off unscathed.

Two of the most popular members of our party were Professor Dudley, the Stanford botanist, and Dr. C. Hart Merriam of the U.S. Biological Survey. The former's talks upon the flora and the latter's upon the fauna of the Sierras were extremely enjoyable and instructive. Mr. Sawyer also entertained us with an account of the mammals of the East Indies, where he had lived for several years, and the genial patriarch of the camp, Mr. Hittell, the California historian, read us an interesting paper on the discovery of the Yosemite Valley.

The commissariat was well-managed, although it was no easy task to cater for such a large number of people, with appetites whetted by a life in the high mountain air. A large but light buzzacott range had been set up, and Chinese Charlie was an excellent cook, whose good-nature was often put to a severe test by belated mountaineers. Our "salle a manger" was the open air. No tables could be provided for so large a company, and, in serving meals, it was found convenient to have the campers line up for their rations, much as when there is a rush for seats in the grand opera season. This system, however undignified to contemplate, worked out very well, and prevented much confusion. A dinner, however, of four or five courses bore some resemblance to a progressive card party, where the company is ever on the move, and your partner changes at the ring of the bell. A large number of camp stools were provided for us, but as these are seldom strong on their legs, it was no infrequent sight to see one collapse beneath a man of goodly proportions, much to the confusion of the fallen and the delight of the by-standers, or rather by-sitters. Strange that we should rejoice in the misformay at any time befall ourselves.

One of our chief amusements was bathing in the Tuolumne. The water was icily cola, but so limpid and clear that, in the warm, sunny afternoons, few could resist the impulse to plunge into its pools. This was particularly refreshing after a long tramp or mountain climb, and by many will be remembered as the chief comfort of the trip

The use of fire-arms is forbidden in the Yosemite National Park, so that our nimrods were denied the joys of their sport. Large game, however, is far from plentiful in these mountains. The brown, or cinnamon bear, is now seldom seen, and the grizzly is almost as rare as the buffalo on the plains. Deer, however, notwithstanding wanton slaughtering in the recent past, are fairly common, and several of us came across some beautiful specimens in the mountain-meadows. When John Muir was climbing Mount Conness, a fine antlered buck suddenly encountered him, and, in its anxiety to escape, nearly knocked him over.

In lieu of shooting, we had some fine sport with the rod. Parties to Tioga Lake, Lee Vining Creek and elsewhere were generally very successful in fly-fishing, and kept the camp well-supplied with rainbow and silver trout. Swarms of mosquitoes, however, were a serious drawback to the pleasure of these excursions, and our fishermen had to protect themselves with headnets and long gauntlets. Beside the Tuolumne these mosquitoes seldom troubled us, though they were to be found everywhere, even on the very summit of Mount Lyell.

It was surprising how many in this large party were able to endure the fatigue of mountain climbing, and it speaks volumes for the physical training in our universities that the most active of our young women were students or graduates of Stanford and Berkeley.

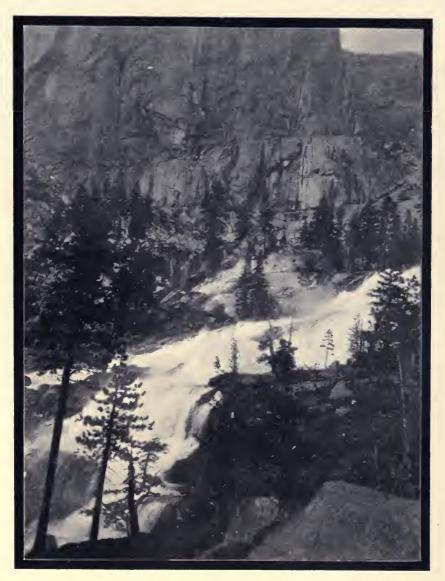
To reach the crest of Dana was a hard trip even for the men, for, besides the actual climb over broken metamorphic slate and yielding snow, it involved a tramp of twenty miles. However, no fewer than forty-nine of the party made this trip in one day, and no case of exhaustion was reported.

tunes of others, even when a like fate of From Dana's Summit one enjoys a

magnificent panorama of the Sierra ranges, the most prominent mountains being Conness, Warren, and Dunderberg on the north, and on the south McClure and Lyell. On the west one sees as far

craters is spread out to view, while beyond, near the Nevada line, rise the distant White Moutains.

The ascent of Lyell was made in  $mor \varepsilon$  leisurely fashion, but many who were



California Falls.

as the Hetch-Hetchy range. On the easer for the climb were dissuaded from east Bloody Cañon lies below, and the the attempt, and the party financy numwhole of the vast Mono region, with its bered a bare twenty. Pack animals caralkaline lake and numerous extinct ried our blankets and provisions to a

point ten miles up the meadows, where, under the frowning Kuna Peak, with the noise of lofty falls and a rushing river sounding in our ears, we camped for the night. One of our number, mounted on a mule, caused much anxiety by losing his way. Oddly enough, he had passed us on the trail unobserved, and urged his mule almost to the snows of Lyell. when ne saw far below him the light of the big fires which we had built for his guidance. How that poor animal carried his burden of probable profanity in the darkness down the rocky trail and safely into camp is a perplexing mystery.

At five o'clock in the morning we marched off in Indian file, under the direction of the club secretary. The members of the party undertook to hold together, and for the sake of the less vigorous our captain set a slow pace, which must have been rather irksome to the veteran climbers. Many had smeared their faces with flour, violet-powder, or charcoal to prevent snow-burning, but the most successful and least hideous application was a combination of vaseline and talcum. The disfiguring process was made complete by the use of isinglass or smoked-glass spectacles, so that to one another we presented a ludicrous sight, which caused no end of merriment. A fairly steep trail led us over broken granite and past swift rivulets, while gay bryanthus, dainty casslope (white mountain heather, called), brilliant polemonium, and small penstemons flourished in amazing quantities. The white stem pine, "pinus albicaulis," sturdiest of all the pines, was everywhere in evidence up to timberlimit, and often assumed remarkable shapes, when standing in an exposed, wind-swept position. One I noticed, at the extreme limit of vegetation, with stout root and stem, but unable to rise from the rock on which it was embedded. Yet here it had managed to live for many years.

Snow was lying on the mountain-sides in drifts many feet deep, but gave us comparatively little trouble until the glacier was reached, when it was spread out before us in a field of some two miles in width. Here our progress became very

slow, but the main exertion fell upon the leaders, who broke through the yet untrodden snow and packed it for the rest. Upon these snowy slopes two small winged companions hovered near us, keenly interested in our movements. They were snow-finches, which, as Mr. Muir expressed it, "always have a white tablecloth for their meals."

At last we arrived at the foot of the rocky pinnacle, which rose perpendicularly about three hundred feet above us. To climb this required no little nerve and skill. The rocks were often loose, and when once started would bound with a roar down the precipice and bury themselves in the snow below. Great care was necessary, but patience and mutual help enabled us to overcome every obstacle, and by eleven o'clock we were all assembled on the narrow summit, where, amid the sublimest scenery imaginable, we enjoyed a hearty luncheon.

The view was more extensive than from Dana, though less varied, as we could see little beyond the snowy peaks of successive mountain ranges, the intervening lakes and levels being hidden from sight. There was something aweinspiring in the thought that here we were on the very backbone of the American continent, and we were proudly conscious of the fact that in reaching the top of Lyell we had realized the main object of the Sierra Club's expedition.

After spending between two and three hours on the summit, the gathering clouds prompted us to begin a reluctant descent. The most venturesome, who had forgotten their tobogganing experience in northern climes, directed their steps to a narrow tongue of snow which extended upwards between two rocky In sitting posture and guiding themselves with alpen-stocks they shot down the snowy slope with tremendous speed, and though there were some undignified tumbles, all reached the levels below in safety, more or less wet with the snow, but delightfully exhilarated by the unwonted experience.

By the time we returned to our camping spot of the previous night the storm broke upon us, but as all were anxious to reach Camp Muir pefore dark we pushed on amid rain, lightning and

echoing thunder, regardless of discomforts, and rejoicing in the "divini gloria ruris" (the glory of the divine country). of which Virgil sings. When half-way home the storm ceased, the sun once more shone upon us, and a magnificent rainbow, resting on the very center of Dana's crest, was so singularly beautiful as to remind us how aptly John Muir had compared these luminous mountains to "the wall of some celestial city."

Of the numerous excursions taken by smaller parties, that which was undoubtedly the most difficult, though probably the most interesting, was a trip made by it on north and south, recede but slightly from the original height of the river, and in some places present great domes and pinnacles of rock, which tower above the river-bed in marvelous sublimity. The canyon is in fact another Yosemite, and has doubtless been fashioned by the same process of creation. Above the California Fall stands a veritable El Capitan, under which we spent our first night, just beyond a cloud of spray that is ever rising like incense and bedewing great beds of mosses and clumps of cassiope. We had no blankets-it was hard enough in such a country to carry a



Midsummer.

three of us down the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne. When the river leaves the Meadows it descends in a series of graceful cascades and precipitous falls between gigantic cliffs, until the mountainous region is passed and the dry plains eagerly welcome its waters. The upper portion of this course is known as the Grand canyon, and in its remarkable features is a worthy rival of the Yosemite Valley.

In the course of half a dozen miles between the upper cascades and Cathedral Creek the Tuolumne drops some 4,000 feet, but the granite walls, which fence scanty stock of provisions on our backs—but we made a huge fire with a resinous pine-stump, and slept soundly on a soft bed of crushed juniper bark, laid between the fire and a large boulder, which sheltered us from the wind.

Early the next morning we scrambled over the polished rocky slopes, down one side of the cataract Le Conte Falls, which have been named in honor of the great and gentle soul, who less than three weeks before, while revisiting the Yosemite, preparatory to accompanying the club on its present outing, was suddenly called to his eternal rest.

The Le Conte Falls may be ranked among the greatest wonders of the Sierras. Less than a mile below the California Fall, and amid the same imposing surroundings, the river takes another downward plunge of several hundred feet. The cataract is not continuous throughout, but the first fall of one hundred and fifty feet strikes full against a massive granite wall, which successfully resists the assault, throwing up a dense cloud of irised spray, which rises

away and proceed on our journey.

Our return journey was made by way of the Cathedral Creek Canyon, which only Mr. Muir, so far as we are aware, had ever traversed before. The Cathedral Creek rises at the base of Cathedral Mountain, almost within sight of the fountain-waters of the Tenaya, but, flowing in an opposite direction, it forms one of the largest tributaries of the Tuolumne, cutting its way into the Grand Canyon of the latter through an immense



Tuolumne Meadows and Mt. Dana.

high above the fall itself, and is swayed hither and thither by the sportive wind. Lashed into fury, the water turns off angrily at a right angle, rounds the corner of the rocky parapet, and breaks into two falls which unite their torrents in the chasm below. Through almost the whole of its rapid course, the water is churned into a snowy white, only occasionally showing an emerald hue. Long we lingered, gazing on this glorious spectacle, before we could tear ourselves

gorge, the lower slopes of which, polished smooth as marble, testify to the gigantic power of the ancient glacier, which in all probability carved out this wondrous avenue. Up this canyon we made our way with the greatest difficulty over immense boulders, which another heavy rain had made very slippery, forcing a passage through the wet and tangled chaparral, which often grew close to the water's edge, and again boldly fording the boisterous and rock-strewn current,

when no other means of advance was visible. So slow was our progress that we were unexpectedly compelled to spend a second night away from the comforts of Camp Muir, which we did not reach until eleven o'clock on the following morning.

Aside from their impressive scenery, such "mountain streets" as the Tuolumne and Cathedral Canyons are full of interest to the visitor who is brave and active enough to pry into their secrets. No sections of the Sierra country are more rich in varied forms of life. Here the inhabitants of boreal and more southern zones

Much more striking, however, are the abundance, variety and beauty of the flora. The walls above are lined with pines, and on the sides of the great cliffs, wherever plants can find a footing, one sees ferns, dwarf oaks and evergreens, including great mats of brilliant bryanthus and exquisite cassiope. Yet it is on the floors and lowest slopes of the canyons that we see the richest life. Besides the common tamarack pine (pinus contorta), sturdy juniper, graceful mountain hemlock and the stately silver fir (abies magnifica), of which there is a splendid grove above the California



The Happy Isles (Yosemite).

meet and cross, the higher flora and fauna descending from above, and the lower being often projected upwards.

We followed some well-defined bear trails, when turning into the Cathedral Canyon, and half-way up the latter came suddenly upon some beautiful deer as they were crossing the stream. Chipmunks, gray squirrels, eagles, hawks, grouse, mountain quail, water-ouzels, cardinal grosbeaks, woodpeckers, robins, bees and butterflies, to say nothing of snakes, were all in evidence, to remind us that we were not alone in these wild avenues.

Fall, we meet the yellow pine (pinus ponderosa), fragrant cedar (libocedrus), Douglas spruce, California maples, trembling aspens and live oaks.

But it is the wealth and beauty of the shrubs and small flowering plants that one admires most. Where the snow lingers, the gay crimson ice-plant is easily found, but much more common are the less conspicuous phloxes, asters, daisies and columbines. In the Cathedral Canyon, cardinal zauschneria (wild fuchsias) and proud tiger-lilies flaunt themselves in your face, and on all sides one sees wild cherry, gnarled manzanita, out-

spreading spiraea, flowering dogwood, blue ceanothus, gay castilleias, and glorious azalias—all in such profusion that the traveler, confused by this richness of floral display, forgets how short a distance separates him from the perennial snows and naked summits of the great Sierra crest.

A few days after our canyon trip, on Monday, July 29th, we struck camp and set out over the Sunrise trail on our return to the Yosemite Valley. The delightful tramp of twenty-five miles, made by the whole party in a single day, seemed child's play to men and women who had lived under the open sky, breathing the pure mountain air, smelling the incense of the pines, bathing in fresh, unsullied waters, scaling lofty peaks, exploring deep canyons, and enjoy-

ing the perfect health and buoyancy of spirit which come from nestling close to nature's breast.

On the Catnedral Pass we regretfully parted company with our loved friend, John Muir, who had accompanied us thus far on our journey, but was now to return for some weeks longer to his favorite haunts. "You will come home again," he said, and we, as we cheered him goodbye and watched him ride up the path toward the grand Cathedral on that sunny morning, felt the pang which the boy feels when he first leaves father and mother, for we were going out into a world of care and unrest and artificial convention, while he would still abide in the midst of genuine joy and undisturbed peace, sheltered by the motherly arms of kind Nature herself.

#### IN FOG TIME.

BY ELOISE DAVIS.

The trees show black against the mist—Say! but it's drear;
The hills to the north, that the sun late kissed,
Where are they, dear?

I turn my face to the wide, free West,
But naught I see—
Naught save a mass of white unrest
That floats to me.

To the East I look with searching eyes— Nay, nothing there; A few faint, vague outlines arise Through fog-blurred air.

The fitful gleaming of the sun,
Close veiled on high,
Throws strange, gray shadowings upon
The street hard by.

I close my tired eyes at the sight,
It is so drear;
I sit and wait for the dark of night
And you, my dear.

### THE LAUGH OF FATE

#### BY LEAVENWORTH MAC NAB.

T was half-past seven, and Luisa's hatred for the "gringoes" was at its zenith. When she had spread the faded scarlet table-cover there was love in her heart; a smile and a song on her lips. But that was at half-past five, and she did not dream then that the four students, who had ordered a dinner at "four-bits" a plate would disappoint her.

The dwarfed room was crowded with spicy odors from the kitchen where the culinary mysteries that compose a Mexican dinner were spoiling to be eaten. Luisa stood at the window, watching down the steep alley and piling invectives on the students for their perfidy. In a patch of sunlight some dirty, bedraggled children played in a half-hearted sort of way. A goat was gleaning promiscuous fodder from the cobbles. The door of the Gianduja wine-house framed the globular form of its proprietor, Pietro Sceggia.

Luisa took no notice of these, however. They were to her as much a part of the alley as the tumbled houses and the cobbles. Her gaze leapt beyond to where the alley lost itself in the avenue that is the business center of San Francisco's Latin Quarter.

The sun fell behind Russian Hill and the shadows crept in to cover the filth and squalor. Lights peered sleepily from the windows of the tenements and flashed from the painted glass of the Gianduja, where the raucous voice of an accordion called alluringly.

Luisa watched the passers-by on the avenue until the darkness made further watching useless. Then she returned to the kitchen to preserve the rejected feast for the guests to-morrow might bring. A few minutes later her unwelcome labor was interrupted by a loud knocking and the rattling of the window-shutters. The scowl left Luisa's face. She knew all the time the dear students would come, she told herself as she hastened to answer the peremptory summons.

"Enter, Senors," she said cheerily, throwing wide the door.

A man staggered over the threshold and sank, half-fainting, into a chair.

"Mother, mother," he gasped, "I must have money. I must fly. Already they may be hunting me. I must have money. You must get me money."

Luisa stared an instant at the bloodless face, the fear-filled eyes. Then she hastily closed the door and shot the bolts. Then she turned to where the man crouched like a hunted thing.

"Pedro, my son!" she cried, "what has happened? What have you done? Pedro! Pedro!" She grasped the hand of her son, then shuddered back in horror. The hand was wet with blood.

Pedro watched her action and resented it. There was a tinge of defiance in his voice when he spoke.

"I have killed Galileo Cortez. We were playing cares in his room. I cheated and he saw it. He called me a thief; the son of a thief, and a murderer. He said you and my father were driven from Mexico. Then he assailed your virtue and my knife cut the words from his lying tongue. I fled, forgetting to withdraw the blade. They may discover him any moment. Listen! What was that? I must fly, mother. I must have money!"

"Heaven rity us, my boy, I am penniless."

"Nonsense!" cried the son in high anger. "Will you let your avarice drive me even to the gallows? You have lied to be often enough. There is money here and I'll have it."

He sprang up and began to search the room. The quest was vain. Half-frenzied he seized the woman by the throat, threatening her life unless she revealed the hiding-place of her savings.

"By the Blessed Mother, I swear—"
"You lie, curse you. You—"

the time the dear students would come, she told herself as she hastened to anster the street. Pedro's hands relaxed and wer the peremptory summons. If Digitized by Microsoft

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

"The thing is only glass,"

woman from him and made a dash toward the rear of the house.

After a little, Luisa struggled to her feet. "Pedro! Pedro!" she wailed. There was no response. He was gone, and in anger, the son who was more to her than life. Perhaps already they had taken him. And he would have to die, her beautiful Pedro would have to die. She sank on her knees tearfully imploring pity and help.

Suddenly her sobs ceased. The light of hope came into her face. He might come back, and there was the ruby! The ruby would yield money enough to take Pedro beyond the reach of the law—even to Mexico.

Luisa rose hastily and pinned a skirt across the frayed blind to effectually exclude prying eyes. Then she cautiously opened the door and scanned the little yard. The moon lay bright on the rocky ground and the disheartened clump of geraniums that crouched near the decaying fence. Far below the bay stretched like a grey ribbon.

Satisfied that no prowlers were about she returned to the kitchen. She loosened the neck of her dress and drew forth a greasy, worn leather case. Her hands trembled as she unwound the cord, twined securely about it.

The candle-light dipped into the heart of the great ruby the open case revealed. Luisa gazed in ecstacy a moment. Then she hugged the flaming jewel to her heart as if it were a living thing. Then tears came into her eyes.

For years the ruby had been to her as a comforter. When life and love were young, Jose, her husband, had given her the jewel. That was far away under the burnished skies of Mexico; far away where Jose was sleeping the trouble-free sleep.

The ruby was all that was left her from those happy, singing days. She had clung to it in the face of biting poverty. It was to her a sacred thing, made holy by the memories it kept alive. And now she must part with her treasure. She held it close to the candle and gloated over its wonderful beauty. A pain shot through her throat, where the fingers of her son had bruised the tendons, and smothered for a moment her mother-love.

Then the pain ceased and she remembered the velvet clinging of baby-fingers and the pleading eyes that were like Jose's. Then mother-love triumphed.

She threw a shawl over her nead and hurried from the house, toward the lights of the avanue. Pietro Scaggia greeted



Luisa gazed in ecstacy a moment.

her cordially as she passed the Giauduja. This gave her courage. If the murder had been discovered Pietro would know of it, she felt sure.

Luisa sought out a jeweler with whom she had often had dealings, and offered the jewel for sale, asking one hundred dollars for it.

The man examined the stone and looked at Luisa's shabby attire. Then he laughed and handed her treasure back.

"One hundred dollars, Senora! You must be joking. The thing is only glass. Four-bits would be a big price for it. Some one has played a trick on you. Take my word for it, it's nothing but glass."

Luisa was dazed. She tottered from the store and toward the hill. In her heart had wakened a bitter hatred for Jose, Jose who had been dust for twenty years.

She forgot all about her son and the

murder of Galileo Cortez; the beautiful memories that had brightened all the gloomy days that lay between her and youth were blotted out. She could realize but one thing—Jose had deceived her, had given her a worthless bauble for a thousand kisses and the devotion of a life-time.

She panted up the steep alley, only pausing when she reached the verge of the cliff overhanging the stone quarries. She turned toward the south—toward Mexico—the land that had suddenly been transformed from the home of sweet memories into an abode of treachery—and hurled the ruby into the white moonlight.

"Go from me," she cried. "You, like Jose, are false."

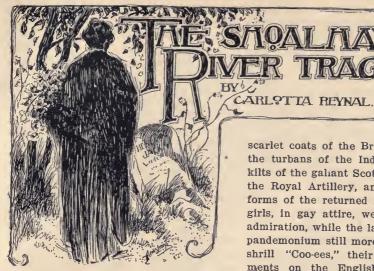
Three days later—the day the police captured Pedro—a quarryman picked up the ruby, and that night found him richer by one thousand dollars.

## THE UNKNOWN.

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

Across the desert of Eternity,
Darkness! I stretch to thee my helpless hands,
The human soul sees not nor understands,
And I, who nothing know and nothing see,—
Is Death the only Fiat Lux for me?

Peace! restless spirit, let serenity
Shine ever on thy madly-questioning soul.
Thou that canst see no part—wouldst see the whole?
What art thou who wouldst know what thou shalt be?
Death is the only Fiat Lux for thee.



T nine o'clock on the 29th of December, 1900, the usual Saturday evening crowd on George Street. was augmented by additional hundreds of strolling people. Sydney seemed galvanized into a new and spasmodic life. Federation was virtually accomplished, and the colonists, from near and far, were pouring into Sydney to share in its gorgeous festivities.

Christmas had been thrust quite into the shade because of the new excitement. Christmases have been coming and going for 1900 years, but the Commonwealth of Australia could only come once!

The first Governor-General, Earl Hopetown, had already arrived, and thousands had witnessed his triumphal march down King street. The several magnificent arches in honor of the new United States of Australasia were nearly completed, and were beautiful, artistic successes. Over every available shop, on every balcony along the line of march, in every spare bit of ground, stands were in process of erection to accommodate the people, and the seats thereon were selling at fabulous prices. The hotels were filled to overflowing, and for even a cot in a tiny hall-way one must pay his guinea per day. Yes, Federation was at hand, and all Sydney was mad!

Amongst the regular loiterers on George street might be noticed the bright

scarlet coats of the British Life Guards, the turbans of the Indian warriors, the kilts of the galiant Scots, the Grenadiers. the Royal Artillery, and the khaki uniforms of the returned Australians. The girls, in gay attire, were delirious with admiration, while the larrikens made the pandemonium still more intense by their shrill "Coo-ees," their unbridled comments on the Englishmen, and their wild delight when any little row, or handto-hand "shindy" seemed imminent. Once the tallest man in the British army (a private) passed through the everincreasing crowd, and his appearance was the signal for a rousing cheer, while a curious, pushing, shoving rabble surrounded him. This fellow was six feet nine and a half inches, and his massive figure towered far above his comrades. even in a country where men are mostly big and well set up.

"My word, Jane!" said an old, hard-featured countryman to his wife, "he's a whopper, isn't he?"

She nodded vigorously, too confused and awe-struck in the strange tide of life around them to speak. They stood and stared after the big Britisher until he was hustled out of sight into a convenient "pub," then continued their slow progress towards the "Arcadia," where they were stopping.

Perhaps there was no sadder, lonelier couple than these two, Dave Stevens and Jane, his wife. Two dreary weeks they had been in Sydney, but the festivities held no cheer for them. From their quiet home on the Shoalhaven River they had hastened to welcome back their only son from South Africa. They knew he had been hurt, but he was coming back to them, and their love and care should cure his wounds. So bidding Tess, their

him:

toiler in his day.

brown-eyed daughter, keep the house in readiness for Jack's return, the old squatter-farmer and his wife hastened to meet the ship. With straining eyes and fastbeating hearts they searched the deck for that one precious face, but Jack was not among those happy sun-burned men who had come home unscathed from the war. Nor was he in that pitiful little contingent of slightly wounded heroes, whose pale faces, bandaged arms or legs, told too plainly of the remorseless bitterness of war. No, he was not there, and their fond eyes suddenly grew a little dimmer. Where was Jack?

"Ah!" A frightened exclamation from Jane. Her mother's eye had found him, despite his fearful pallor, despite those hideous bandages, despite the fact that he was borne on a litter, a pitiful wreck of a man, all that was left of him. But he felt her tears and kisses, and the old man's trembling hand on his head, and smiled well content.

"It's good-to be home!" he whispered before he fainted.

So this was why these two walked sorrowing in the midst of so much joy. Jack was lying dangerously ill in the hospital, and their spirit was broken within them. She clung a little closer to Dave's arm.

"Shall we go out again to-night?" she

"No," replied the father. "It ain't no good to go, Jane; he's got to be kept asleep, and to-morrow-to-morrow, we shall know the result of the operation."

Her face grew whiter, and she felt very old and helpless.

"Jane," he said, hesitatingly, "I've never been what you'd call a hard man, have I?"

"Why, no, Dave," she answered. His white head shook perplexedly.

"I can't understand it," he muttered. "All these years to work, thinking of the time when Jack 'ud grow up to take my place; feelin' prouder of him every year, seein' him shootin' way above me, and so brave and handsome. And now-now -he's almost gone, and you and I are left, Jane, in the evenin' time-desolate!"

knees, praying for their lives? Why did He let our house burn twice, when Joe

Endicott's was saved, and him a lying, drunken wretch not fit to live? Why did He let us lose all our cows, and nearly perish of famine? And now, why did He let Jack get hurt, and Joe Endicott's boy come home straight and well? Oh, I've

been a prayin' man in my time, and I've lived honest among my fellow-men, but God's hand keeps crushin' me down, and since little Tom got lost in the "bush." and died, I've shook my fist at God, and

Men and women grow old fast out in

the "bush," and this man had been a hard

as the old wife said, even in her own

trouble trying, womanlike, to comfort

"There's our Tess, Davie, and perhaps

Dave Stevens raised his head flercely. "God!" he cried passionately, "where

has God been all these years, and where

is He now? Why did He let our four

children die off, like white blossoms, one

by one, and all the time we were on our

even now God won't take our Jack!"

A quickly-repressed sob answered him,

I mean to keep on shakin' it!" Terrified, she kept hushing him, but

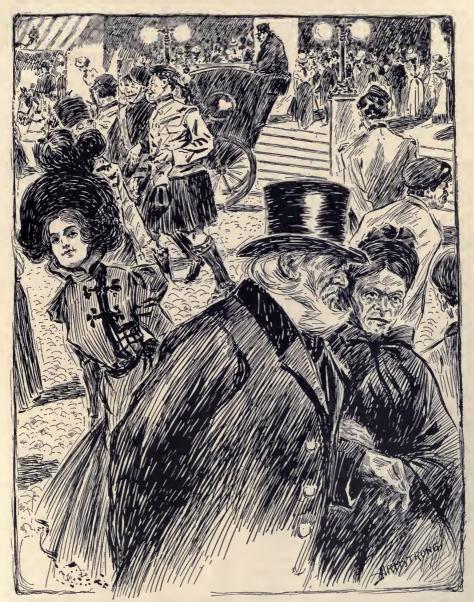
the flood-gates of the bitterness of years were opened, and would not be closed. In his impotence he swore it should be

war between him and God.

That night Dave Stevens had a dream. He seemed to be walking through a blazing field of pasture land. The fire scorched, but did not burn him; he tottered with fear and anguish, but did not fall. Always before him he dimly saw a man's slender form, and he tried madly to reach that figure. Hissing tongues of fire leaped up to kiss his face; he heard mocking voices in the scarlet air, and slimy snakes and hateful reptiles kept pace with him. Aloud in his agony he cried, "Oh, God! Deliver me out of this Hell!" Suddenly the blazing field changed into a long, level paddock, fresh and green, wherein sleek cows were peacefully grazing, and frolicking colts played gleefully. A cool breeze fanned his face, and he saw the countenance of the man in the distance. It was Jack! Jack, well

His voice broke over the last word. and strong, with long, swinging strides, coming to meet him. In his delight, the old man stretched out his arms and fell sobbing, while a voice in the air above him seemed to say, tenderly: "Trust

morning." And as the voice ceased the trembling man seemed to see above him the faces of his dead children, all fresh, pure and radiantly beautiful.



The festivities held no cheer for them.

in the Lord with all thine heart," for, "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and, "Tho' grief may endure for a night, joy cometh in the if der in her wrinkled face.

"O Lord, I believe! Help Thou mine unbelief!" he cried, and-awoke. His wife, Jane, was beside him, fear and won"Davie, dear," she said, tenderly, "have ye been dreamin'? Your face is all wet with tears, and you've been moanin' something terrible!"

But Dave only smiled, and said, solemnly: "Jane, old girl, our Jack won't die, and praised be God!"

Then he told her all about it. He was right, for Jack got well. And because of this great mercy, following his wonderful dream, Dave Stevens' hard heart became like the trusting heart of a little child. Weeks after the "Commonwealth" glories had been hushed—wellnigh forgotten—in the sacred sorrow of a great nation mourning for its great Queen, Jack Stevens went back to his home, and joy reigned in that house.

There is a charming little inland town on the South Coast, named Nowra, the environments of which are especially lovely. Numberless dairy farms picturesquely located make pastoral etchings across the beautiful Hawksbury, while sixteen miles in one direction is Jervis brilliant and Bay, sparkling, beached-and over the hazy mountains lies the Kangaroo Valley, with its gorgeous foliage, its multitudinous flowers, its thick green trees, and all the wooded wealth of a tropical glen. Still in another direction is Coolangatta and the Shoalhaven River, along the banks of which are prosperous dairy farms. Acre upon acre of these peaceful farms meet the vision, and their produce of butter and milk marks the prosperity or failure of the district. Dave's farm was one of the largest and ran mile after mile along the banks of the river. Since his return from Sydney Dave had been a changed man. From a hard, stern, often vindictive man, he had become genial, kindly and thoughtful. The memory of that dream guided his life, and he never wearied telling it over and over to his family, as they sat around him in the twilight. A strange power for good was at work within him.

When Tess's lover left her in a fit of jealous passion and married another woman, and the stricken girl crept sobbing to her mother, it was Dave who whispered, "Tho' grief may endure for a night,"

joy cometh in the morning!" But Tess was rebellious, and these words were impotent to help her. She went silently about the house and daily grew paler and quieter. Dave and Jane watched her and pitied her, and grieved over her, and waited—with the rare patience of such simple creatures—for the cloud to lift.

The neighbors were astounded at the alteration in Dave. One said: "My word! Dave Stevens' got religion!" Another, with a wink, "The Commonwealth has had a mighty queer effect on old Dave!"

"Dave's a bit touched here, I think," said Joe Endicott, tapping his forehead significantly. "I was grumblin' at the drought parchin' up everything hereabouts, and he told me to 'trust to the Lord!' Now, I'm hanged if I ever heard such cant; it fairly sickens me. It's Sunday-scnool talk!"

His companions in the bar of the "Commercial" nodded their heads and laughed, and filled their glasses again and again until they could drink no more. But the women folk, wiser and tenderer, said: "It's because Jack got well. Dave sets such a store by Jack."

So Dave's "craze" became the gossip of the country-side, but he went his quiet way, trustful and happy. Things were pretty bad just then. There had been a long drought, and every farm was suffering sadly for rain. Besides, there was a great scarcity of wood. Dave and Jack grew very grave over these impending disasters, for to bring wood to that farm meant a greater expense than could be even thought of. Unless something happened soon, poverty must fall with its dire blight upon this peaceful home.

At last came the beginning of the end, with its swift and remarkable events.

It was a stifling day, dark and heavy, but the farmers hardly dared hope for rain, the drought had been so long and so severe. Dave looked up into the threatening sky and smiled, content.

Tess Stevens sat in the doorway, her brown curly head resting wearily on her hand. Her white face and great dark eyes were a fearful reproach to the stalwart young fellow who was riding by. He rode past the girl, then slowly turned the horse's head and stopped at the little wooden gate.

"Tess!" he whispered huskily.

The warm crimson blood rushed to her face at his voice, then faded, leaving it paler than ever.

"Well, Donald, and how are you?" she said, quietly, looking steadily into his face, but not getting up from her seat.

"Oh, my girl!" he cried, "don't look and speak like that to me. I can't bear it. Curse me if you will, but don't look as though I had killed ye!"

He covered his eyes with his hands and groaned aloud, for he knew that only his own mad folly had parted him from this little maiden, whose misery he read in her white face. She used to be such a merry slip of a girl, with softly flushing cheeks, dancing eyes, tossing curis, and now-he jumped off his horse and stood at the gate.

"Tess, come here to me!" At the old imperative tone she loved so well Tess rose, and came slowly toward him, but said never a word. What need for words between these two whose lives were sundered forever! Steadily they looked into well-remembered eyes; for one minute they clasped hands hard, then he whispered:

"Forgive me, my little love," and rushed madly away from her, blind to all else save the quivering pathetic face of the girl whose heart he had broken.

Tess turned wearily back.

"It's all over," she murmured, and then, as though the quietude of the whole scene stifled her she cried out wildly:

"This life forever! O Goa: God!"

When Dave lifted her up and carried her indoors, there was a thin white line around his mouth; she felt so small, so light a burden. He watched Jack chafe her brown little hands, and Jane croon lovingly over the small brown head; then the strange old man went out alone, and looking fearlessly up into a troubled, lowering sky, said simply: "I have trusted Thee, O Lord! The bruised reed Thou wilt not break."

But the girl within, slowly returning to the daily tragedy of her daily lifelooking drearily ahead through so many river. Microsoft ®

vistas of lonely years-called despairingly:

"Oh, mother! Where is God?" and Jane could only cuddle her and sob out: "I don't know rightly, but my dearie be brave and search hard to find Him."

Honest, homely words from an honest, homely old woman whose simple creed was to trust without question, and, the heavier the rod, the more meekly bow, submissive, under the chastening. But ah! the thousands there are in this world who say, staring piteously up into that blue immensity of speechless, maddening space, "Where is God!" The tumult of our own rushing, throbbing life is so flerce and swift a torrent that, too often, we cannot hear that "Still, small voice" which whispers pleadingly, "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The storm which had threatened all day began to rage furiously toward dusk, and the deluge lasted two days. wind blew dismally; the trees groaned and rocked; the windows rattled; the fences creaked and broke; the cattle, frightened, clung together until the men on horseback, preceded by the excited dogs, came tearing across the fields to drive them to shelter.

The Shoalhaven River seemed alive. It swelled, it bubbled, it spluttered, it acted like a mad thing. The farmers, round-eyed, muttered, "Devil take us! It's a flood," and they slapped their hats on more closely, and rode to the rescue and saving of their stock.

Jack Stevens looked up and down, over and across the wide acres of his father's land.

"It's no use," he murmured, "I can t reach those far fences. Best to take care of the house and the paddocks."

Tess appeared beside him.

"Is it a flood, Jack?"

He turned swiftly and put his arm around her. (This little sister was very dear to Jack.)

"It looks uncommonly like it, sis; now run in and have things hot, for the governor and I will be mighty wet."

She lingered, looking towards the



"It seems alive, Jack," she whispered, shuddering; "it seems to say, 'Come! Come!'"

He caught her to him fearfully.

"Sis, dear, you are cold and ill. Come in to mother," and he lifted her in his strong young arms to the cosy shelter of the sitting-room.

Late into the night he and his father rode through rivers of water, putting up rough bulwarks of protection, damming the hurricane of wind and flood as best they could, out finally, dripping and exhausted, fought their way home.

"It's rain with a vengeance, mother," exclaimed Jack, cheerfully, and Dave, with a bright gleam in his shining eyes, said:

"Yes, wife, it's rain, and please God the wood will come too!" Jane knew he had prayed for the rain and prayed for the wood. The old wife looked thoughtful. She pictured the mischief and misery this deluge would bring to some of the poorer farmers along the river; the exposure and cold it meant to some aboriginal camps on the other side, where the dusky "gins" and their dusky pickaninnies frolicked so happily only yesterday in the sunshine. Was this continual praying for some specific object the true religion of the soul, or was it fanatical, and would it despoil itself? She felt a great fear at her heart-strings and a great tenderness made her link her brown arm in her husband's.

"Come to bed, Davie," she coaxed. "It's a cosy night for bed, and the house is well sheltered."

The second day of the big flood was over, and it was long past midnight, nearly dawn. Jane started up wildly out of sleep.

"Dave! Dave! Did ye not hear it—that cry out in the dark?"

"Nay, wife," said the old man soothingly. "It's naught but the wind or the crazy laugh of the jackass. See! it's nearly dawn."

But Jane heard it still in her dreams, that moaning cry which froze the blood in her veins.

Jack slept heavily the first part of that night, for he was tired and chilled. What woke him he never knew, but suddenly he sat up in bed, every nerve alert and ready.

A lull in the wind; a sound like light foot-steps! Surely the front door creaked on its hinges! His weariness overcame him, and he dozed. Only a moment, though, and he stood in the middle of the room wide awake and white as death. What was that, sobbing through the storm? The wind, a lost lamb, or a human cry of anguish? "Come! Come!" He shook where he stood.

Tess had said these words yesterday, and—he started forward. "Tess! Tess!" Where was Tess?

A little white bed deserted; a little maidenly room forlorn; a little heap of unused clothes neatly folded on a chair, but Tess—Tess was not there!

Out into the darkness he rushed. To that swollen river he tore. Ah! a tiny white speck in front; a swiftly flying flgure. A man's beseeching cry, "Tess! Tess! Tess!" A girl's arms outspread, like piteous wings; a desperate plunge into a furious torrent, and the white flying flgure is gone. But a brown head rises on the wave, Jack's loving arms clutch it, while the river goes tumbling remorselessly on.

The morning was calm after the storm,

and the river turbulent but sunny.

Dave Stevens threw open the shutters of his bed-room, and, at the sight which met his eyes, uttered a strange, triumphant shout.

"Wife! Wife! The wood has come! The wood! The wood!"

Jane, all in a flutter, rushed to the window. Trembling, they stared speechless. Far as the eye could reach, extending along Dave's land, on either side the road, lay huge blocks of wood, all shapes, all sizes, but wood, good solid wood, washed there from the distant hills by that stupendous flood. Even from the window Dave could see that there was wood enough in plain sight to last years, and what if the distant fields of his property further up along the shore were filled likewise with this God-given wealth of wood! The man and woman at the window turned pale. Dave, because of the marvelous answer to his prayer, and Jane, because all this sudden goodness of the Lord frightened her. What if He were only trying Dave, and what if He should suddenly cease His mercies to test the new-found Faith! Would her dear old man stand firm and steadfast then? Such thoughts and their unuttered answer made the wife more than ever tender, as she helped the farmer into his big coat and boots, and noted the excited gleam of confident assurance in his eyes.

"I must call Jack, and we'll see how much the good Lord has sent us," said he, with a swift, glad smile.

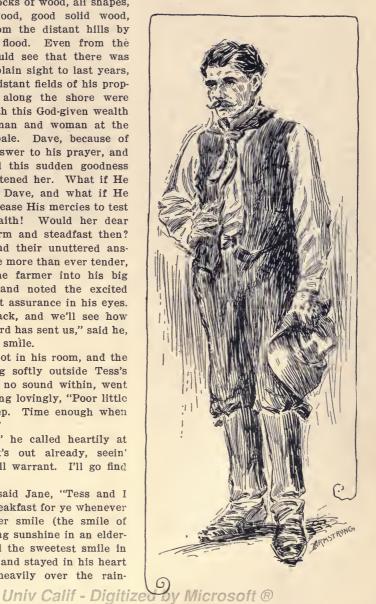
But Jack was not in his room, and the old man, listening softly outside Tess's door and hearing no sound within, went his way, whispering lovingly, "Poor little girl! Let her sleep. Time enough when she must awake."

"Bye-bye, wife," he called heartily at the door. "Jack's out already, seein" after the cows, I'll warrant. I'll go find him."

"Yes, father," said Jane, "Tess and I will have a hot breakfast for ye whenever ye come in." Her smile (the smile of many years making sunshine in an elderly face), was still the sweetest smile in the world to him, and stayed in his heart as he tramped heavily over the rainsoaked fields.

"I trusted Thee, O Lord!" he murmured, "and Thou hast heard my prayer."

All the gratitude of his soul was in his face as he turned it skyward, and no question of mercies still to follow marred his confident belief. This man was conscious of no element of selfishness in his religion. He wanted all these good things for those he loved, that they might be saved the terrible hand-to-hand struggle for livelihood of his own early years. Un-



der the flattering touch of the recent blessings of a God he had once cursed his nature was rapidly becoming sweet and submissive. These South Coast farmers are all children of nature, though often shrewd and hard-headed, and, in Dave's case, the simplicity of his nature in part accounted for the rapid change from an embittered disbeliever to an enthusiast. This same simplicity made doubt of God's continued goodness utterly impossible to him.

Finding no trace of Jack, he wandered on alone, seeing wood upon every side. If his thoughts could have been put into words they would all have spelt one sentence, "I thank Thee, my God."

What a wealth of luxury all this meant to him! Why, it would take months to cart it and convert it into use. course, he would share some of it with his less fortunate neighbors, and indeed there should be general rejoicing. How Jack and Tess would laugh over it! His kindly old face twinkled into a humorous smile as he pictured their surprise and pleasure. Well, he would go home and get it over. Jane's hot breakfast would surely be ready, and the children in haste for it. How full and shiny looked the river, sparkling there in the sunshine! Ah, naughty river, Thou hast a secret Thou darest not tell this grand old man with the happy eyes and the mouth of a little child!

Along the way home he came across the body of a tiny, dead colt. "Poor wee thing!" he thought pityingly. "Something must perish in a flood like this," and he determined to have Jack fetch the colt and bury it decently.

As he drew near the house he noticed a small knot of men and women by the gate. "They've neard and come to see," he muttered, and did not hasten forward, for this simple man had no desire to become a marvel unto his friends. But it was strange that Jack did not come rushing forward to meet him, swinging his cap in the air like the very boy he was! A proud smile crossed the father's lips.

Jack was his idol.

But now, farewell to happy visions, for

God's thunderbolt of unquenchable woe has descended, breaking the heart that had turned so gratefully towards Him!

Across the fields came a man, slowly, unwillingly. It was Joe Endicott, the prosperous farmer, whose prosperity had degenerated him into a lazy drunkard. Dave's brows met in sudden anger. He did not like this man. In the center of the field they met. Joe, turning, saw that small, silent group at the house watching him. All the manhood that was left in him sprang into quick life when he looked into Dave's guileless, untroubled face. He grasped his hand hard.

"'Mornin', Dave, old man," he began huskily. Then feeling his courage deserting him in the mighty pity he felt, he blurted out the truth.

Yes, there in the sunshine, with the heaven-sent wood all around him, far as eye could reach, Dave heard that the last of his children had been taken from him.

Clasped in each other's arms, pallid and cold, their beauteous bodies had come ashore several miles down the river. Reverently they had been carried to that home whose light and comfort they had been.

Dave stood, like an old, scarred oak, and heard it all, looking straight into the brimming eyes of his neighbor. Joe's voice faltered and broke, but he never let go the other man's hand, and when at last Dave suddenly comprehended this awful thing, it was Joe who supported him and Joe who bade him "Bear up, old chap, for the wife's sake."

A few moments later a white-haired man, tottering and shrunken as the years had never made him totter and shrink, raised his impotent, trembling arms towards a serenely smiling heaven, and cursed the God who had fooled him.

But Jane, burying her stricken head in the bosoms of her dead children, murmured: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Though it kill her, yet she will kiss the rod that smites her and utter no complaint.

The reward hereafter must indeed be great to compensate for the bottomless sorrows of this life.

## THE HIDDEN CHORD

## BY CECIL MARRACK

HE doctor said that he was dying. I sat beside the bed and looked at the thin face. The blue veins showed in the bloodless forehead and the eyes were closed. The long, slender hands lay outside the covers, limp and nerveless. Surely he was very near death already, but I could not realize it. He was my father and we had always been together. But the man of science had given his verdict and had just left the room.

If he were right—. I hid my face in the covers and my sobbing shook the bed.

"Great God!" I prayed; "do not separate us!"

When I looked up his eyes were open. "Ralph," he said, "when you leave the Conservatory go home! Tell her that it was an accident," and then he passed away.

A single ray of the setting sun shot through the half-closed blind and struck a long row of flasks on the shelf at the foot of the bed. A thin tube of blue liquid caught the light, held it sparkling for a moment and then passed it on to the next, which flashed out blood-red. I knew the scene too well for this to interest me—the cheerless room, full of chemical appliances, the dusty, cob-webby corners, and the oppressive odor were not strange to me. Closing my eyes I thought of my father's last words.

I had grown up in this desolate little house with two questions always haunting me. One was: "What is it all for?"

My father seemed to have plenty of money, but his way of spending it appeared to me utterly useless. To begin with, he insisted that I should employ my entire time studying harmony and music under the most expensive masters, and when I protested that I was not musically gifted he would answer, "Ralph, I came to the city to be near the Conserva-

tory. Please make the most of your opportunities." So, for six hours every day I sat at the piano cursing the fate which made it necessary for me to cultivate a hateful art.

My father's other extravagance seemed even more useless, for ne would spend hundreds of dollars on the most rare liquids and delicate of instruments, and pass whole days in his room mixing and analyzing, weighing and compounding. And nothing ever came of it all.

The other question, and for some reason they came to be connected in my mind, was: "Where is my mother?"

Sometimes as I sat at the piano a woman's figure would rise out of the dim mist of infant recollections, and I would give up the vain attempt to appreciate the classics and find myself weaving into mechanical melody the words: "Where is my mother?"

To these questions I had never received an answer. Our life was a mystery. I knew that at regular intervals my father would go to the bank, and very soon afterwards he would receive a letter, addressed always in the same crabbed, foreign hand. Once I caught sight of the postmark. It looked very much like the name of a town not more than a hundred miles away, but I could not be sure of it. As this seemed to be my father's only connection with the outside world, and as it came so soon after each visit to the bank, I began to wonder if he had a pensioner.

So the months went by until he was taken sick. Now it was all over, and the only answer to my questionings was that last remark and a letter which he had put into my hands the day before he died, with the request: "Don't read it until I am gone, Ralph!"

I fumbled in my coat pocket and pulled it out—a little square blue envelope addressed in a foreign hand to Mr. Ralph CO DY MICROSOFT (9) Hatton, Esq., 112 Elm street, Boston. Opening the envelope I read as follows:

"I have received your kind check for the usual amount. The house is in good order, but the music will not work. I am much discouraged with the statues, but am obliged for your kind payment. Your respectful servant,

JOHN DOWE."

At the top of the page was the name of the little town which I had recognized before in the postmark.

A week later I stood at the window of the station at Salem and asked the agent if he could direct me to the home of John Dowe, for I had made up my mind to probe into the mystery of the letter which my father had entrusted to me.

The man glanced up sharply at my question. "John Dowe," he said. "What on earth do you want with John Dowe?" And tnen realizing his discourtesy: "One minute and I'll show you."

When he came outside he pointed up a cross street to a thick grove of pine trees just outside the borders of the town. "The house is up there," he said, and then as if he could not restrain himself: "I don't think Dowe appreciates visitors as a rule."

Thanking him for his kindness I turned in the direction indicated. The little narrow walk leading up from the gate was very dark, for the sunlight could hardly reach it. The house came on one suddenly just beyond a turn in the path. The blinds were drawn and the dust lay thick on the steps and windows, and my heart beat faster in anticipation of the solution of the mystery which had haunted me so long, for, without knowing why, I felt that John Dowe could satisfy my curiosity. Just as the large, old-fashioned knocker was about to descend I heard the soft notes of a piano, evidently played by a consummate artist. Listening carefully I could make out what appeared to be a variation of Chopin's Fourth Nocturne.

When the last chord had died away, my knock was answered by a little, German-looking man with a pale, intellectual face and large, bright eyes. The light in his eyes was that of one whose

longing is never satisfied. I noticed the white, taper fingers and knew that he must be the musician. At first his attitude was very cold, but when I handed him my father's card his manner was transformed. Throwing wide open the door he cordially bade me enter, and led me in the direction of the parlor. On the threshold he stopped and seemed much agitated.

"Not this way," he cried. "Come in here," and turned in the opposite direction.

In passing I caught sight of the interior of the parlor—a richly furnished but neglected room with a grand piano; but the thing that caught my eye was the picture of a lady opposite the door.

Herr Dowe seemed much perturbed, and as we sat down he tried to hide his confusion by talking.

"So this is young Mr. Hatton," he said.
"Your father would send you only on one condition alone. I must presume that he is dead. I have tried to keep his house for you in good order. Tomorrow you look over it with me. At present let us go to the kitchen and get something to eat."

And so he rattled on in his soft German accent, leading me into the kitchen and setting me down at a large table. He slipped out for a moment in the direction of the parlor, and I heard the "click" of a lock.

It was growing dark, and after a somewhat meagre repast I asked my friend to show me upstairs. As he left me on the threshold of my room I could hear him sigh with relief. The journey had tired me and I fell quickly to sleep.

When I awoke the moon was shining upon my pillow and I could hear the wind soughing through the tree tops. In a moment I distinguished the notes of a piano above the sighing wind. Tiptoeing to the door I opened it, and went softly out to the bannisters. The clear, sweet notes rang up from the parlor. For a few minutes the melody was soft and entreating, and I, who had spent so much money with musicians, wondered at the greatness of the art which could produce such tones. Then sud-

denly the air changed and heavy massive chords crashed out until I could almost feel the air tingling. Then with one last grand staccato the fortissimo ceased, and the sweet pianissimo commenced again. So it went on until, stiff with cold, I crept back to bed and lay shivering and wondering until morning.

I was up betimes and wandering about the house. I was surprised to find the cellar fitted up as a chemical laboratory, although of course many of the instruments were old-fashioned and everything was thickly covered with dust and cobwebs. The only room I found it impossible to enter was the parlor. Herr Dowe was in the kitchen preparing breakfast.

"Your father was greatly interested in science," he said in answer to my first question.

When I said that I should like to see the parlor he turned pale. shall see the parlor quite soon," he said, and went on with his cooking in such a way as to silence all further questioning. Glancing around the room I noticed on the mantel a large stone figure of a cat. It was wondrously lifelike, and I was so attracted by its faithfulness to nature that I went up close to examine it. By some marvelous process the artist had reproduced every characteristic of the animal to the most minute variation in the color of its fur. I spoke of it to Dowe. He glanced up sharply.

"That is your father's work," he said. "In his chemical experiments he discovered a liquid that would ossify any creature that drank it. If he had cared to—but I will tell you about that later. I must go to my practice and you will make yourself at home."

On entering the parlor he locked the door, and in a few minutes I heard the piano again.

Dowe had told me that the room which I was occupying had been my father's bedroom, and as I sank into the chair at the foot of the bed the remembrance of my recent affliction swept over me and brought the tears to my eyes. To stifle my feelings I picked up a book which lay on the table near by It

seemed to be a treatise on harmony and opened to a page thumb-marked and dirty.

"This power of music cannot be overestimated. Everything in nature responds to its magic. When the heavy notes of an organ peal through the arches of a great cathedral there is always one note to which the building will answer in responsive vibrations. When a company of soldiers are to march across a bridge the commander will give the order 'Rout Step!' The regular 'tramp, tramp' of many feet would find its answer in the soul of the bridge and awaken a rocking, swaying, intoxicating response which would cause destruction. In the final resurrection day the dead will come to life when the music of the spheres, crashing in celestial harmony, awakens in the scattered body the sweet sympathy of its individual chord."

I closed the book and sank into a reverie. No wonder my father had been interested in my musical education if he had been absorbing such stuff as this!

The day passed very slowly, but after supper I pulled the book out of my pocket and showed it to Dowe. He was very pale and tired, and did not display any interest. He appeared to be completely exhausted by his day's work at the piano. We kept up a desultory conversation for a while, but finally I determined to relieve him of my company.

At the threshold he stopped lon; enough to say: "I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but I was too busy to-day. Good-night!"

For an hour or so all was quiet, then all at once, as I lay trying to put two and two together, I heard the notes of the piano again. I stood it for awhile, but at last I found it impossible to be quiet. Slipping into my clothes I went out into the hall to listen to the same weird music as of the night before. All at once the melody ceased and a narrow slit of light indicated the opening of the parlor door. I heard Dowe come down and walk through to the kitchen. He was talking to himself, and I could just catch disconnected and

broken fragments of his speech.

"What shall I tell him?" he muttered. "It is useless—in vain——. His father's money——"

Just then the clink of a bottle against a glass told me that his attention was probably absorbed, and I slipped down into the parlor.

I was at once attracted by the picture which I had noticed on the previous day. To me the face appeared surpassingly beautiful and the dark eyes awakened a sympathetic glow in my heart. In a moment I noticed that the position had been changed since I last saw it, for a niche which it had before covered was occupied by a marvelous statue, of which the picture was an exact reproduction. A feeling of love and reverence swept over me as I gazed into the sweet, womanly face.

How long I stood entranced I cannot tell. Suddenly I was brought to my senses by a cold touch on my forehead, and a bat flitted past. This broke the spell. The creature flew blindly around the light on the table and I raised the cane I was carrying to strike it. Once, twice, thrice! It flopped down on the piano keys with a crash. The discord rang through the room. Involuntarily I glanced at the statue. Was I dreaming? The lips were moving and it looked as though the figure were going to step down from its nook.

"The power of music cannot be overestimated-" The passage flashed into my mind. What if that accidental chord should find its answer in the statue! What if Herr Dowe played--? Suddenly the truth dawned upon me. The mystery of my mother! My father's last words, "Tell her that it was an accident!" His interest in chemistry and the discovery of the liquid the effects of which I had already seen! His removal to the city and efforts to compound an antidote while I was acquiring a knowledge of music! His engagement of Dowe to search for the hidden chord which he thought could undo the effects of that fatal draught! an idiot I had been!

The last faint echo of the accidental chord died away and the indications of

returning life ceased as abruptly as they had begun. Evidently there was some defect in the harmony.

I glanced around for Dowe. "Come!" I cried, "your work is——"

The words died on my lips. Between me and the door there was a sheet of flame. The books and papers were in a blaze, and the flames were leaping up to the tapestry on the wall. In striking the bat I had tipped over a lamp. I had only a moment at best before escape would be impossible, but I turned to the piano.

All the music I had ever heard came surging into my brain, and above it all that chord which had so nearly served the purpose. Scarcely conscious of the approaching flames I fingered the chord in every possible variation with eyes fixed upon the figure at my side. Just as the heat was becoming unbearable a burst of flames lit up the face and I saw that my work was successful.

"Mother!" I cried, and rose to greet There was a responsive murmur and a movement of the limbs and then, just as I stretched out my hand, a vibration ran through the body, and to my horror in a cloud of dust the figure crumbled into a heap. The flames were close upon me and instinctively I turned towards the door without stopping to determine the cause of this last bitter disappointment. Perhaps it was the heat, perhaps the music had worked too strongly. I rushed down the hall to the kitchen. Dowe was not there. In a moment the flames were bursting into the hall, and at last I went out into the yard completely dazed by my marvelous experiences.

When the blaze was seen, people came running up from the village, and soon I was the center of an excited crowd. One man insisted that we should move further away.

"For," he said, "you don't know what explosives the old gent kept in that workshop of his."

His fears were justified, for as the flames crept down toward the back of the house they began to be colored by the chemicals which they were consuming, and suddenly there was a tremendous explosion that made the earth fairly tremble.

Next day a heap of smouldering coals marked the spot where my father's house had stood. Dowe was never seen again. The horror of my experience did not soon pass away, but gradually I became reconciled to the situation. Perhaps the fact that I had known so little

of my mother made this the more easy. I felt that the affair had marked a turning point in my life, but the only visible effect was the hatred for music which it engendered. The sound of a piano still brings up a death-bed scene and my unsuccessful attempt to obey that last command, "Tell her that it was an accident."

## LITTLE WOLF

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT.

E would never be a strong waschuscha (a brave); when he was
born he was no bigger than a baby
coyote, littered in a terrible winter
after a summer of famine. That was
what the braves said as they sat in a
circle about the fires; and often one
would catch him, spanning his little
brown legs with a contemptuous forefinger and thumb, while the others found
much loud mirth in ridiculing this bronze
mite who could never be a brave.

Then the object of their mirth would tug himself loose from his tormentors, displaying his white sharp teeth with a whimper that was half a growl, and would slink away into the shades where the fire-light did not reach. Whereupon the braves would call after him, in their good-natured cruelty: "Mixa Zhinga, Mixa Zhinga" (Little Wolf).

So, in accordance with infallible psychic laws, Little Wolf became what he was considered and fulfilled his wild name to the letter. One day in one of his most vulpine moods, while trotting among the hills on all fours, stopping now and then to sit upon his haunches and give forth a series of howls, in imitation of his namesakes, he had discovered a deserted hole in the hillside, of which he immediately made himself the growling possessor. And to make this play metempsychosis the more real, he had spirited from the tepee of his father a complete wolf's hide, clad in

which Little Wolf spent the greater part of the time prowling among the hills with an intense wolfish hate for all mankind gnawing at his heart.

It was a summer evening. Little Wolf, sitting upon the top of a hill, gazed down upon the circle of tepees, which was the village of his people. As he looked, the silent vow he had made, never to go back to his tribe, but to be a wolf with the wolves, slowly became shapeless, then indistinct, then it vanished altogether. For the smoke, rising slowly from the various fires, told a savory tale of supper to his eyes; and the light wind brought to his keen nostrils the scent of boiling kettles, which acted as a sort of footnote to the tale of the smoke, finally clinching the argument of the text.

So the little wolf fell from his high resolve, as the wolf skin fell from his back, and he forthwith slipped from his perch, and trotted down the hillside, at every step degenerating, as he thought, into just such a common shinga zinga (little baby).

t upon his haunches ries of howls, in imiesakes, he had dishole in the hillside, diately made himself ssor. And to make chosis the more real, om the tepee of his wolf's hide, clad in ried bundles of fagots from the thicket into Calif - Digitized by Microsoft & Having cautiously approached a fire, Little wolf sat upon the ground with his knees huddled up to his chin, and watched the deft hands of the women tending the baking of the squaw corn cakes and the yellow watuh (a small pumpkin), in the embers. The old women, their backs bent with their loads, carried bundles of fagots from the thicket

nearby, and placed them upon the fires that flared up with a voice like the wind's, making a small circular day amid the gathering shadows. The air was pleasant with the sound and scent of bubbling kettles; some filled with the meat of the ta (buffalo) or the tachuga (antelope); some ebullient with the savory zhew muncka, the tea of the prairie. And as Little Wolf sat and looked upon this suggestive scene, a great wave of sympathetic kindness passed through his small body. And especially did the wolfishness of his little heart melt into an indefinite feeling of humanity, while his eyes followed the form of the maiden Hinnagi as she bustled about the kettles. In his childish mind he was already wielding the stone axe with mighty force in some mysterious battle beyond the hills; and it was all for her.

His eyes grew big with the dream he was dreaming. He stared into the fire as he thought the vivid thoughts of ambitious youth. The flame fell and crept into the embers. Then reality came back to him as the shadows came. Something of the wonted wolfishness tugged at his breast as he thought of what the braves had said. He could never be a strong With an awful bitterness this brave! thought grew upon him, and even a full stomach could not quite ease the pang at his throat.

After the evening meal the war drums were brought into the open space about which the tepees were built. For upon the morrow the entire band of the tribe's warriors would ride against their enemies, the Sioux, and to-night they would dance a war dance that their courage might not fail.

The drums were placed in a small circle; before each an old man, who had seen many battles ere the eagle glance faded from his eyes, sat cross-legged, holding a drum-stick in either hand. About these the braves gathered in a larger circle. The yellow and red light of the camp fires made more terrible their faces, fierce with the war paint.

In another circle, at some distance from that of the braves, waited the women, dressed in their brightest garments of dyed buckskin.

At a signal from the nead chief of the

tribe, the snarling thunder of the war drums began. The two motionless circles suddenly became two rings of gyrating color. The beaded moccasins twinkled like a chain of satellites swinging about the fagot fire for a sun! The shout of the braves arose above the cadence of the drum beats; and the monotonous song of the women grew like a night wind in a lonesome valley.

Tum-tum-um. tum-tum-um! went the drums, ever faster, ever louder, inciting the dancers to delirious fury. The neglected ares dwindled into embers. The shout or the braves and the droning of the women ceased. Darkness fell upon the circles. The dancers moved swiftly through the dusk like ghosts in a midnight orgy. There was no sound save the snarling beat of the drums and the shuffle of wild feet.

Then the moon, big-eyed with wonder, arose above the hills, pouring a pale light upon the dance. Little Wolf, who had been huddling closely against a tepee with an unintelligible fear, now felt the delirium of the dance for the first time. He leaped to his feet with a shout that echoed strange and hoarse The whole village, as from the hills! though awakened from a spell, caught the cry and sent it trembling up the gulches. With the hot blood pounding at his temples Little Wolf swung into the frenzy of the dance. He leaped like the antelope when it catches the scent of the hunter. He was no longer the shinga zinga who could never be a brave. The fanaticism of the savage was upon him. With his head thrown back until it caught the full glare of the moon, he danced! It was not a child's face that the pale light struck: it was the face of a fiend! The unfettered wind of the prairie was in his lungs. The swiftness of the elk was in his feet! He danced till the hills whirled about him in a dance of their own. He danced till the moon reeled like a sick man. He danced till his chest felt crushed as by the hug of a grizzly. He danced till the stars and the moon went out, and there was nothing but darkness and a deep, deep oppressive something like slumber upon him.

The sun was far up in the heavens when he awoke, lying upon the ground Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

where he had fallen with fatigue. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him; but the circle of the dance had vanished, the war-drums were still. The warriors had ridden out of the village into that mysterious region beyond the where great deeds awaited to be done! Only the women and children and old men lingered in the village. Then there came upon Little Wolf that overpowering thought of bitterness. He was only a shinga zinga; he could never be a brave. No, but he would be a wolf; he would live in howling loneliness among the hills!

Yet that day as he prowled about clad in his wolf skin, he was conscious of not being half so good a wolf as the day before. He did not find it quite within his power to hate his people with whom he had felt the delirium of the war dance. The snarling beat of the war drums had awakened in him a vital interest in the great prairie tragedy of food-getting and war-making.

Several days passed and the warriors had not returned. Little Wolf was sitting beside the deserted hole which was his den, thinking great thoughts of the future as he basked in the horizontal glare of the evening sun. As he looked with half-shut eyes across the hills, his dreaming was suddenly arrested by the sight of what seemed a number of bunches of grass moving along the brow of the hill on the other side of the valley in which the village lay. looked and wondered at this fantastic dance of the grasses, there was a wild shout from the opposite hill, and a small band of Otoes, their heads covered with grass that they might the more easily creep upon their foes, rushed down the hillside toward the defenseless village.

Terrified by the suddenness of the shout and the attack, Little Wolf scrambled into his hole like any other little wolf, and crouched in the darkness, shivering with fear.

Some time passed, during which he could hear the wail of the women and the victorious cries of the Otoes; then the noises ceased. With a great pang of remorse the consciousness of his cowardice came upon Little Wolf. He had crept into a hole like any badger! Then

he thought of Hinnagi! He crawled out of the hole and ran down the hill into the village, with his wolf skin still upon his back. There amid the tepees he saw the bodies of some of the old men who had attempted resistance. But the time of their prowess was past.

"Hinnagi, H.nnagi!" called Little Wolf. He listened and heard only the wail of women from the lodges. It was the custom of the Otoes to carry off the fairest daughters of the enemy as the spoil of war. Little Wolf thought of this with a pang at his heart. A great indefinite resolve of heroism came upon him. He ran out of the village and down the valley, keeping the trail of the enemy. When he had gone some distance he came upon some grazing ponies that the Otoes had abandoned for the fresher ones from the heard of the Omahas. Mounting one of these, he turned its head down the trail, urging its weary limbs into a gallop by plying his heels upon its ribs.

The shades of the valley crept slowly up the hills and the golden glow faded from the summits. Little Wolf urged the stumbling pony into the darkness. As he rode the frenzy that he had felt in the war dance came upon him. temples throbbed and his heart beat to the time of the snarling drums! To him the night wind seemed heavy with noble deeds awaiting to be given life and voices of thunder for the ears of men! In some indefinite way he felt that to-night he would become a strong waschuscha. The Otoes had stolen the ponies and the women and -his heart beat louder-Hinnagi. He would save them! Little did he know how; yet he would save them. Then the braves would not laugh at him, but would let him ride with them to battle. And, maybe, some time Hinnagi would be his squaw!

Suddenly rounding the base of a hill, the pony stopped short and pricked up its ears, sniffing the wind that came up a gulch. Little Wolf, aroused from his musing, soon understood the abruptness of the pony; he smelled smoke.

Slipping to the ground, he crawled on his hands and knees up the gulch in the direction from which the scent of the any badger! Then, smoke came. Soon he reached the end this hands and knees up the gulch in the direction from which the scent of the any badger! Then, smoke came. Soon he reached the end this call it is a smoke came.

of the gulch, and looking into a small valley saw through the gloom a number of rudely constructed tepees.

Breathlessly he listened. For awhile there was no sound except the crackling of the low fires and the flap of the blankets about the poles of the tepees. Then, as he listened, there came to his ears a low, mournful wail as of a night wind in the scrub oaks of a bluff! Having satisfied himself that the Otoes slept soundly, Little Wolf crawled in the direction of the wail and disappeared in the gloom. Some moments afterwards an Otoe brave suddenly awoke from his heavy slumber. In the weird glow of the falling fires he beheld at the entrance of his tepee a gray wolf standing motion-

The brave raised himself upon his elbow, uttering a grunt of terror as of one who feels a nightmare and would cry out were not his tongue frozen in his mouth.

The wolf with a startled movement whispered hoarsely in the Omaha tongue: "The Omaha; they come! fly! fly!"

The Otoe brave leaped to his feet, every limb growing cold with fear. He rubbed his eyes and stared at the darkness. The wolf had vanished!

Now, an Indian believes weird things, and the warning of a talking wolf was not a thing to be despised, even though it were dreaming. So the Otoe gave a shout that rang up the hills and made the grazing ponies snort and tug at their

lariats! Soon the entire band was rushing about the camp.

"The Omaha! The Omaha!" cried the brave. "Fly! fly! for lo, a gray wolf came to my tepee and spoke to me in a dream!"

"Fy!" echoed the whole band, delirious with fear. "Kill the squaws! Kill the squaws! Kill the squaws!" they shouted. For in their flight they could not be burdened with their spoils, and they would not leave them to their enemies.

There was the sound of the shricking of women; then the gallop of hoofs; then silence.

Two days afterwarl, the Omahas, having returned to their stricken village, made the trail of the fleeting Otoes thunderous with pursuing hoofs. Suddenly topping the hill that overlooked the deserted camp of their enemies, they beheld the bodies of the slain women strewn amid the tepees. Over one of these a gray wolf stood. There was a shout from the foremost of the Omaha warriors: a dozen arrows sang in the air and quivered in the body of the beast. It rolled upon its side with a cry half human.

A group of braves, riding up to the body of the women, dismounted and pulled the blanket from its face.

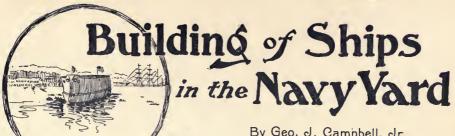
It was Hinnagi.

With a savage kick one turned the still quivering wolf upon its back. The gray hide fell from an emaciated brown face, twitching with the agony of death.

It was Little Wolf!







By Geo. J. Campbell, Jr., Sec. VALLEJO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

HE building of some of the new ships in the navy yards has been for the past few years the subject of much controversy between the friends of the contractors and those of the navy yards. The former have made statements against the navy yards which cannot be borne out by the facts; their whole argument is that the Government built the Texas, Maine, Cincinnati and Raleigh; that they cost more than the same ships would have cost had they been built by contract. Many of these statements are known to be false, and we have failed to note that any friend of the navy yard has shown the country the true facts in the case.

1. When these ships were ordered built in the respective yards, the whole system of building ships was being revised throughout the world; the iron ship was coming in and the wooden ship was passing out.

The naval constructors in the navy were old-line wooden ship constructors, who had not yet time to conform to the changed conditions; for this reason they did not care to impair their reputations by undertaking the building of iron ships, and, naturally, they favored the contractor.

2. The navy yards were not in any condition to build iron ships, for they lacked the necessary tools. Congress alone was to blame for this. The friends of the contractors were in the saddle, and it was to their interest to see that the navy yards did not get the proper equipment.

In 1886 or 1887 Congress passed a bill authorizing the construction of the Maine, Texas, Cincinnati, and the Raleigh, with a provision in the bill that if the Secretary of the Navy could not get the ships built by contract for the amount appropriated he should have them built in the navy yards.

3. The contractors refused to build the ships for the amounts appropriated, and the Secretary of the Navy ordered their construction in the navy yards. The contractors claimed that they could not build the above named ships for the amounts appropriated, and they have been flinging mud at the navy yards ever since, because the navy yards could not do what they refused to do.

4. The Maine was ordered constructed at the Brooklyn yard and the Texas at the Norfolk. The keel of the Maine was laid October, 1888, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard; this yard was so poorly equipped at this time that they could not build the boilers and engines for the Maine, so the contract for the machinery was given to the Qunard Iron Works of New York for \$735,000. From this we see that the Brooklyn Navy Yard did not build all of the Maine, but the enemies of our navy yards desire to make the country believe that it did.

5. The keel of the Texas was laid in the Norfolk Navy Yard June 1, 1889. The plans of this ship were discarded plans bought by the Secretary of the Navy, Whitney, from England, for \$25,-The English experts said that a ship built on those plans would not float. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft

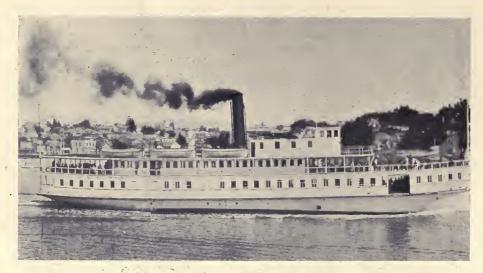


Historic Old Independence," now in use as temporary barracks.

The Norfolk Navy Yard at this time was not prepared to build a ship of this character, and the department contracted her boilers and engines to the Richmond Locomotive and Machine Works for \$634,500. While the ship was building, three different boards of survey were held on her, for it was apprehended she would not float. These Boards recommended many changes, which were made, the cost of these changes being charged against the construction of the ship, because she was constructed at a navy yard. Whereas, if built by contract these changes would have been made, but

would never have appeared in the bill of the contractor, but would have been charged to change in plans, which is simply another way to juggle with the figures. Had these changes been made on the Texas while she was being built by contract they would have cost the Government three times more than they did.

We find from the above that the navy yards did not build all of the Texas, and that she cost more than the amount appropriated was because: 1. The navy yard did not have the tools to build the boilers and engines. 2. The plans were



The Gen. John B. Friesbie, plying between San Francisco and Vallejo.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



The destruction of old Mare Island Powder Magazine. The accident cost the Government \$500,000.



so faulty that the ship would not float, necessitating costly changes.

6. In January, 1890, the keel of the Cincinnati was laid at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. In December, 1889, the keel of the Raleigh was laid in the Norfolk Navy Yard.

the Brooklyn Navy Yard, that yard had received a few tools in the Steam Engineering Department, and the Bureau of Steam Engineering in Washington decided that they would make an attempt to build the machinery for the Cincinnati and the Raleigh in the Brooklyn yard, for the Norfolk yard was yet without tools. We quote from Admiral Melville's Report for 1892:

"The construction of the machinery and boilers for the new cruiser Raleign is practically completed, and the machinery has been shipped to Norfolk, to be placed aboard that vessel; machinery for the Cincinnati is also nearly completed, but its final completion has recently been somewhat delayed by damage sustained when the erecting shop, in which the engines were, was destroyed by fire, as reported elsewhere. It is gratifying to the Bureau to be able to report in regard to the building of the machinery for these two vessels that, judging from the expenditures thus far, its cost when fully completed and erected on board the vessels will be considerably less than the original estimates on which the contractors refused to bid as being too low for the amount of work required, and this, after making due allowance for the cost of repairing the machinery of the Cincinnati damaged by fire."

We see nere that Admiral Nevill states that the machinery for the Cincinnati and the Raleigh was built for less money in the Brooklyn Navy Yard than the contractors would build them for, notwithstanding the fact that the yard was not equipped witn modern tools.

He further says:

"In the matter of boiler material, for instance, quite a large saving in cost to the Government resulted from working this material into shape at the navy yard instead of accepting the bids that were offered. Attention is called to the Bureau's letter, addressed to the Department February, 1890, regarding the matter of flange plates for these boilers. It was therein stated that the only bid for furnishing these plates trimmed to shape and flanged was \$81,200, and that the low-

With the experience of the Maine at est bid for furnishing the matetrial trim-

med to the nearest rectangle or circle was 7.45 cents per pound. The Bureau recommended that the latter bid be accepted and that the work of trimming and flanging the plates be undertaken at the New York Navy Yard.

"This recommendation was approved by the Department, and the work has been accomplished with the following satisfactory results:

"Total weight of plates purchased, 373, 587 pounds; total cost of same at 7.45 cts. per pound, \$27,832.23; cost of labor and material for flanging ready for use, \$23,249.29; total cost of flange plates completed, \$51,081.52; only bid received for furnishing same, \$81,200; difference in favor of navy yard work, \$30,118.43; cost of hydraulic flanging machine \$9,200; cost of erecting same, \$2,500; total, \$11,700. Entire cost, \$18,418.48.

"Or, expressing the above figures in words, the Government has obtained these flanged plates ready for assembling in the boilers, for \$18,418.48 less than was bid for the same work, and has a hydraulic flanging machine to boot.

"Satisfactory as the prospect now is for completing this machinery at a less cost than would have resulted from having it built by contract, it is a further satisfaction to be able to state that the New York Navy Yard, except for the lack of shop room which is referred to further on, is now as well prepared as is any private concern in the country to undertake the manufacture of heavy marine engines and boilers. There is no good reason why the Government should not do the greater part of its ship and engine building work, as well as repair work, and it would be certainly good policy to have two or more of the navy yards completely equipped for the execution of every variety of marine work. In time of war or other emergency the private ship building and engine works would certainly be overcrowded with work and the Government should surely have some place of its own where construction and repair could be pushed independent on the uncertain conditions which influence the operation of private industries. The transference of much

of the building work of the navy from the works of contractors to the navy yards would be beneficial to mechanics and laboring men rather than otherwise; the same number and classes of men



Port Costa Mills, North Vallejo.



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



Admiral Miller's Official Headquarters.

would be employed, and the same amount of money could be distributed to them in either case, with the advantage of certainty of payment at established times when in the employ of the Government.

"The experience gained by the construction of the machinery for the two vessels above referred to is an important matter, but the chief thing which has put the Government on an equal footing with civil establishments is the recent act of Congress limiting the hours of labor in the workshops of contractors doing work for the Government to eight hours per day, the same as has been for many years required in the navy yards. When no longer handicapped by this inequality in the hours of labor, there is no good reason why our navy yards, when properly equipped with tools and workshops, cannot do Government work as well, as quickly, and as cheaply as any contractor can."

Again, we find the greatest living engineer strongly in favor of building ships and machinery in the navy yard in preference to doing the same work by private yards. Could any stronger testimony be produced than the above statement?

7. It is stated that it takes more time in the Government yard to build a ship than in a private yard. The English Ad Ze Commerce. OSOff B

miralty has so perfected the building of ships in the English Government navy



One day's mail for the Chamber of



Hon. Geo. Campbell, Sr.



Selby Smelting Works, from the Land Side.

yards that they can tell to a week the time in which ships will be launched after the keel is laid. We could do the same if our navy yards were used for practical construction. But to make a comparison, the tables below will show the length of time it has taken Government and private yards to finish a ship:

the fact that they had modern shops and tools and proper plans to build with, all of which the navy yards did not have at that time. They now have the proper plants and tools.

8. It has been the policy of the Navy Department to have all of the new ships built by contract, for they claim that it

•			No.
		Date of First	Months
Ship Yard	Keel Laid.	Commission.	Building
Indiana Cramps	May 7, 1901	Nov. 20, 1895	54
MassachusettsCramps	June 25, 1901	June 10, 1896	60
OregonUnion	Nov. 19, 1901	July 15, 1896	55
MaineNavy Yard	Oct. 17, 1888	Sept. 17, 1895	83
TexasNavy Yard	June 1, 1889	August 15, 1895	73
CincinnatiNavy Yard	January, 1890	June 16, 1894	53
RaleighNavy Yard	January, 1890	April 17, 1894	52
Olympia Union	June, 1891	Feb. 5, 1895	44

From the above table it will be seen that the private ship yards did not build the ships any faster than the ships were built in the navy yard, notwithstanding.

will assist the private yards to build up plants that will be of service to the Government in time of need; this is a wise policy, excepting that it should



U. S. Arsenal, Benicia.

also include the navy yards. In 1890 there were only two private yards equipped to bid for the work of the navy; viz., the Union and the Cramps. They had matters all their own way until 1893, when the Newport News commenced to bid for Government work. Then we saw the prices drop.

In 1893 the Newport News made their first bid, and they then bid on gunboats

7, 8, and 9. They bid to build them for \$840,000, while the Union Works bid to build them for \$1,100,000; thus we see that the competition of the Newport News saved the Government \$260,000, or more than 25 per cent. In 1895 the Columbian Iron Works bid to build three torpedo boats for \$292,000, while the Union Iron Works asked \$360,000. There we see a difference in the price asked



Historic Relics of "Nipsic," Wrecked in Samoa, Microsoft ®

of \$67,500, or nearly 25 per cent.

In 1895 the Newport News, the Union Iron Works and the Cramps bid on the Kearsarge and the Kentucky. The Newport News bid to build them for a million dollars less than the other two offered to do the work for, a saving to the Government of 25 per cent.

Under the argument that is made against the navy yards, that because the ships which were built in the navy yards cost so much they have never given them another ship to build. The Government should, after this, have never given to the Union Iron Works or the Cramps another ship to build, for when they clearly want 25 per cent more than other ship builders for doing the same work, they certainly were taking advantage of the Government, and should not be given any more work. This argument the opponents of the navy yards will say is foolish, but not any more than the argument they use against the navy yards.

The following table will show the cost of the hull and the machinery and the result of competition; here we see a great change in the prices as soon as the Newport News commenced to bid and broke up the combination that existed between two great firms, the Cramps

on the hull armor and the gun armor. trial trip expenses, changes in plans and speed premiums.

We note that the Indiana cost \$579 per ton and the Oregon \$610. That was in 1890, when there was no competition; but in 1895, when they had the competition of the Newport News they were willing to build the Maine for \$404 per ton and the Wisconsin for \$393 per ton. Had there been no competition the Government would have had to pay the same price per ton for the Maine that was paid for the Indiana, and the Cramps would be just \$1,070,481 richer than they are.

It is now plain to all that as they are all contemplating forming a shipbuilding trust, and make no secret of their intentions, they should be more than ever interested in keeping the navy yards from building ships. Had the Government continued to build ships in the navy yards and improved the plants so that they could be worked with the greatest economy, they would not have had to wait for the Newport News to break the shipbuilding trust that existed at that time: they would have found out what it really costs to build a ship, and they would have saved the Government millions of dollars

The above figures show to the Navy

	Contract price					
:	Date of	Gross	Hull and	cost		
Ship	Contract.	Tons.	Machinery.	per Ton	Builder.	
Indiana	June, 1890	5289	\$3,063,000	\$579	Newport	
Maine	March, 1895	7139	2,885,000	404	Cramp	
Alabama	June, 1896	6802	2,650,000	389	Cramp	
Kearsarge	March, 1895	6831	2,250,000	334	Newport	
Missouri	May, 1898	7179	2,285,000	402	Newport	
Oregon	Nov. 1890	5289	3,220,00	610	Union	
Wisconsin	Sept. 1896	6802	2,674,950	393	Union	
Óhio	Oct. 1898	7384	2,899,000	393	Union	
Charleston	Dec. 1886	2541	1,017,600	400	Union	
San Francisco	Oct. 1887	2805	1,428,000	500	Union	
Monterey	July, 1889	1536	1,628,660	1,060	Union	
Wyoming		1613	975,000	604	Union	

and the Union, up to this time.

Besides the above amounts they re-

Department and to Congress the fallacy of a policy which builds up only the priceived contracts in addition for putting, vate yards. They should have equipped



Bird's-eye View of Vallejo, taken for Overland Monthly from the Tower of the Catholic Church,



Business building, corner Georgia and Sacramento streets, Vallejo.

the yards with proper tools as the late Collis P. Huntington did the Newport News yard.

9. In the controversy between the advocates and the opponents of the building of Governmental war ships in the navy yards of the country, the former have been seriously handicapped by the fact that many of the Congressmen who have the final determination of the matter have not taken sufficient pains to obtain information applicable to the proposition of Governmental construction.

This is illustrated by the utterances of Congressman Loud to the effect that in his opinion it was impossible for the Government to successfully prosecute work of any character, and he refers to the construction of the Maine, Texas, Cincinnati and the Raleigh by the navy yards as evidence of the truth of his statements, apparently not taking into consideration the change in the conditions now existing in the navy yards, especially in the method of employing mechanics and laborers, as contrasted with those then in vogue. The Texas was started in June, 1890, and the Raleigh in December, 1890, and it was not until August, 1891, that Secretary Tracy issued an order placing the employment of labor in the navy yards upon the merit system.

Previous to that time the force in the various yards was assembled largely of men recommended by the politicians, but little regard being paid to their mechanical qualifications, and the amount of work they performed cut but a small figure in the matter of their retention; whereas, to-day, political influence has been absolutely eliminated in securing employment at the navy yards, the Government taking greater pains probably in securing efficient workmen other employing any in the country. All foremen in charge of work are selected after competitive examination before a board of naval officers, and workmen are required to furnish a certificate of previous experience Iniv Calif - Digitized by Microsoft &

ourtesy Captain Stanford.

Operations.

Government Dredging



in the occupation in which they seek employment, signed by some responsible employer, and also a certificate of good character before their names can be placed upon the register. As a preventive of favoritism, no foreman or other person employed in a navy yard is permitted to certify to a workman's qualification. The presentation of fraudulent certificates by an applicant subjects him to the penalty of being permanently excluded from registration or employment in a navy yard. In making the discharges it is made the special duty of all heads of departments to retain only those whose services are of the greatest value to the Government.

If Congressman Loud had ever taken the trouble to drop into the Washington Navy Yard he could have seen in successful operation the gun-making plant of the Government, where all the modern guns are manufactured, claimed by Admiral O'Neil to be the most efficient possessed by any nation on earth, and could have ascertained officially that each gun made represented a saving of thousands of dollars as between the cost of manufacturing them by the Government and the price necessary to be paid if made by private contractors.

10. At the Mare Island Navy Yard we find the same mechanics that built the Charleston, the San Francisco, the Oregon and the Monterey; we find that many of the foremen who superintended the construction of those ships for the Union Iron Works are also employed as foremen at this navy yard; therefore, we find the brains and the muscle that constructed the above-named ships for the Union Iron Works, and if they cannot build them as cheaply and as well for the Government the fault rests directly on the shoulders of the Secretary of the Navy, and he should at once find out why it cannot be done. To do this he should at once recommend that a ship be built in each of the three large navy yards which would afford him an opportunity: to find out with the well-equipped modern yards which we now have whether ships can or cannot be built as cheaply in the navy yards. If they cannot, then there is something the matter

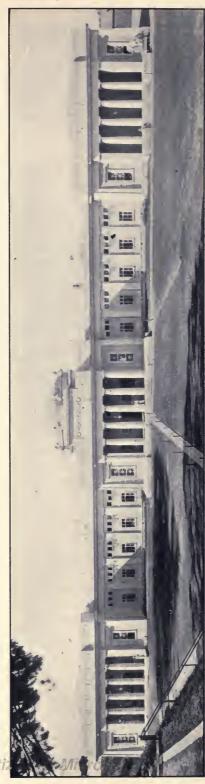
and the country looks to him to see that the administration of the navy yards be placed upon a plane where they can be built.

The following statements will bear out our contention that our men-of-war can be constructed in the U.S. navy yards:

- 1. The mechanics working in the navy yards know best what a day's work is in a contract shop, and what they now do in the navy yards.
- 2. The foremen in the navy yards are the same men who formerly built the ships for the contractors.
- 3. Every constructor in the navy, i. e., the practical men who design the ships and superintend their construction, are the same, whether they are built in the navy yards or by contract.
- 4. The Engineers of the navy are the men who superintend the construction of the engines and who design them.
- 5. The heads of the Bureaus in Washington, all practical men, are the peers in their line the world over, to whom the credit for the magnificent ships we now have is due.
- 6. England builds fifty per cent in her own navy yards, France builds sixty per cent, Russia proposes after the present contracts are filled to construct all in her own navy yards, Germany builds sixty per cent, and Japan, who is now building fifty per cent of her vessels, is striving to construct all.

In conclusion, we wish to state that one of the greatest scandals in the building of the ships in this country was the giving of the speed premiums to the contractors. There were over two million of dollars wantonly and needlessly given to the contractors for extra speed, but through the efforts of the late Congressman Holman and the Vallejo Chamber of Commerce, Congress abolished the speed premium.

As to the quality of work done at the Mare Island Navy Yard as compared with the work of the contractors, we cite the Monadnock, that took twenty years to build. Now, what are the facts? In the early part of 1873 the Navy Department entered into a contract with Mr. Thomas Bowland of the Continental Iron Works, Greenpoint, N. Y., to con-



Yerba Buena Naval School,



Excursion of San Francisco Wholesale Merchants to Mare Island. Taken at U. S. Navy Yards Ferry Slips. Taber, Photo.



Golden Gate Naval Approach. Presidio in the foreground.



(b) "Adenville," South Vallejo.



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft



Hon. W. D. Pennycook, Postmaster of Vallejo and the Commandant of Mare Island to have Editor of the Vallejo Chronicle the Monadnock removed from Vallejo to

struct the keel, stem and stern parts, ribs, deck beams, guard board streak and six boilers for the Monadnock. The then Secretary, Mr. Robeson, was a good deal like the Congressman from the Fourth District. He did not aprove of having too large a force of mechanics constantly working at good wages in any of our navy yards, lest they might grow fat and lazy. He entered into a contract with the firm of Secor & Burgess of Jersey City, N. J., to take the parts of the Monadnock prepared by the Continental Iron Works and put them together. They leased property at the foot of Pennsylvania street, Vallejo, and commenced the work of building the ship. their first contract was completed they got another, and to plate the sides and lay the deck. After that was finished they got another one to put in the bulkheads,

the last contract was completed Richard Thompson of Indiana became Secretary of the Navy. Before he was in long, he found that the Navy Department was run solely in the interest of the contractors: that contracts were awarded for four years in advance of appropriations, which was contrary to law. He removed the chiefs of the bureaus of construction and repair and of steam engineering. notified the contractors that all contracts entered into in anticipation of appropriations were illegal and void. This was in 1878. Secor & Burgess held on to the the Monadnock in hope that the policy of Mr. Thompson would be altered.

In 1884 John F. Miller, then Senator from California, was Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. He had an item of \$4,000,000 added to the appropriation bill for that year to complete the work on the four monitors, Miantonomah, Puritan, Amphitrite and Monadnock. The House refused to concur in the Senate amendment and there was no naval bill passed at that session. In January of 1885 the naval bill passed retaining Senator Miller's amendment. In 1885 the Navy Department ordered the Commandant of Mare Island to have the Monadnock removed from Vallejo to



coal bunkers and inner bottom. Before Z Senator George C. Perkins.



Mare Island, to use force if necessary. Admiral Kempff, then Captain of the yard, took a squad of marines to Vallejo and took possession of the vessel. She lay at Mare Island until 1890 before a day's work was done on her. In the meantime George W. Melville, Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering, had new designs made for engines and boilers, discarding the ones already pro-

vided. At least forty per cent of the contract work had to be cut out and replaced. When work was commenced it was prosecuted as fast as similar work was done on the Monterey at the Union Iron Works. Both vessels were delayed waiting for armor plates, and both had to be completed at Mare Island.

Both vessels were sent to Manila. The Monterey has been laid up for repairs since arriving there ten days for the one that the Monadnock has been.

We have gone into the history of the Monadnock in detail with a view of laying this spectre, and hope that we may have to some extent succeeded.

If Congress will pass the amendment to the eight-hour law which was let die in the Senate last session, we are prepared to say that we can skin the life out of any contractor in the country. We know the odds we have to contend with. Every contract entered into by the Navy Department with a private firm must contain a clause that the work provided for in said contract shall be done under the provisions of the eight-hour law. contractor takes advantage of the strike clause in the contract and bids accordingly, but never intends to abide by it. There is another clause which provides against strikes. Every contractor takes advantage of the strike clause, but none of them obeys the eight-hour provision, and the Government acquiesces. This is wrong. If the law which protects the contractor against the demands of his employees are enforced, that which is made to protect the mechanic from the unlawful exactions of the employer should also be enforced or else be wiped from the statute book, for nothing sours the mind of the workingman more quickly than a knowledge of such partiality.

In the next Congress a great many ships are to be ordered constructed and we hope the friends of the mechanic and the laboring man will insist that at least some of the ships be constructed in the navy yards.

of Steam Engineering, had [Errata.—Due to an error Admiral Melmade for engines and boiling the ones already proUniv Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



The Southern Pacific Vallejo Junction and Mare Island Ferry Slip.

### SOCIAL LIFE AT MARE ISLAND

BY ELLA M. HAMMOND.

To enjoy the picturesque side of life at the Mare Island Navy Yard one should walk in a southwesterly direction from the ferry gate towards Officers' Quarters. When a point about eight hundred feet from the start is reached the whole situation suddenly changes. You leave an atmosphere of dust and smoke and tar and oil fumes and enter one redolent with the sweet odors of the woods. The scene and the atmosphere are changed; the very people you now come in contact with are a distinctive type of human beings not to be met with outside the United States Navy.

On your right at this point stands the main office building high on a slope of well-kept lawn and surrounded by a picturesque confusion of trees, shrubs and vines. A wonderfully effective arrangement of wisteria drapes the gallery running along the front of this old brick building. During its flowering season this noble old vine is one of the attractions of the yard, its burden of grape-like bunches of purple bloom being admired by hundreds of visitors.

park of stately pines and eucalyptus. No attempt has ever been made to artificially beautify this grove, and to the



On your left is a forest primeval, a. Hon. J. J. Luchsinger. Univ Calif - Digitized by Nicrosoft B

Rear-Admiral Merril Miller, in command of the Mare Island naval establishment.

true lover of nature it is enchanting.

The marine band plays here each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoon from four to six o'clock, and this hour might properly be called "the children's hour," for then you find on these grounds, and almost monopolizing them. the nurses and their precious charges. If the band plays some irresistible dance number you will see the young people full of childish enthusiasm, revealing in a two-step on the stone pavement near the road.

Proceeding some three hundred feet beyond the band stand the main road is blocked by the avenue on which the officers' homes front.

The house designed for the use of the Commandant is the one at the very terminus of the main road, and those for the officers subordinate to him in rank stretch out to the east and west.

This avenue, known as "Officers' Quarters," is bordered with a variety of shade trees set out informally along the line of the roadway. Indeed, this informality is the charm of all the garden arrangements on the yard.

Enclosing these homes from the roadway, running the entire length of the avenue, but not high enough to conceal any of the attractions of the homes within, is a Japanese boxwood hedge, and between this hedge and the driveway an eight-foot stone walk serves as a promenade ground for the residents both during the day and evening. The climate and seclusion here permits, even at this time of the year, of a hatless and wrapless stroll along this boulevard, until late in the evening.

Each officer has a veritable plantation: his own ornamental garden, his own stable, his own dairy and poultry yard, his kitchen garden, and his fruits and berries of every description.

The houses are all new, having been completed less than two years ago. They are rambling, commodious homes, finished throughout in natural woods of tints that harmonize with the tone of the walls, the built-in fire-places, sideboards and window seats. The main entrance opens into a vestibule, so spa-zo official residence.

cious and comfortable that it is universally used as the living room. Opening from it are the reception and dining halls and a snug little den. A completely equipped lavatory is also to be found on this floor. The kitchen is well back and is separated from the living rooms by a rear hall. The sleeping rooms occupy the second floor, and in the attic are the servants' quarters and a recreation hall. In the basement are located the milk rooms, laundry, etc.

Two hundred and twenty-five incandescent lamps in the main building serve to provide ample light, and the houses are heated by steam conducted throughout the yard from the electric light station.

The most charming feature of these quarters is the porches, for the greater part of the day, when weather permits, is spent in these luxurious galleries. Ar-



Capt. Rockvell standing in front of the



A picturesque home in the Vallejo hills.

chitecturally they produce a very pleasing effect, and viewed from the standpoint of usefulness they are indispensable. Before breakfast is partaken of the family invariably step out on this balcony to enjoy the sweet morning air. Directly after breakfast has served, Madame and her guests repair again to the open porch to write, to study, to sew or to gossip as the case may be. At eleven o'clock a cup of chocolate and a wafer is passed, and then, for a few hours only, the porches may be deserted; but in the late afternoon the whole household again meets here to review the events of the day. Four or five o'clock tea is usually poured in the living room and even the plainest home dinners are always served with a good deal of ceremony and a display of choice crystal and china and some ornamentation of a floral character. During the evening the family will again be found congregated on the verandahs enjoying the cool delicious calm or perhaps the beautiful white moonlight.

There are eleven buildings of this description besides the Commandant's home. The latter is now occupied by Admiral Merrili Miller and his delightful

family. The design of this stately mansion is somewhat different from that of the officers' homes, the effect being highly imposing. Architecturally it bears an ambitious resemblance to Washington's White House.

The total cost of these quarters was \$120,000. They were built to replace the crumbling old brick houses injured by a severe shock of earthquake some three and one-half years ago, and which were condemned and ordered torn down by the Government. These homes are the finest and most costly of any Government quarters in the United States, and are much sought after. It is a well-known fact that navy people will fly from any part of the world to accept a post at this station.

Lying a few hundred feet south of the line-officers' quarters are those for the accommodation of the officers of the Marine Corps, and farther still another small settlement is composed of the medical staff connected with the marine hospital.

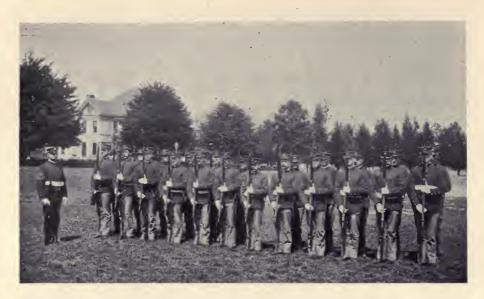
Then, too, there is the bachelors' building, a home so completely luxurious, so



er is now occupied by Captain J. P. Montague, for 40 years Miller and his delightful Government Pilot Mare Island. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Rear-Admiral Miller's official residence.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



U. S. Marines at Drill.

restful, so adequate for every purpose for which it was designed that there is little fear that any inhabitant of it will risk a leap into the state of matrimony while he is privileged to enjoy a snug berth here.

These homes are furnished by the Government and one man known as a mes-

senger is attached to each house. All other servants must be paid by the occupant. The family almost loses its identity through the custom of referring to the house number. It is "House thirteen is giving a dinner," "House nine's cook has given notice," "There's a new baby at House eight," etc.



At the Guns. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®



Historic Kearsarge used effectively at Cherbourg.

In the main office building a Naval Lyceum is maintained, and here are to be found, besides all standard works, every interesting weekly or monthly periodical that is issued, and all journals relating in any way to the service of the sea. Many quaint old prints hang on the walls, and a museum of highly treasured relics of

war and adventure stands at one end of this interesting room. This library is in the upper story, and its windows look out upon the park beyond. It is a cool, quiet, orderly room; its chairs are of the sleepyhollow variety, and if you love a good book and a dreamy spot in which to enjoy it undisturbed, you may find all



Historic home residence of Gen. J.ZB. Friesbie rosoft @



Headquarters of the official staff at Mare Island. Admirals Miller's office, second floor.

these comforts at the Naval Lyceum.

Tutors in music and the languages have daily classes, meeting to-day in one house, to-morrow in another, and to be popular one must be studious. These seasons of study are made bright by short recesses when a delicious bit of lunch is served.

The official life of these people is a part of the public records, and every step taken by them, every word uttered or written in an official capacity is read



with interest by the public and freely criticised; but of the poetry of their home lives very little is ever written.

The regulations of the new navy are very generous in the privileges granted to the households of these heroes, and where Mr. Commander ih ordered there soon will follow Mrs. Commander and ail the little Commanders, even though the post of duty be in the darkest of uncivilized countries. How refreshing, then, after an exile in some sun-baked, barbarous clime must be an existence such as is made possible for them at a station like Throughout the day the social life is limited to the confines of officers' quarters, for the general public then has the freedom of the yard and the navy set has no yearning to mix with the everyday throng.

It is a well-known fact that those within the U. S. N. are the most exclusive people in the world. It is not difficult to find one very good reason for this condition. They are a world-trav-

General Vallejo. Calif - Digitized by wilcroson are a world-trav-



FOUR GENERATIONS.—Mrs. General Vallejo to the right; Mrs. Gen. J. B. Friesbie to the left; daughter and grand-daughter.

eled people and needs must find the stay-at-homes amazingly stupid and uninteresting.

After the hour of six p. m., the Mare Island residents are virtually cut off from all communication with the outside uncongenial world. At that hour the ferryboat sleepily crawls to the Vallejo side, there to tie up for the night, leaving behind a scene of peace and calm that is spirit healing in its contrast to the din and confusion of the day.

While in the working districts the scene is one of desolation, in officers' quarters everything now takes on a festive air. In that relaxation so necessary to every human's happmess, each man, woman and child now indulges himself.

On the open roads, in the gardens or hurrying to some of the ships where the officers may be entertaining, everywhere can be seen fair women and carefully groomed men, each full of enthusiasm over whatever he is undertaking, be it tamale supper at Bachelors' Hall or



per at Bachelors' Hall or Gen. Friesbie. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Photo by Taber.

Official visit of Secretary Long to Mare Island. Admirals Philips and Melvilleare present.



Rev. A. A. McAllister, U. S. Navy Chaplain.

a fourteen course dinner at the Admiral's.

From the Captain, whose age will soon retire him, down to the cadet, whose usefulness is as yet an unknown quantity, all are extravagantly fond of outdoor sports, and together with the just as enthusiastic women of the party they can be seen on the golf links, wheeling along the shaded roadways or cantering over the wind-blown fields, just as they happen to fancy.

Once each week the Government tug "Unadilla" makes a trip to San Francisco, leaving the Island at 8 a. m., and returning about 6 o'clock p. m. Of course only officers and their families and guests are permitted to take this enjoyable trip. A marine guard accompanies whose duty it is to care for the thousand and one packages of small nothings which the ladies have been unable to reve been unable to re- afternoons.

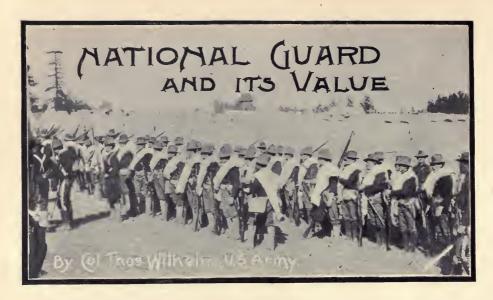
sist on the shop counters.

During pleasant weather aft beneath the canvas awnings is the popular place to sit to enjoy the stiff salt sea breeze. On the main deck is a luxurious cabin for the lagies, and forward another in which the men may have a card gameor enjoy a smoke. On the return trip tea is made and poured by the ladies. Indeed, these trips are regarded as one of the happiest features of life here.

Weekly a hop is given in the sail loft and elaborate dinner parties are of almost daily occurrence.

On Monday morning the scene of interest is at the Barracks, where review and drill work occurs to the accompaniment of stirring music by the marine band.

A musical programme is given at the hospital on Monday afternoons, and another on the receiving ship on Friday



O machine is valuable or serviceable without the fitting of its parts, and unless all the parts are exceedingly well and perfectly adjusted the successful working of the machine is hopeless.

This is especially applicable to a defensive establishment in which each part must know its duty and perform its share of the work in order that the whole may be complete for sudden emergencies. In point of discipline the soldier's instructions must be carried to a state in which he will respect the officer as well as his judgment, and obey without question or mental reservation. This condition can be reached only when the soldier is given an officer who is willing to educate himself to a proper understanding of his profession and has the ability to put himself in the attitude to be so respected and obeyed.

The situation as it now presents itself in this country is one of grave consequence to the National Guard of the States, and where at any hour life may be placed in the hands of an officer there can be no possible question as to the very great importance of that officer acquiring a knowledge of his duty, if possible, equal to that mighty trust.

There is no time for experimental changes in military establishment at the moment troops are necessary for service, especially for domestic use in the protec-

tion of life and property. Then is the time troops should have the force and simplicity in organization to insure systematic and easy working to the end of success. Therefore, preparation in the time of peace is the all important duty that must be continued with energetic application and in pace with the improvements of the times.

The military forces must have in view domestic rebellion, invasion by foreign countries, riots in cities, or any other dsturbances in which the civil authority is liable to exhaust its power to preserve the peace or restore tranquility.

It seems to be well understood that the military force of the United States is sufficiently removed from political agitation or ambition to cause no fear as to its conflict with the affairs of State. From its very nature it is now, and always has been, unexceptionally loyal to the nation, no matter what political altercations the people may see fit to give in the frequent changes in administrations concerning the affairs of the country.

It is beyond dispute that a well-trained regular army, maintained within reasonable limit as to size is the cheapest and best means for public safety, but the permanent military force of our republican Government will never be large enough to answer the needs of the country without ready and quick augmenta-

tion from other sources. This can be accomplished, to some extent, by filling existing regiments of the regular army to the maximum strength, but experience has shown that this has never been sufficient nor prompt enough for the sudden demands that are liable to occur at any time for domestic security. It is important, indeed necessary, in our form of Government to depend upon the reasonably well trained organizations in the various States to act in local disturbances where the regular army cannot be used until the State authorities have reached the limit of power without effecting the restoration of peaceful conditions.

When we consider the vast population of the United States and the peculiar interlacing of all nationalities and the questionable demands of that class of people who have nothing at stake except that which naturally falls to the working man in his strife for a living, we expect disorder without reason and of a nature always more disastrous to labor than to trade, and, when they who have fancied or real grievances see probable failure in their strike, that element is too apt to drift into violence which always with-holds sympathy from the interests of those who feel aggrieved. Experience has shown that such disturbances have very often been carried far beyond the control of local civil authorities.

It is not safe to ignore the fact that we have a population from abroad within our borders impregnated with a tendency to foster opposition to law and order. This class forms a great part of the labor unions and must be held with wisdom and firmness within the grip of the restraining power. It must not be understood that these people have no rights; on the contrary, they have rights that must be respected.

Referring to labor organizations, the artisan is as much entitled to his union for self protection in a business sense as the merchant has to his combination in the interests of trade.

There can be no good ground for opposing these unions where they are conducted within the bounds of reason for the improvement of their members and their members and their members and their members are their will be no doubt as to the result.

where they exclude and eliminate a following that is of no benefit whatever to the society and which attaches itself not for honest labor, but is simply watchful to follow up the wake of a strike for plunder.

However, where the unions have no cause of their own, yet go out and exercise unlawful interference, or demand the correction of fancied wrongs, or leave their work simply through ideas of sympathy on account of some grievance of an order thousands of miles away, where the conditions are often shown to be altogether different, they must expect but little favor from their communities in the work of coercion. All this is assumed license, not liberty, and should receive the repressive action of the law. It is but fair to discuss and adjust differences. Honest convictions fairly and fearlessly expressed must be encouraged, especially when made through, open, honorable and legal efforts to obtain justice. But where men have taught themselves to believe that they are called upon to unlawfully and forcibly interfere with others who are employed in an honorable support of their families, the freedom and independence guaranteed by the country may well be regarded as a sad commentary on our American institutions.

A jurist and student of our national interests states that "our nation is a nation of working men, whether their labor be intellectual or the no less useful and honorable labor with the hands, and that our danger, if danger there be, will come, not from the true working man, but from those who do not labor, and do not intend to do so, but prefer to gain an easy living by misguiding and deceiving the true working man, and emulating the wreckers of by-gone times, seek with their false lights to lure the ship of society upon the rocks of anarchy and atheism that they might prey upon the remnants of the rich cargo washed to the shore."

The most dangerous classes developed in America are the anarchists and nihilists. There is no question as to the manner in which Americans should handle these men and their malignant work. When once the people are well aroused,

These men have for a number of years openly expressed their intentions of organizing and arming themselves for the purpose of carry their wild scheme into effect, hence it is wise to have a power in readiness to crush out their efforts should the civil authorities need additional force to purify their districts. Much of this element is found in our large cities, and is made up of strictly foreign productions that our protective methods have failed to exclude.

There is something appalling in the thought that in a land of freedom, prosperity and happiness, and in the midst of a Christian people, a spirit of anarchy and terrible crime can be cradled and matured. Why our legislative bodies have not long since enacted laws to bring the violent and dangerous classes to book is, indeed, most remarkable. The good people of this country cannot give up all they cherish more than life itself in order to court misery and ruin at the call of a lot of misguided or wicked men who seek nothing but destruction.

Aside from personal attacks upon our high officials, a few hours control in our large cit.es by these madmen might cause almost irreparable damage. They will never strike is convinced that proper preparations exist to meet them.

The sorrow these miscreants spread over this fair land at short intervals is shocking beyond measure. They are absolutely without value in any walk of life, and can be looked upon only as misfortune to the communities they inhabit. The frightful assassination of President McKinley and the universal execration of anarchy and the anarchists should put an end to the unlawful societies without delay.

The practicability of a National Guard under the methods such as we find in most of the States has been demonstrated, but it is difficult to bring the regiments to the highest standard of efficiency. Among the difficulties may be mentioned the fact that it requires considerable time, which cannot always be spared by the soldier, as well as much application on the part of the officer employed in the world of business, to educate the enlisted man to a state of efficiency, to say nothing of the qualification.

cation the officer should attain, whose duty it is to impart to the soldier all needful instruction. Improvement must be accomplished in the hours not required in the pursuit of ordinary employment; hence we look for reasonable efficiency instead of for the perfection that we expect to find in our regular army.

It is true that a small number of the regular army will quell unrestrained tumult without firing upon the mob; this is due to the fact that the thorough discipline of regulars induces proper obedience, and it well understood that when they do fire men are killed. But there is the best reason we know that the National Guard can readily be placed on a footing to suppress riots without the aid of the regular troops, leaving the latter to be used in the care of the property and interests belonging to the general Government.

The State troops can bring about the same results for which regulars have credit when it is generally known that their discipline is sufficient to insure proper obedience and which sets aside any personal sympathy for men among the rioters. One of the military writers referring to these conditions states: "This is doubtless the case now with many of the regiments throughout the country, and there is no good reason why it should not be so with all, and that all should preserve at the moment of action that sturdy bearing, profound silence, and complete indifference to danger, which are so impressive and conclusive when dealing with an angry and excited mob."

Since the organization of a reliable force of National Guard is essential to the country as a whole, as well as to the various States of the Union, there should be unstinted appropriation by the general Government for the support of this important auxiliary to the permanent establishment. The strength of the National Guard must, to a great extent, be measured by the population and the prevailing industries of individual States and the inflammable nature of the elements that are to be held within the bounds of reason.

The basis of the entire fabric is the



Colonel Thomas Wilhelm, U. S. Army.

establishment of proper discipline and properly instructed officers; with these improvements the National Guard can be trusted in all questions of law and order, without regard to personal sympathy. This can be accomplished in every military organization by some weeding and the employment of competent officers who will apply themselves sufficiently to educate troops under their command to the conditions of a trust-worthy force.

Many able critics who have written much upon the subject of the armed forces of the various S'ates, forcibly assert that in preparing legislation whether by the general Government or by the States to carry out military measures it should never be forgotten that those who enter the National Guard give to the public a great deal of their time, and that with those who form the vast majority of the State military, time is a matter of the greatest value, and that, having made this most important contribution to the public service, they should be relieved from any direct pecuniary demands and when they are called out during working hours, whether for duty or instructions, other than mere parade for their own gratification, they should receive fair compensation.

It is an old and very true statement that the country is well aware of the fact that an efficient National Guard is not a luxury, but a necessity, and the public can well afford to meet the cost, provided it is kept within just limits and the means expended wisely and honestly.

Just before his death General George B. McClellan stated that: "Whatever objection may be offered to the expenditure required to perfect such an organization as the National Guard, can be met by the simple statement of the fact, proved so often in our own history, that our habitual economy in time of peace has always been far more than counterbalanced by the consequent unduly heavy cost of preparing suddenly for conflict. When we have a National Guard of sufficient strength, well armed and equipped for service, passably disciplined, accustomed to use of their weapons and to act together, instructed in the rudiments at least of field service—in such a condition, in brief, that a few weeks' service in the camp and field will convert them into respectable soldiers, we shall have a force not only quite capable of crushing out in its beginning any attempt at riot or intestine disturbance, but also of so promptly and efficiently supporting our regular army that none of our neighbors will be likely to seek a quarrel with us, nor will any more remote power dream for a moment of endeavoring to effect a landing upon our shores."

The assignment of the different arms of the regular troops to the camps of the National Guard, wherever it is practicable, is of great value by way of example, as well as good relation, together with an acquaintance, with unwritten practice and general customs of the service. It is not admitted among military men that there is any advantage in allowing small organizations to go into camp separately for instructions. This only means an expenditure of public property for improvements that should be acquired in the armories.

The study of military proficiency soon demonstrates the impropriety of elections in the selection of officers; such a method must subordinate the officer, more or less, to the will of the men, who too often make selections on account of good comradeship rather than professional worth. This hampers freedom of action in enforcing discipline, without which a command is not even creditable. Officers should be selected by appointment without any political favor, from the best men in the localities in which the organizations are formed. There are few precincts in any State in which men of some experience in active service cannot be found for such appointment.

It is, perhaps, needless to refer to the various infractions of military impropriety that are too frequently apparent in the individuals of the State soldiery while on duty. This is brought about by the good comradeship at home in ordinary association or familiarity between officers and enlisted men, such as may hap in the daily pursuit of business or social entertainments, since all are taken from the world of fellowship.

The best interests of military organizations will not allow for a moment that this can be carried into the service, and it is doubtful whether there are many men in the National Guard who do not understand the incongruity of such a state, notwithstanding the indifference displayed in this respect, and until this is corrected the military critic will continue his comments to the displeasure and discouragement, not only of the Guard itself, but also of its friends who support it with a lively interest in its welfare.

According to the records of the strike of July, 1894, it is evident that the partial failure of the National Guard of California was due to the absence of good judgment and energetic action on the part of the commanding General as well as a disposition to temporize with the mob. Passive interposition is perhaps the first step to be taken, but this has a limit, and that limit presents itself very soon in the face of excited rioters. There are circumstances in which temporizing cannot for a moment be brought into question. At no time can troops afford to be shaken or brought to a halt in a movement for supremacy after they reach. the field of disorder.

Among the mistakes made at Sacra-

mento at the time mentioned, after the troops were on the ground, was hesitation on the part of both civil and military officials through misunderstanding or for reasons yet unexplained-perhaps the result of a questionable plan of action, or possibly no plan at all. It should have been remembered that a mob has simply nerve, no brain; consequently, it is always at the mercy of properly directed troops. Lack of method indicates a weakness that invariably gives advantages and great encouragement to a mob. Troops must be prompt and firm and move to the objective points, if possible, without the use of the rifle, but they must get there at any cost, and if they have the right kind of mettle in them, they will accomplish the object in spite of circumstances.

In quelling the disturbances in 1894 companies that were known to have a large percentage of sympathizers in their ranks for the State were used in the most delicate work, instead of assigning them to such non-aggressive service as guard duty, etc., for which there are always demands at places where conflict is not so likely to happen, and where men can conscientiously do their duty with much less chance of being called upon to shoot their friends. (To overcome this, troops for the most important duty should be selected from districts less affected by the lawless class.)

Of course, there should be no such conditions, but they have often been developed, and when they are probable, the commanding officer in whom a wise and directive spirit is looked for will shape his command accordingly.

The kind of men found in the ranks of the National Guard is much the same as that enlisted for the regular army; preference as to class, if there be any, may be given to the State soldiery, and where these men are brought to serve under the conditions applied in the permanent establishment we find them most excellent material. But since we tolerate dictatorial labor unions, we must expect perplexing circumstances for the National Guard of a State where the regiments are naturally made up from the world of artisans, the church, societies,

and ordinary labor.

Disturbance of whatever nature must be corrected. For this purpose troops are often necessary, but it must be borne in mind that a labor strike is only one of the several situations liable to drift into a disorder where the State Guard is expected to be useful. It is, therefore, important to make the best of an awkward situation, and if it becomes necessary to use State troops, they should be displayed so as to give the best possible service with the least burden upon the conscience of soldiers on being confronted with duty, where many suddenly find themselves struggling with a dual element within them.

It has been said that such a probability should be foreseen and averted, but this is not easily done in our form of Government, where the contingencies are varied, and the enlisted men of the military organizations must necessarily continue to be drawn from the same class of the population that is now in the service.

The system of half a century ago was that all ablebodied men between the ages of 18 and 45 were to be placed in military organization for defensive use in case of necessity. The preat people of this country are so taken up in the world of business that it is almost out of the question to bring about order and efficiency in so vast an organization. However, it formed the basis from which the National Guard grew into being and capable for immediate service in emergency.

It is the duty of all American free-holders to encourage legislation to increase the efficiency, and to liberally support the State military forces, for it is the part of wisdom, indeed of necessity, to properly maintain a National Guard as a reserve for our regular army and for contingencies within the States. If we were altogether unprepared, it is almost certain that emergencies would present themselves too promptly, while by preparation in peace time for hostility, conflict may be averted.

The mobilization of the National Guard of California at Santa Cruz in June last was beneficial and a good lesson in the military art. Aside from the valuable

instructions in camp duty, it placed in evidence several important facts, namely, both defective and insufficient legislation. The quartermaster's department is left, to a great extent, without proper assistance. It is expected to accomplish its work and attain efficiency in the absence of considerable necessary machinery; for instance, there is no non-commissioned staff; this is now essential and should be authorized without delay and distinct from regiments; the men should be selected with regard to special fitness as to clerical and business capacity and instructed in the duties of the department. All this applies equally as well to the sub sistence department.

The organization of the signal department is an incongruity, and the excellent work performed in the cantonment by the signal man was accomplished in spite of its peculiarity.

It is manifest that little attention has been bestowed upon the usefulness of a corps of engineers. Such an establishment is almost as essential as the medical department, yet the National Guard is without such a corps in complete form. There are other defects to which legislative thought should be directed, but space precludes further detail in this connection.

The concentration of the division in a general camp was, in fact, a school for such information as could not be obtained at the home stations. It was assumed, as a matter of course, that the various companies and regiments had been brought to a standard fitted for this higher and more extended school, but the value of the encampment was less than it should have been, for the reason that the rudiments or first principles had been neglected.

The supervision of the Militar, of California is not sufficient. The general officers do not attach enough importance to frequent visits among the troops of their commands and to the work of their inspectors. They seldom see their regiments unless the regiments themselves invite them to do so, then only on some occasion of social ceremony when a probing inspection would not be good form.

The Springfield arms are now almost Univ Calit - Digitize

out of date, otherwise the equipment of the California Guard is excellent throughout, and with a few exceptions is ample. Much pains have been taken in utilizing the appropriations to the best advantage in all purchases, and, if with such facility, the troops would cultivate discipline to the highest standard, they would on all occasions be prepared for any call.

Referring to the Springfield rifle it should be remembered that the National Guard who entered the U.S. service during the Spanish-American conflict was placed at a very great disadvantage by that arm. In this respect, the Government was then not able to place the volunteers on an even footing with our regular army, and the enemy, who were, to a man, supplied with the modern small calibre. Notwithstanding this disparity, the State soldiery promptly volunteered for active service and willingly made the best of the equipments the Government could furnish, and be it said in great praise of the volunteers who were called into action that they heroically penetrated the broad field of destructive fire of the Spanish Mauser rifle long before their own inferior arms could become effective.

The National Guard throughout the land will hail with great satisfaction the recommendation just made by General Buffington, the Chief of Ordinance of the U. S. Army, to the effect that the National Guard of the country be supplied at an early date with the Krag-Jorgensen rifle and carbine.

Next to forming a regiment, discipline is the first object that presents itself; it is the soul of a military organization, and unless it is well established, soldiers under certain conditions become dangerous to themselves and to the State that Discipline will be an supports them. easy matter as soon as officers and men in their self-imposed military task can understand that there is no hardship nor any surrender of self-respect or individual rights in forming the habit of obedience, or subordinating their own will and inclinations to those of their superiors in rank while on military duty. Surely such discipline is no more than a commercial house will exact from all

DY WIICIOSOIL

connected with it, and should meet with no more objection.

We find in ordinary practice and in the school of instruction that it must not for a moment be forgotten that the mere drill in the drill regulations and the use of arms form a very small—although a very essential—part of the instructions required to prepare troops for conflict.

Handling troops on the field of action. or the means required to put troops to the best possible use, or, in fact, any use, guard and outpost duty, reconnaissances and marches, the movements of and intentions of an enemy, collection of information as to the strength of the opposing forces and their means for offensive or defensive work, the establishment of hospitals and the means for the care of the sick and wounded, the conduct of sieges, the feeding and clothing of the men, the sanitary measures, the establishment and management of supply stations, the transportation, the proper make-up of each arm of the service intended to act together, logistics in general, all this requires application, education and experience, and cannot be accomplished without a degree of intelligence not always appreciated by the National Guardsmen.

It is hardly possible to point out too strongly the importance of a system of schools for the officers and another for the non-commissioned officers and candidates for promotion in the National Guard. No doubt, much attention is now given in this respect, but there is laxity in the work where the schools exist, where they do not they should be established, and reports of progress required; for the officers by brigade commanders and for the non-commissioned officers by Colonels of regiments; finally all forwarded through the regular channels to the Adjutant-General's office.

In conclusion, it is suggested that the excellent relations which exist between the National Guard and the regular army on account of the mutual professional interest, though encouraged by the Governors of the various States and the War Office at Washington, be still further facilitated by more frequently unit ing the two branches of service in the State encampments.

# A Matter of Opinion

Our current issue pre-A Plea for Our sents a comprehensive-Navy Yard. ly illustrated article on Mare Island, the United States Navy Yard at Vallejo, of which establishment comparatively few, even of our own people, realize the magnitude and significance. Ten years ago there was an anxious month or two on the Pacific Coast, when indications pointed to a serious "brush" with Chili. So far as this coast was concerned, she (Chili) was in every way better fitted to inaugurate hostilities than we were to repel them.

General Miles said at the time that our Golden Gate guns "were not worth their weight in scrap iron." The Pacific Coast has progressed rapidly since then, and the official embodiment of this history is largely crystalized in the radically altered statue of the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Selected by Admiral Sloat as the proper site for our navy yard, its official existence was ushered in by our Dewey of the Civil War era, Commodore Farragut. Its administration is now entrusted to his worthy successor, Rear Admiral Miller. The Government's admiralty interest of the great San Francisco bay and its contiguous areas really begin at the Farrallone Islands, twenty-five miles out at sea. At the Golden Gate and on both sides of

it, formidable arrangements have been made and continue to increase in effectiveness. No hostile fleet need look here for "scrap iron" guns. Alcatraz Island, the Yerba Buena Naval Training School, Angel Island Barracks, and finally twenty odd miles further up the noble bay, the citadel of naval science and mechanical activity on the Pacific shores, Mare Island, impress the beholder.

The private marine and manufacturing interests clustering around the Straits of Carquinez and San Pablo Bay, aggregate nearly a half billion dollars. If this appear exaggerated, remember that the entire grain traffic of the State centers at Port Costa. Establishments like the Selby Smelting Works, Port Costa Flour Mill, Hawaiian Sugar Refinery, Costa Lumber interests. Port require deep sea-going vessels to go forty miles up from the Gate to these very shore lines. This would seem a mere repetition of the veriest commonplace to our community-but like the signs we cross under every day, they get so common that we do not know them at But when anything interrupts the grain traffic at Port Costa, we suddenly realize it spells disaster, not only to us but to tens of thousands of our regular customers. When the Vallejo Chamber of Commerce, therefore, demands the specific attention of the United States Government for the improvements of these inshore waterways it voices the paramount interest of San Francisco and half of the State.

An interesting and far-reaching discussion, assuming the dignity of national importance and of the highest practical bearing on the future of all navy yards,

has arisen within the last few years. It brings up the question of the Government building its own vessels, or a portion of the same, in its own yards. A forcible argument in the affirmative is presented by the Secretary of the Vallejo Chamber of Commerce in our illustrated article.

A bill is pending in Congress for the attainment of this object. Among its active promoters and sympathizers is our ex-sailor Governor, the present U.S. Senator, Geo. C. Perkins. His labor in behalf of all interests affecting Mare Island has been unremitting and singularly successful. The attractive new Gothic chapel, costing \$5,000, just dedicated, is among the latest measures for which he is entitled to full credit. As a permanent memorial of his services to the naval interests of California he personally probably ranks the great Naval Training School at Yerba Buena (Goat Island), as among the most lasting and effective. Few of the many thousand ferry boat passengers who daily catch a glimpse of the singularly classic structure in passing the snug southwest cove of Goat Island, either realize what it all stands for, or remember that it has enabled us to officially restore the original name of San Francisco, the delightfully reminiscent "Yerba Buena."

It is firmly believed that the plucky little city of Vallejo is entitled to extraordinary credit for its vigilant battle in behalf of converting our splendid navy yard from a mere repair station to a construction yard, and that in this effort she is entitled to the cordial co-operation of the city of San Francisco and the entire congressional delegation, not only of California but the Pacific Slope at large.

## **CURRENT BOOKS**

### Reviewed by GRACE LUCE IRWIN.

Fire from

The genius of the Slavboth Russian and Pole, I the Snows mean-seems to burn to of Poland. intensity always, a hot fire for those Northern

temperatures. Those peoples seem to know less restraint than we, in art (perhaps in life), more enthusiasm, less moderation, more patience. In their novels they are realists, burning to a fiercely romantic heat, lacking humor but engrossing because powerful. "The Argonauts," by Eliza Orzeszko, translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin, is splendidly long. It is too long a story to tell here, unless one's pen wore a seven-leagued boot, but it is a devouring pleasure to the novel reader par excellence. So many characters move in it, so many incidents happen from day to day-it is life. Simple almost to childishness, perhaps, are the methods of such a realist as this Polish woman, but the outcome is bulk and a novel of modern life worth learning from. A novel such as "The Argonauts" serves to show us the real crudity of our intellectual Europeans. Read it; there is not a page which will bore you, and you will find out, too, how to use properly the word "decadent."

("The Argonauts," Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Youth's Challenge. book by the hu-

It is not surprising that the latest morist, Mr. Gelett Burgess, should

contain a number of poems whose import is serious, for the same courage and originality which account for the expression of the whimsicalities of such a poet, speak out, when the time comes, in the equal sincerity of his more serious moods.

"A Gage of Youth" is a little book, bound tastefully in brown leather. It is artistically natural, and naturally artistic-it is difficult to say wherein one lyric is superior to another. The keynote, however, is struck in the opening lines:

"Youth's in the saddle: hot place for

Let them make way for him-Love and old Time, and grim Want!

Hark to his vaunt: gaze at the gage he has cast.

Who'll win at last?

God help him, what an array for him! Tremble and pray for him! Youth cannot die!

"Hope gives her fervor: he fights for

Long days and nights for her, pinning her scarf to his sleeve;

Sans let or leave, breaking the guard of the foe,

Gallantly, so

Winning the tourney's delights for her: Jesu, what sights for her! Youth cannot die!"

This was the zestful spirit of "The Lark" publication, and it is the exhilarating tocsin of more than half the ideas of these poems, seemingly flung forth in an art form singularly finished and attractive.

A tiny epitome of experience is shown in "Enthusiasm":

"Child of the burning heart, Child of the blossoming soul, O Song of Life and Art, God keep you brave and whole!

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft (B)

. Winning,—still keep the dew; Striving,—still hear the lyre; This be my prayer for you!"

"Ballad of the Hyde Street Grip," a San Francisco rhapsody, should be read with interest, not only because of its musical lines, but for its fund of local color.

"God made the summer for the hobo and the bummer chump," should thrill a new audience, and appeal as before to the heart of the nature lover, vagabond, and to the eternal spirit of youth which ever craves freedom from things small and trifling.

(Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.00.)

By the Author admirers of David Harum. literary

To the numerous gentle readers and admirers of that literary sensation, "David Harum," a book dealing

with the personality of its author and presenting one of his earlier stories, should appeal. "The Teller," this story is called, by Edward Noyes Westcott. "David Harum," written in the years while its creator was hopelessly ill, as every one knows, was published only after his death, although he lived long enough to receive the publisher's acceptance, after having sent the manuscript without success many times before. "The Teller" must have been written at an earlier period. It is interesting, containing elements of wholesome human interest, told simply in clear, concise English: however, lacking in the humor which sparkled through the longer book. Mr. Westcott, peing a banker, wrote always of the banking business. He was not a romancer-merely a realist. In the second half of the present volume a brief biography is given, and selected portions of his letters to his daughter. "If David Harum were to be published, even without much delay," he wrote, "it would in all probability be posthumous. I have had the fun of writing it anyway, and nobody will ever laugh over it more than I have. I never iniv Calif - Digitized

could tell what David was going to say next. \* \* The work filled up a good many hours which would otherwise have been very dreary, and gave me some amusement, but that's about all there is to be said about it." In spite of his quiet, common-sense modesty, however, the world had more to say of it.

("The Teller." D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

A Novel that prose Americans, with is a Poem. a few notable exceptions

snch as Hawthorne and Poe, have been unable to equal the work of Europeans. Poetry seems to be in the air which the French and Germans breathe-our supreme talent yet lies in money getting and mechanical invention, which remarks re-arise upon the not unimportant occasion of perusing the "Amata" of Richard Voss, translated from the German by Roger S. G. Boutell. Enthusiasm over literature is also almost facetiously regarded in certain parts of the West, but what matter? How charming is this story, how simple, how delicately sentimental. It is classic in subject and chaste in treatment. American short story writers would have dared do it, because American editors would have "shied" at it. It is too distant from "real life," too lacking in humor, not enough "smart" in style, to strike one as a "good selling book." But the style is beyond cavil, the subject matter a poetic dream. It is a highly-polished ghost-story - like a fire-opal. A young man, overtaken by sickness, is carried unconscious into the house of an Italian, which is in an ancient Roman tomb and over one, and here visits him the restless ghost of a Roman maiden, Amata, who lived at the time Nero darkened his world. She was a Christian martyr, but weaker than a Lygia, died cursing the Christians' God, and calling too late upon her pagan lover. Thus her spirit is unable to find peace. Richard Voss, the well-known European litterateur, who dreamed this lovely story, has devoted himself to philosophic studies in Jena and Munich, living partly at Frascati, near Kome, in the Villa Fal-Dy Microsoft &

with

conieri, and partly on his estate near Berchtesgaden. He is noted as both novelist and dramatist. His latest work, "Sigurd Eckdal's Bride" (Ibsenian only in name), is published by Little, Brown & Co. "Amata," by The Neale Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.

An artistically gotten-up little book, useful as well as ornamental, and containing numberless new things, is "One Hundred and One Sandwiches," compiled by Mrs. May E. Southworth of this city. It is a welcome addition to one's Cook Bookery.

(Published by Elder & Shepard).

The material for many In the Real tales is contained in the Walter Vagabondia. sketches Mr. Wyckoff has written, in

his latest book, "A Day with a Tramp And Other Days." Beside the title article he has written "With Iowa Farmers," "A Section Hand on the Union Pacific Railway," "A Burro-Puncher," "Incidents of the Slums." The articles are mostly made up from notes taken some years ago, when he lived the life of a tramp, in order to study conditions of the poorest sort of labor. And their value lies not alone in the truths they tell. Mr. Wyckoff is a careful, intelligent observer, who tells what he has to say in a simple, straightforward manner which is very pleasing. His style is plain, but correct and interesting, and the true tales he unearthed in his journeyings are told with a degree of art which makes them highly entertaining. Mr. Wyckoff has now returned to Princeton, the college from which he graduated and is Assistant Professor of Political Economy there. More work of his sort, many more books of this kind are needed before we will know all we should of the vast labor issues of this country. Mr. Wyckoff's somewhat similar papers on "The Workers" were what won him fame and let new light in upon the condition of laborers in both the city and country. It started quite a zest for finding out "how the other half lives."

(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City).

"A Crazy Angel" is the rather curious name of a quite commonplace book. It is only the usual diverting love story in which there are a number of supposedly clever young people, who succeed in remaining ignorant of the true state of their feelings for each other until the last chapter. The scene is laid in Norway, and the characters American tourists, with the addition of a delightful, big, blonde Norwegian, Lars Anderson, who is quite too simple and strong for them to easily understand. Everybody is happy at the close and no harm done. The quotations are well selected.

("A Crazy Angel," by Annette Noble, in collaboration with Grace Lathrop Collin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City).

"Talks Great Work-What Successful Men ers" is a large Have to Say. volume of entertaining material, edited

by Mr. Orison Swett Marden, editor of "Success." The contents are a series of personal interviews with men who have achieved success in life through their own efforts. Successful men in many walks of life have been sought out, among them our American Senators, financiers, railway kings, inventors, college Presidents, authors, farmers, professional men. To our aspiring and energetic young America what subject could be more interesting than the opinion of such men upon the practical question of "getting on in the world?" And "the author sincerely trusts that there are young people who, after reading these true tales, which explode the excuses of those who think they have 'no chance' in life, will be encouraged to start out and duplicate them." However, the least interesting part of "an example" is the being guided by it.

"The aim of the young man of to-day should be, then-" is asked of Senator Depew-"To do something worth doing, honestly. Get wealth, if it is gotten in the course of an honorable public service. I think, however, the best thing Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft (B) then doing it. It is the most satisfactory aim I know of."

Sir Thomas Lipton—"I remember as if it were yesterday how utterly hopeless my financial condition seemed to be when I was a boy of fifteen in New York."

Russell Sage—"You ask me why I don't stop work. I'll do it if you will answer me one question: 'What else can I do that will do as much good and keep me as well?' Well, you can't answer it; nobody can."

"What do you say is the first requisite for success in the literary field?" is asked of Anthony Hope:—"I can answer only for my style of literature, and there I should say the ability to invent a plot. Style is excellent: it can be acquired, I think, but is absolutely useless without plot. To have something to say is the first thing."

Good advice is pleasing, even though we have not the stamina to stint ourselves following it. The book is full of good advice.

("Talks With Great Workers." Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Publishers, New York.)

"American citizenship is not a privilege; it Philosophy of is a propagandum." Citizenship. This quotation from his latest book, "The

Affirmative Intellect," sums up the working creed, religious as well as social, of the author, Mr. Charles Ferguson. Of course he preaches. And his preaching includes the philosophy of the NOW. For he deals with the present and the future, rather than with the And he studies creative forces. The primal and spiritual impulse he finds in faith—the faith of the affirmative intellect. Its outward manifestations he sees, in embryo, in three social organisms: the Church, the Political Party, and the University. To the University, as the intellectual element, of this combination of heart, body and head, is assigned the obligation of leadership. Its duty, opines Mr. Ferguson, is to train youths in American citizenship, not that they may passively enjoy benefits conferred, but that they may actively extend the principles of liberty and civilization.

(The Affirmative Intellect. Funk, Wagnalls & Co., 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Price, 90 cents.)

Life of the Poet Rogue.

Justin Huntly McCarthy
has been for some years
constructing a romantic
novel founded on the
career of Francois Villon, that wild French

poet of the middle ages, who wrote wonderful lyrics in the slang of the Paris of that day. Contrary to the general rule Mr. McCarthy has dramatized his story already: in fact, did so even before its publication, and Mr. E. H. Sothern in producing it has scored one of his most distinguished successes.

"If I were a King" is the title of the novel, and it has been published by R. H. Russell in a most attractive setting. An interesting picture of the life and time of Villon, Mr. McCarthy has presented, full of thrilling adventure, dramatic episodes interwoven with a charming love story. Beautiful drawings in color and pictures of Mr. Sothern and his company in the principal roles, as well as attractive type and handsome binding, make the book unusually attractive. Mr. McCarthy has long before this made a reputation as a master of graceful diction and of a delightful style. Also he has shown great powers as a romancer.

("If I were King." Published by R. H. Russell, 3 West 29th Street, New York.)

After all, no thorough-going NorthMr. Cable's Rebels. erner like Mr.
Winston Churchill can give

nature and Southern womanhood, which George Cable can manage Mr. chapters and with less pains. fewer What is the loving charm he invests his "Rebel" which They have the sparkle and witine. chery of real life and of Meredith's girls. "The Cavalier," his latest, is another story of the war of the Rebellion, but from the Confederate side this time, and below Mason and Dixon's line. A young Confederate officer tells the story of his loves and adventures. Much happens, wonderful, saucy damsels troop by, a Yankee officer dies beautifully to the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," there is warring and waiting-of course, has it not all been told again and again? Yes, but never better than in "The Cavalier." Mr. Cable's humor is inimitable. His vivacity grows with every fresh essay. The illustrations are of course by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

One of the best books of the season in the matter of material and dress is "The Ruling Passion:" being a collection of short stories by Mr. Henry Van Dyke. No one in this country to-day is writing stories of more breadth, delicacy and literary value. In sweep and close-to-nature-ness they belong to the same category as do Jack London's.

Price, \$1.50.)

(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Publishers, \$1.50.)

"Up and Down the Sands of Gold" is the poetic title of a very charming novel by Mary Devereaux. It is a story of modern life, laid in some village on the coast of New England. The quaint characters are well drawn, and the human interest of a bright and wholesome order. sweeter love-story has been told for some time than is to be found on these pages. They are brimming, too, with humor and cheerfulness. "Up and Down the Sands of Gold," by Mary Devereaux, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"It was a hot, sultry War Paint and morning in the latter part of August, 1811. Canoe. A dugout canoe, con-

taining two occupants, was swiftly speeding down the Scioto, at a point near which the city of Columbus now stands."

Here we have the opening words of "The Sign of the Prophet," it is a tale. New York and Chicago.).

of Tecumseh and Tippecanoe. In the opening words we have the where and the when. If you buy the book and read it, will you like it? I do not know. I did not enjoy it, but I think you will. The tale, that of a young scout in Harrison's army, by name Ross Douglas, is well-told. Mr. James Ball Naylor, the author of "Ralph Marlowe," has a clear, sane, dignified style. He is a lover of nature and of wild, free life, which those rough pioneer days and the Indian life they led gave free scope. The picturesqueness is that of Cooper's Leatherstocking tales. It is primitive, adventurous-this element of picturesqueness -not dramatic. Governor Harrison appears on the pages as a character; and the book is long enough, full enough of the dangers of that half-savage warfare carried on at that time, to be of importance. The Indian interest is the paramount one. And Indians in fiction, from Cooper to "King Noanett," are all alike. After the battle of Tippecanoe, Douglas comes in contact with the Shawnee Prophet and his ward, a paie-face adopted daughter-called La Violette. "At the side of the clean-limbed steed trotted a nimble, sure-footed gray pony, and seated upon its back was a young woman. The robe of rich furs which enveloped her person neatly concealed the fact that she rode astride. The hood of her cloak was thrown back, and a cataract of fine, red-gold hair rippled down her shoulders. Her face was beautiful, her skin milk-white and satiny, and her eyes were the violet-blue of the midsummer skies. The rein she held in her hand was of braided horse-hair, ornamented with shells and jingling coins; and the housings of her plump palfrey were of crimson cloth, trimmed with a fringe of gold." This description carried me back to medieval romance, when there really were beautiful women and chivalry. The scout, Douglas Ross, of course capitulates to this vision, but not until the end of the book. Meanwhile he runs the pleasures of war and adventure.

(The Saalfield Publishing Company,

The re-appearance of old favorites in new form is certainly one of the brightest features of the book market during the holidays. Who has not a tender memory (even though he be very grown-up indeed) of those wonderful stories for girls and boys, which Miss Alcott gave our youth, and which we are surprised to find we enjoy more than ever? What commonsense, realism, humor, heartiness she feasted us on! Such rare out-and-out fun there is in those realistic little histories of hers. And here we have "Little Men" out in a new edition, to delight everybody all over again. The book is beautifully gotten up: tasteful as to binding, paper, print and general style. Best of all, it is lavishly illustrated by that inimitable child portrayer, Reginald Birch. The best appearance the charming book has ever made.

("Little Men." 'Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

A story of boarding A Clever Girls' school life for girls, Book. which is neither mawkish nor dull, should be in demand. So Miss Gabrielle Jackson's books are deservedly popular in "Caps and among young people. Capers" she gives an account of life at a boarding-school, which seems almost ideal, inasmuch as it is managed on natural, wholesome principles. Friendship between pupils and teachers is the cornerstone of success, in such a school as Miss Jackson depicts. Girlish fun is not suppressed, but wisely guided, and frankness in all things taught, so that the fault of so much boarding school life-the engendering of deceit-is eliminated. "Caps and Capers" is an interesting book to put into the hands of any fifteen year old girl.

Henry Altemus Company, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Channing Pollock, the one time dramatic critic, who during the past two years has divided his attention between William Brady's theatrical attractions

and magazine work, has written a novel, a story of the Passion Play, entitled "Behold the Man!" It deals with the life of the Bavarian peasants, who enact the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

(Neale Publishing Co., Washington.)

"Galopoff, The Talking More Tame Pony" is a charming tale, Animals. which Tudor Jenks, author of so many good things, has written for young folks. It has been published in attractive form, both as to covers and illustration. There is no doubt as to Mr. Jenks's position in "literature"; he is one of the most amusing of present-day writers, and all that he gives us is good reading."Galopoff" is a story of modern child-life, and in telling it the author has done a delightful bit of work. The characters he introduces are all likeable-all but "Gudgins," and his hour is brief. He had to be in the book, for the author's quick sense of humor must present a foil to the agreeble people, young and old, that his vigorous imagination has conjured up. The book is a series of delightful incidents and vivacious conversations between the two charming little girls and the pony.

(Henry Artemus Co., Philadelphia.)

"Calumet 'K'" is a book by Merwin Webster. It is a long, realistic story of business life, including the incidents about a great grain elevator, relations with union men and walking delegates. A story for men, not romantic, but written from the standpoint of one who admires "business" qualities.

(The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.)

If you have a boy who wants to read of boyish adventure—not the "blood and thunder" sort—but the honest American kind, out on the plains of New Mexico, give him "Tommy Foster's Adventures," by Fred A. Ober, illustrated by Stanley Arthur.

(Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia, Price, \$1.00.)

## PIEDMONT SPRINGS

BY CARLOTTA L. SESSIONS. .

OMPARATIVELY few know where this idyllic spot is located, and still it nestles at the foot of a wide range of hills in one of California's most populous districts. "Oakland has no park," said a tourist recently. No park! Just take the Piedmont car at 14th street, and ride to the end of the route! Out from the busy city, past lovely rural houses, up hill and down, by swift transit, until the car halts, at the end of the line, before a lonely depot, at the foot of a soft-hued mountain, no sign of life or habitation near.

and trees and shrubs innumerable.

The entrance pittance paid, the swinging gates unfold a Paradise! In the foreground a substantial setting to the picture, as the Club-House, with slanting roof, wide verandahs, tables and chairs arranged cosily; a type of civilization breaking in upon Nature.

Various narrow paths lead off, mysteriously, down into the ravine. Following one of these the world is left outside, and a perfect fairy-land of wooded beauty appears. Down, down, the little path winds besides a big, flowery can-



Club House, Piedmont.

Puzzled eyes finally see a sign, "To Piedmont Springs." "How far?" "Only a block," the accommodating conductor replies.

The pretty, tree-lined road, slightly elevated at first, in its descent presents a view of delightful possibilities. A small unique building and a turn-stile labeled "Piedmont Post Office," guards the entrance to the park. This is a very recent innovation. Beyond may be caught glimpses of broad paths, bright-hued flowers, a charming villa (the "Club-house")

yon, beneath overhanging rocks and trees. The saucy sun peeps through the foliage upon the lilies and palms which rear their heads in the lavish insolence of Nature upon either bank of the cauyon. Rustic bridges span the deep crevasse, and fine old trees, blue gums and others, rise upon either side as though to shield its beauties from the outside world.

One mighty oak is noticeable upon the left bank of the canyon, about midway to the Springs, whose youth is over, but the springs of the control of the contr



New Club House, Piedmont.

whose sturdy trunk is covered with names and initials, and whose strong, outspreading arms support a small platform containing rustic seats for the visitor. The effect is picturesque, reminding us, too, that the world has been here and left tokens of its presence. Further on we are again reminded of this fact, for there are large tables and benches evidently designed for picnic parties.

But the most interesting structure in this lovely dell is the "Grotto." What appears as a tremendous boulder has been built deep in the hills, and there, in the twilight of concealed electricity ferns cluster around springs of sulphur and magnesia water, while, within a tiny aquarium, inserteu in the rocky wall, fish dart about, flashing light from their golden fins. It all seems so natural that it is hard to realize that the artistic ingenuity of man had planned and executed such a lovely picture. the northern entrance several thickly verdured trees shroud the canyon in temporary gloom, but beyond lies a wide area of broad open sunshine. This is the entrance on the north, and has been reserved for gardening purposes, and several hundred rose bushes are continually in bloom, besides quantities of palms and exotics, which have been planted there.

Piedmont Springs is rapidly being extended, and soon all its sixty acres will be under full cultivation.

Piedmont Springs is three miles northeast of Oakland, and Oakland is a great city in Alameda County, and Alameda is one of the fairest portions of our fair State.

There are numerous stories of the early explorers which prove that Alameda and San Mateo Counties were the earliest discovered. The first historians refer to Alameda as the "Place of the Alameda," which means the place of the poplar, Alameda being the Spanish term for poplars, many varieties of which were found there growing along the streams.

The first man to receive a grant of land within the county was Don Luis Maria Peralta, to whom was granted the Rancho San Antonio of five leagues, being the whole of the country west of the Contra Costa hills, between San Leandro Creek, and the northern county line. Right here to-day is Oakland, with its suburbs of Piedmont, Alameda and Berkeley.

Don Luis Peralta never resided upon his princely domain (his home being at San Jose), but he divided his territory among his four sons (and some say his four daughters), but the latter early lost their claim to possession.

Of the sons, Vincente was given Encinal de Temescal, now Oakland (named thus because of its beautiful oaks); to Antonio Maria he gave the next southerly portion, now East Oakland, including Piedmont and Alameda.

Right here a few words of praise is due to the splendid governing system of the early Spaniards.

In establishing their pueblos (or towns) the Spaniard had a complete municipal system. Three agencies were employed, military, civil and religious. The presidio, or garrison, represented the military; the pueblo, the town; and tne mission, the church. The latter played the most prominent part. This governing code was derived from the Romans, and therefore, as under the Roman, Gothic, Spanish and Mexican laws, communities in towns held their lands in common. When thirty families had located on a spot the pueblo was a fact.

The white man thought the land was only to be seen and straight-way seized. This idea gave rise to many internal dissensions, and the Spaniard held rigidly to his rights until proper agreement could be made.





Old Oak Tree in Piedmont Canyon.

No historical record of Piedmont can be found, but several old settlers have kindly given us some authentic facts of interest. Although without the city limits, Piedmont Park and Springs is virtually an extension of Oakland.

A portion of the Piedmont Park property originally belonged to Mr. Walter Blair, but he sold it to the "Piedmont Land Company," and it now is included in the Park.

"The Piedmont Land Company" was incorporated April 14, 1853, with Mr. Jas. Gamble as its President, and five directors. Its object, as set forth in the original certificate, was to "engage in and carry on the business of buying and selling real estate in Alameda County," and to make such improvements as should be necessary.

Mr. James Gamble suggested the pretty name of Piedmont, derived from the Piedmontese hills of Italy, meaning "at the foot of the mountain." No more appropriate name could be found. A hotel was built on the site of the present Club-House, and the sulphur springs were

Piedmont Driveway. Univ Calif - Digitiz somewhat improved, blue gum trees

were planted, and rustic seats were prepared. In those early days it became a very popular resort. At first the grounds were open to the public, but some years ago the tract passed into the hands of the Realty Syndicate, which company has made all the varied improvements mentioned at the commencement of this article. The original hotel was burned down, and the new modern Club-House is not only frequented by the public during the day, but is rented for private arfairs, dinners, etc., in the evening. In early days that portion of Piedmont known as Blair Park, was thronged by thousands on Sunday, when open-air concerts and balloon ascensions were given with a view to attracting the public. The present owners desire to keep the Park artistic and refined, and intend

to make it the most beautiful pleasureground in California.

Nestling at the foot of the mountain, on the outskirts of a thriving city, its location is unexcelled; wondrously gifted by Nature, and aided by men who seek to let Nature be her own surveyor as far as possible, it is romantically charming.

If its old trees could speak, what stories they could tell of those mysterious first days of Alameda, when Indian and Spaniard dreamed beneath their shade until the vigorous white man put all their dreams to flight. A traditional Past of intense interest has "Piedmont in the Hills."

With all these advantages we predict a brilliant and long-lived future for this section of beautiful Alameda County.



Piedmont Canyon.

### NOTICE.

Subscribers to the Overland Monthly wishing to bind Vol. XXXVIII, will receive a complete printed Table of Contents with title page by sending request for same to the publication office,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  Kearny St., San Francisco.



Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft @

## A HYGIENIC REVOLUTION >



The Admiralty of the Modern Royal Navy of Sweden adopts as wearing apparel for its service a material originally used for ages by the Hindoo races of India. The Medical Boards respectively of the Navy and Army of the Kingdom of Sweden are in advance of the world in their official recognition of one of the greatest discoveries in Hygienic Science.

A great and beneficent industry built up in Sweden, the products of which are already recognized all over Europe, is now being introduced on the Pacific Slope.

#### What Ramie Is.

The raw material for Ramie Underclothing consists of the fibre of Ramie, an Asiatic perennial plant, a specie of the "Boehmeria genus" (nettle family) possessing all the hygienic requirements for health underwear.

This raw material has been highly esteemed from time immemorial and experiments to spin the fibre into a thread have never ceased, encouraged by large rewards offered by different governments for the successful solution of the problem. All attempts were in vain until a few years ago the invention was made by Ringheim's Carlskrona Hosiery Factory of Carlskrona, Sweden, and it is now turned to the practical and benificial use to which it has been destined.

The Hindoo races domiciled in the tropical valleys of India were the earliest civilized people to realize the full import of unobstructed perspiration.

The healthy or unhealthy state of the human body depends most of all on its alimentation and on its ability to perform its processes of secretion and excretion. Every atom of food consumed, every particle of air inhaled must, after a completed circulation, disappear from the organism.

The skin, which has the largest share in the excretion of waste matter, is able to excrete as much as 1,600 grammes of perspired matter in an hour. If a considerable portion of the skin be injured and it therefore becomes incompetent to perform its functions essential to life, death soon follows, no matter how healthy the internal organs may be. That it is of the first importance to health that the skin be healthy is very evident. Negligence in attending to the skin is often punished with loss of life or with life-long suffer-Investigators in physiological science (such as Brown-Sequard, d'Arsonal, and others), have shown that the matter given off through the skin by perspiration, and that from the lungs by expiration, are terribly poisonous. By experiments on dogs and other animals it has been found that a small dose of sweat from the human body injected into the animal causes speedy death with horrible symptoms.

Obstructed perspiration is therefore the same thing as a poisoning of the body.

It is, as is well known, the function of the blood to effect in its circulation the renewal of the tissues in the body. The skin, the lungs, the kidneys, and the bowels carry on the process of excretion, upon which the weal or woe of the whole system depends. The skin performs the most important work in these processes of excretion, and any obstruction thereof lays the foundation of most of the painful internal maladies which embitter human Besides other constituents, existence. the perspiration contains urinary matter, salts and fatty acid. Through minute vessels these matters are pressed out from under the skin, to pass off from the body through the pores in the form of perspiration. If this perspiration be obstructed, the sweaty matter collects round the minute vessels, and after awhile, as the amount increases, the nerves of the skin are affected, and that painful malady we call rheumatism has made its first appearance in the body. If, now, the excretion of the sweaty matter from the minute vessels be prevented, it remains in the blood and settles in other parts farther in, and becomes the root of internal rheumatism, gouty concretions, calcinations in the joints, etc. On continued gathering of these substances ensues blood poisoning (Ptomaine), and death begins its work.

It is, therefore, of vital importance to the health of the body that good perspiration be kept up. A chief essential for bodily well-being is, indispensably, perfect and unhindered perspiration.

From what has been said above, it results that the human body, in order to preserve its health, must be covered with underclothing which shall not obstruct the perspiration; but the chief fault in the underclothing in use up to the present time is just this—that it does not satisfy this indispensable desideratum.

Wool, cotton, linen, and silk, for instance, are not fully suitable raw material for underclothing, mainly because they conserve either too much or too little of the natural heat of the body. Textile fabrics from these raw materials become too closely felted or too loose, so that no constant porosity can be maintained close to the skin. The pressure of the upper clothes so far reduces the utility of the meshy tissue that ventilation and perspiration are obstructed.

### Wool Underwear Dangerous to Health.

Wool has an absorbent power of forty-three per cent of its weight without producing a sense of wetness, and parts with its moisture very slowly. Under the microscope woolen fibre is seen to be a hollow string, with saw-like edges and a sharp point, composed of small cones. A compact network of millions of such fibres pressed against the skin absorbs the moisture, perspiration, and the fatty secretions of the sebaceous glands till it becomes saturated; and after that more moisture and perspiration collect in the network till this encases the body like a wall and prevents the access of air. What thus most closely envelops the body, a poisonous and polluted stratum of air, which becomes all the worse if old felted woolen garments are worn, acts retroactively with injurious effect upon the vessels and nerves of the skin, which, as it were, grow languid and weary with the burden imposed upon them in the discharge of their functions iv Calif - Digitized

The incomplete excretion of the waste

and poisonous matter of the body are followed by injurious consequences. Experience also bears out the statement that first rheumatism makes itself felt by those who wear woolen underclothing. and that nervous and internal maladies usually follow soon after. A woolen undergarment after once having been worn may be looked on as a living nest of millions of microbes which lodge at their ease in the hollow fibres; or of decomposing organic matter, the worn-out tissues excreting through the pores; and thence comes the disagreeable smell which, as is well known, can never be entirely removed from woolen underclothing that has been worn, however much it may be washed.

It has recently been discovered that some woolen underwear CONTAINS AR-SENIC IN A MORE OR LESS DEGREE, brought about by the use of a solution of arsenic in scouring the wool, as well as by using arsenic powder in preserving the pelts of sheep in order to keep them free from worms.

This fact alone should be sufficient reason NOT to wear wool next to the skin.

### RAMIE UNDERCLOTHING

which we have brought into the market may be regarded as fully answering the demands of hygiene.

The first and essential condition for suitable underclothing is, as has been stated above, that it consists of an airy cellular texture, which allows of free perspiration and ventilation.

The fibre of Ramie shows, under microscopic and microchemical examination, a hard, even cuticle, with a thin crystallized lining of oxalace lime. The pith of the fibre consists of a firm ligneous cellulosta, with a power of swelling of about 10 per cent., and the fibre exceeds in dimensions an other vegetable fibres used in materials for clothing. The properties of this fibre make it uniquely suitable to form a thread sufficiently firm and elastic to resist the pressure to which the tissue of underclothing must necessarily be exposed.

In order that underclothing should properly fulfill its purpose, it is also necessary that it should, in its measure, contribute to regulate the heat at the surface of the body. This Ramie Underclothing does, by storing up in itself a portion of the heat of the body, and thus preventing its being carried off by the air around. However airy Ramie texture may be, it would still be of no good for underclothing if it did not possess the invaluable property of being able to absorb and retain in it a certain amount of heat. The heat absorbed by the fibres is gradually radiated through their fine, even, and lustrous surface; but, as the fibres do not absorb more than a certain amount of heat, the body does not suffer any unnecessary loss of it. The fibres must, it is true, first take some heat from the body, but not much; and then the Ramie texture acts as a little reservoir of heat, receiving and giving back warmth in a fixed proportion according to the thickness of the texture. In this respect Ramie Underclothing is far superior to underclothing of any other material. Wool, cotton, linen and silk, as is well known do not in and of themselves produce warmth, but only -being more or less poor conductors of heat-by preventing the radiation of heat from the body.

It is a fact that Ramie Underclothing is felt to be cooling in hot summer weather and warming in cold weather. What has been said above clearly explains this. We dare to affirm that an undergarment which thus regulates an even, normal temperature of the body at the surface of the skin satisfies one of the greatest demands that can be made in regard to underclothing. In active bodily exercise, wherein a higher degree of heat perspiration is excited, the Ramie Garment does not become wet and chilly. After violent perspiration, when the body comes to repose again and the heat passes off, the garment quickly becomes dry and comfortable as before. This is a positive advantage over all other kinds of underclothing. We may call to mind the well-known fact that woolen underwear clothing becomes simply loathsome when it is wet through with perspiration.

Ramie Underclothing has, moreover, the property of not making the skin dry. As is well known, the fatty glands are of the greatest importance to the skin. They secrete a fatty matter which keeps

the skin (epidermis) soft, and protects the nerves and vessels from injurious influence from the outer air. So important to the skin is this secretion of fat that if the fat were removed ailments in the blood-vessels and nerves would ensue. When people wear strongly absorbent woolen underclothing they sometimes feel a shivering. This is caused by the absorption of the fatty matter of the glands, whereby the skin is left without protection against the influence of the surrounding air. This cannot happen with our Ramie Underclothing, which thus, in this respect, possesses an advan. tage that cannot be too highly prized.

## RAMIE UNDERWEAR. Health-Giving—Health-Preserving.

The above description shows that the beneficial influence of Ramie Underclothing on the body depends especially upon the following characteristics:

That it has an airy, unalterable cellular tissue. That the other clothes cannot felt the meshy tissue. That the tissue possesses the property of storing warmth. That it does not hinder perspiration or render it more difficult, but facilitates it. That it secures complete ventilation at the surface of the body. That it receives warmth from and returns it to the skin. That it is cooling during oppressive heat and warming in cold weather. That it does not feel chilly or damp after perspiration. That it makes the skin healthy and elastic. That it does not absorb the fatty secretions of the sebaceous glands. That it acts soothingly and strengtheningly on the nervous system. That it prevents the germination of diseases of the skin, rheumatism, etc. That it speedily expels superficial rheumatism. That it gradually cures more inveterate rheumatism, gout and several other maladies. That it is very agreeable to wear, and that it does not felt or shrink, and is almost indestructible.

of the greatest importance to the skin.

For further information address RingThey secrete a fatty matter which keeps heim Ramie Manufacturing Co., 14 San-

some St., San Francisco. Write or call for our booklet, "About Ramie," which we will send you free of cost. In order to facilitate the introduction of our Ramie Health Underwear more rapidly, we will, for a short period, sell same direct to the consumer. Price for gentlemen's garments, \$3.25 a piece or \$6.50 per suit. Ladies' garments, \$3.00 a piece or \$6.00 per suit for all weights and sizes.

Many testimonials from people who have been cured of Rheumatism, etc., by wearing our Ramie Underwear are on file in our office.

The entire manufacturing and agricultural community of California will be greatly interested in learning that Prof. Hilgard of the State University of California, has declared that no country on earth is so well adapted as this State for the production of Ramie, which has already been extensively grown here with admirable results as regards cultivation, but has been to a larger extent abadoned through lack of suitable machinery for treating the fibre.

A machine and process for the decortication and preparation of ramie, hemp, and jute has been invented, and recently put into practical use, which obviates the difficulties heretofore encountered in obtaining regular and sufficient quantities of fibre caused by the present supply being obtained from China and India, where it is extracted by hand labor.

The machine and process referred to are owned by the National Fibre Company of San Francisco, which desires to establish on a large scale the cultivation of ramie and hemp, and has acquired land and will grow these fibres with a view of interesting farmers to grow same.

The Company, in conjunction with the Ringheim Ramie Manufacturing Co., whose manufactures of ramie underclothing are on the market, will guarantee to purchase all suitably-grown fibres prepared by its machines, at prices more remunerative to growers than they are receiving from the cultivation of other crops. It has acquired from reliable sources, in order to insure obtaining the best results, a quantity of hemp seed and ramie seed and roots, which it will sell in small quantities to intending planters, with full information necessary for their cultivation.

As soon as the cultivation is sufficiently extensive to warrant a regular and ample supply, the company will establish and equip a manufactory in this State, with similar machinery to that used by the Ringheim Ramie Manufacturing Co., and manufacture the fibre grown in California into men's and women's underclothing, hosiery, handkerchiefs, table-cloths, napkins, umbrella covers, shoelinings, fishing nets, etc.

In order that the growers of these fibres may also paticipate in the large profits accruing from their manufacture, the company will dispose of to intending growers 400 shares of its treasury stock of the par value of \$100 per share at \$25 each.

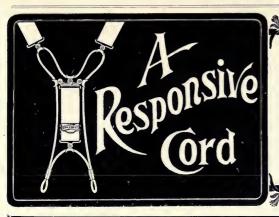
For full information regarding cultivation, prices of seed and roots, and application for stock, address the

NATIONAL FIBRE CO.,

14 Sansome St., Room 33,

San Francisco, Cal.





An answer to every movement made by the body is found in the action of President Suspender. All strain is relieved. No other suspender is built on the same principle as

## PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

Every pair is guaranteed. Look for "President" on the buckles. Trimmings cannot rust. Extra heavy style for manual workers. The price is 50c. If the nearest dealer can't supply you, send the price direct to us and receive a pair of new design by mail postpaid.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 242, Shirley, Mass.

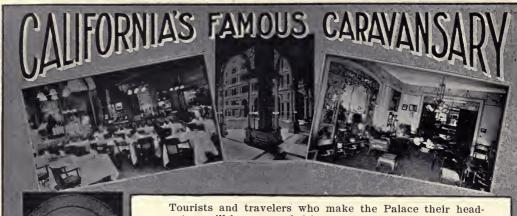
#### TO VISIT SAN FRANCISCO

Without seeing the DIAMOND PALACE would be like visiting Europe without seeing Paris. It is a leading feature of San Francisco. It is a marvel of beauty and elegance. It is unquestionably the most magnificent jewelry emporium in the world—the splendid conception of a master mind, a controlling genius. Artistic taste and skill challenge competition here. To be appreciated it must be seen. Every traveler and visitor should go and examine the marvels of genius at

No. 221 MONTGOMERY STREET.

A. ANDREWS, Proprietor.







Tourists and travelers who make the Palace their headquarters will be surrounded by conveniences such as are not obtainable in any other hotel in the West; off the court are the grill rooms, telegraph and telephone offices, writing rooms, barber shop, billiard parlor, carriage office, book stand and typewriter offices.

On one side of this immense hotel—the largest in the world—is the wholesale and manufacturing district; on the other theatres, retail stores, clubs, railroad offices, banks and newspaper buildings. Street cars to all parts of the city, depots, Cliff House and parks. Pass the entrance.

American Plan.

European Plan.

## PALACE HOTEL · · · SAN FRANCISCO.

## DOREY & CUNNINGHAM

We carry a complete stock of MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, Shirts, Underwear, Neckties, Etc.

509 MONTCOMERY STREET

4 MARKET STREET

302 MARKET STREET



## Business College

24 Post St., San Francisco

The Leading Commercial School West of Chicago

\_\_ESTABLISHED NEARLY 40 YEARS\_

is a national, international, metropolitan and cosmopolitan institution. Students came last year from 53 Counties of California, 17 States and Territories, and 7 foreign countries, and the annual enrollment was nearly 1,000. 300 graduates sent to positions annually. 18,000 graduates successfully applying their knowledge. 28 teachers, 65 typewriting machines in the typing department. Open the entire year, day and evening. Pupils may enter any time, Individual instruction by Microsoft ®

WRITE FOR NEW 80 PAGE CATALOGUE AND COLLEGE JOURNAL.

## California

GREATEST SUMMER AND WINTER RE-SORT IN THE WORLD

Best reached via the

VARIOUS ROUTES

### Southern Pacific

Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of routes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

Southern Pacific

Write to

4 Montgomery St., . 349 Broadway, San Francisco. New York. 238 Clark St., Chicago.

-----

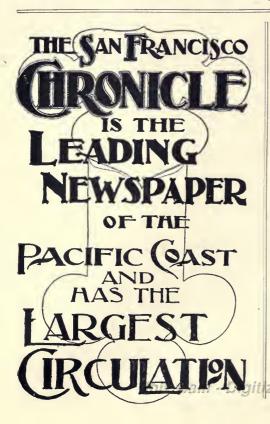


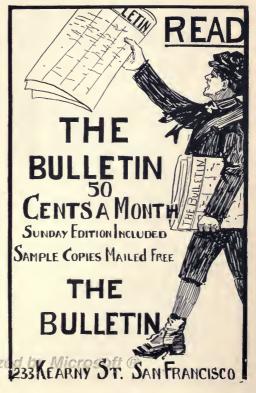
## Rolling Inn

Swift and splendid rolling on the California Limited San Francisco to Chicago in 75 hours

## Santa Fe

Ticket Office, 641 Market St. and Ferry Depot





ANSON S. BLAKE

President

W. J. SCHMIDT Superintendent

### \* \* WEST COAST \* \* DREDGING COMPANY

6 California Street, San Francisco, California.

**TELEPHONE MAIN 5729** 

CONTRACTORS for DREDGING and RECLAIMING WATER FRONT LANDS.

PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

## EAGLE RUBBER Co. BOSTON WOVEN

MANUFACTURERS OF

#### EAGLE BRAND

**VALVES GASKETS** PORT GUM, etc.

Special attention given to Navy Work

14-16 FREMONT STREET san Francisco, cal.
Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

## HOSE & RUBBER CO.

NAVY SPECIALTIES

Vim Pneumatic Hose Cowen Steam Hose Wolf Steam Couplings Rubber Belting Packing, etc.

14-16 FREMONT STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## VOSE PIANOS

Appeal to the most critical musical taste, and are receiving more favorable comment to-day than any other make of piano offered to the public.

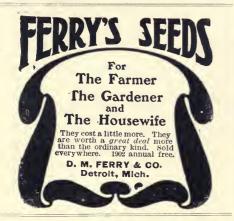
Their leading features are-

Scientific Scale, Purity and Character of Tone, Sympathetic and Responsive Touch, Beauty and Modernity of Cases.

Sold for cash or on the monthly payment plan and for rent.

We sell other makes of pianos at prices and on terms that dely competition.

BENJAMIN CURTAZ & SON, 16 to 20 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Cal.





# Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

## TYPEWRITERS GREAT BARGAINS



We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast.

Send for Catalogue.

Supplies of standard guality always on hand.

The Typewriter Exchange, 536 California St., San Francisco. Tel. Main 2



#### DEAFNESS

THE AURAPHONE is a new invention which will restore the hearing of any one not BORN deaf. Invisible in the ear, causing no discomfort. Send for Pamphlet,—malled Free. Address F. F. FINLAY, 529 Ellis St., San CURED



Sewing Machines

STANDARD PATTERNS States Perfection Catalogues Free

J. W. EVANS

1021 Market St., near 6th, South Side



## THE CALIFORNIA POWDER WORKS

Manufacturers of

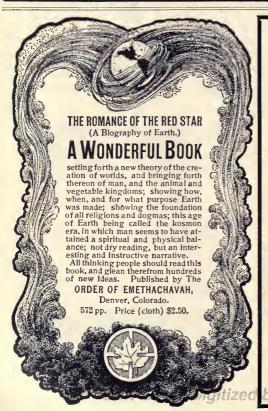
Sporting and Rifle Powder. Hercules Shot Gun Cartridges

Black and Smokeless

CANNON, SPORTING AND MINING POWDER

330 Market Street, San Francisco.

Works at Hercules and Santa Cruz.



#### TRIAL FREE. TAR-PINE CATARRH CURE

A New Discovery That Positively Cures. THE GREATEST BOON EVER OFFERED TO SUFFER-ERS FROM THOSE DREAD DISEASES, CATARRH

#### NOTHING LIKE IT UNDER THE SUN.

Thousands have studied and experimented for years to discover a remedy that would not only relieve but cure Catarrh and Hay-fever, absolutely and permanently, but all have failed in giving any more than merely temporary relief. We have the only positive and complete remedy in our remedy in our

TAR-PINE CATARRH CURE

and the reason for this is simply in the fact that we have used in the formula, new remedies that have never before been tried in the treatment of Catarrh

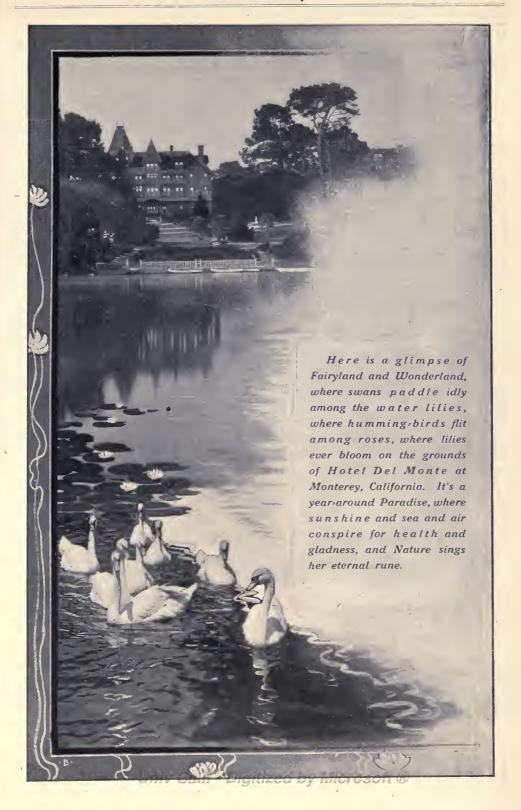
been tried in the treatment of Catarrii and Hay-fever.

In order that every one afflicted may have an opportunity of testing the merits of our remedy we will send absolutely free, a trial treatment of our Tar Pine Catarrh Cure, to any one who will write for it, and enclose two 2-cent stamps for for it, and enclose two 2-cent stamps for mailing. You can use the trial treatment and see for yourself the great good you will derive from it. Our treatment contains absolutely new ingredients which have never been used in curing Catarrh or Hay-fever. The result of a discovery by one of the greatest medical authorities. Send for the trial treatment at once and

Send for the trial treatment at once and obtain immediate relief. There is no reason why you should still suffer when the remedy is so easily within your reach. Remember, the trial treatment is absolutely free if you send two 2-cent stamps for meiling.

for mailing.

BELL DRUG CO., Dept. C. 4 and 6 East 14th Street. New York Clly.



#### IRVING INSTITUTE

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

#### 2126 CALIFORNIA STREET

Accredited to the Universities. Conservatory of Music, Art, and Elocution.

For Catalogue address the Principal. Reopens Aug.

REV. EDWARD CHURCH, A. M.

YOU can learn the PERNIN easily by SHORTHAND YOU can learn the PERNIN easily by mall or self-instruction. No position, no shading, connective vowel method; leads the world in shorthand. Free lessons; text-book on approval, Write H. M. PER-NIN, Author, Detroit, Mich.

## MORPH

Opium habits permanently cured at

No relapses. No loss of time from business. Free sample and book (in plain sealed envelope). Describe case. DR, PURDY, Room 51, Binz Building, scribe case. Houston, Texas.

#### PERFECT



May quickly be gained by using the famous "NADINE" New System of development. All hollow or slighted parts are rapidly filled out and made beautiful in contour. The entire form may also be developed 15 to 30 lbs. more when desired. Harmless, failure impossible.
Fulls guaranteed. YOU WILL
HAVE THE PERSONAL ATTENTION OF A FORM AND
FACE SPECIALIST UNTIL DEVELOPMENT IS FULLY

COMPLETED. Highly endorsed by physicians. Instructions, photos, references, etc., sealed free. Enclose stamp for postage.

MME, HASTINGS, B. S., 50 Dearborn St., Chicago, III.

Have your

OVERLAND BOUND

Magazines and Fine Bindings

Blank Books Made to Order

PHILLIPS BROS. BOOKBINDERS

505 CLAY ST.,

SAN FRANCISCO

Gold Medal, Paris, 1900. E. & S. CALIFORNIA

Stands without a peer in point of purity and deliciousness.

Sold in San Francisco by: W. J. BRYAN, Apothecaries Hall, under Grand Hotel; Wm. Searby's Pharmacy, 400 Sutter Street; The Lion Pharmacy. 852 Market Street.

50c. and \$1.00 a bottle.

EKMAN-STOW CO., No. 1 Montgomery street.

**OROVILLE** CALIFORNIA

A. Zellerbach & Sons

PAPER.. OF ALL KINDS

416-426 Sansome St., S. F.

Los Angeles Branch-311 N. Main St.

#### BLAKE. MOFFITT & TOWNE

TELEPHONE MAIN 199.

Dealers in

55-57-59-61 First St., S F. Blake, Moffitt & Towne.

Los Angeles, Cal. Blake, McFall & Co., Portland, Or.

Ladies to do plain needlework for us at home We furnish materials and pay \$7 to \$1 per week. Send stamped envelope to STANDARD CO. Desk, O M., Indiana Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

## CANCER CURED WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS Tumor, Piles, Skin and Womb Diseases, Fistula, Ulcer, etc. Result of 30 years experience. Convincing book

etc. Result of 30 years experience. Convincing book sent free. DR. D. M. BYE CO., Box 325, Indianapolis, Ind. (The Originators of the Oil Cura.)

#### PAINLESS AND PERMANENT HOME CURE A Trial Treatment Free. Sent to anyone addicted to the use of Morphine, Opium or other drug habit. Contains Vital Principle heretofore unknown and lacking in all others. We restore the nervous and physical systems and thus remove the cause. Confidential correspondence invited from all. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, 16 Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

### BYRONIV CMANZE PIANOS POST ST., S. F. Warranted for Ten Years-SOHMER AGENCY

Established 1852.

## Wells, Fargo & Co., Bank,

San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN J. VALENTINE		-			President
HOMER S. KING -	-				Manager
H. WADSWORTH -		-		-	Cashier
F. L. LIPMAN -	-			Assista	nt Cashier
H. L. MILLER		-	Second	Assista	nt Cashier

BRANCHES-New York, Salt Lake, Portland, Oregon, London Bankers-Messes, Glyn, Mills, Curry & Co. STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At Close of Business, July 31, 1901.

#### Assets

OT
10
77
53
12
04
_
17
00

Surplus
Undivided Profits
Deposits, Banks and Bankers
Individual 5,750,000,00 3,311,290.28 1.124 165.27 8,904,102.62 \$19,589,558.17

910 C40 400 C1

A general banking business transacted. Domestic and Foreign exchange bought and sold. Travelers' and commercial credits issued, available in all parts of the world. Correspondence Invited.

ISAIAS W. HELLMAN JOHN F. BIGELOW Vice-President President I. W, HELLMAN, JR., Second Vice-President GEORGE GRANT W. McGAVIN. Assistant Cashier Cashier

### The Nevada National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

- \$3,000,000.00 CAPITAL PAID UP -SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - 1,255,043.70

> NEW YORK CORRESPONDENTS: American Exchange National Bank Importers' and Traders' National Bank

LONDON BANKERS: Union Bank of London, Limited

> PARIS BANKERS: Credit Lyonnais

Letters of Credit Issued, Available in all Parts of the World.

#### DIRECTORS:

John W. Mackay Isalas W. Hellman Robert Watt\_ H. L. Dodge James L. Flood Henry F. Allen Levi Strauss \_ L. W. Hellman, Jr John F. Bigelow

#### The Anglo=Califor= Bank, Limited nian

N. E. COR. PINE AND SANSOME STS. HEAD OFFICE-18 AUSTIN FRIARS, London, E. C.

AUTHORIZED	CAPITAL	\$6,000,000
SUBSCRIBED.		3,000,000
PAID-UP		1,500,000
RESERVE		700,000

AGENTS AT NEW YORK: J. & W. Seligman & Co., 213 Broad Street.

The bank transacts a general banking business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers, and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Sends bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

> IGN. STEINHART Managers. P. N. LILIENTHAL

## California Safe De= posit and Trust Company

Corner California and Montgomery Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO

Transacts a general banking, trust and safe deposit business; is authorized by law to act as trustee, executor, administrator, guardian, etc.

Wills drawn and taken care of without charge.

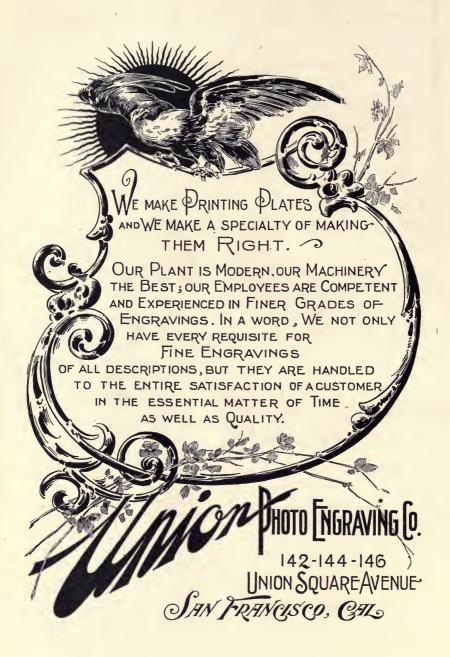
Interest is allowed on open accounts subject to check and on certificates of deposit.

Savings deposits received and the usual savings bank rates of interest paid.

#### Safe Deposit Boxes

To rent at prices ranging from \$5 per annum upward, according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low prices. DIRECTORS-James Treadwell, Wm. C. Peyton, W. F. Barton, Jos. H. Swift, R. D. Fry, A. D. Sharon, J. Dalzell Brown, Walter J. Bartnett, T. J. Hay.

Officers-R. D. Fry, precident; J. Dalzell Brown, manager; E. E. Shotwell, secretary; James Conning, assistant secretary.



## ACTUALLY GROWS

PROF. J. H. AUSTIN, McVicker's Theater Bidg., Chicago.

DEAR SRI:- If any one doubts that you can grow hair have them call on me. Last March I was baid allower the top of my head and I was advised to try your remedies; after five months treatment I have a fine head of hair. I want to thank you for the good you have done me. I have more hair now than I ever had; all I did was to apply your remedies three times a week.

H. J. McCARRON 79 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

am

If you are absolutely bald or have dandruff, itching scalp or falling hair which is a sign you are becoming bald act at once. If you are absolutely bald write Prof. Austin and tell him so. He will help you if you are losing hair.



can grow a fuil head of luxurlant hair and secure long lashes and heavy eyebrows.

Take three fallen hairs from the morning combings and mail them to Prof. J. H. Austin, the celebrated scaip and skin specialist of years standing and national reputation, who will send you absolutely FREE a diagnosis of your special case after making a minute examination of your hairs under his specality constructed and powerful microscope. There is no charge whatever, and in addition he will send a special prescription for your case put upin alittle box, also absolutely FREE. When you are cured of DANBRUFF, which is the forerunner of baldness, and grow NEW HAIR. Prof Austin asks that you tell your friends about it. SEED NO MONSEY. If you are already partly or totally bald write and find the cure. WRITE TO-DAY to

Send 2c for postage PROF. J. H. AUSTIN, 157 McVicker's Theater Building, CHICAGO, ILL.



AWARDED FIRST PRIZE,

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE FAIR, 1895.

OVER ALL COMPETITORS.

#### TO BREADMAKERS:

Doubtless there are other good brands of flour, but Port Costa is always the best, and may be depended upon. This is not the result of chance, but comes through knowledge, skill and experience. choicest California white wheat is selected for the purpose, and, in fact, through every detail of the milling, nothing has been left undone to produce superior quality. After many years of experiments, during which no modern method has been overlooked, the present improved system of milling has been selected. For a long time millers had endeavored to obtain the whitest flour from the grain; as a result the glutenous part of the grain was removed. Gluten in flour being the life-giving substance, it soon became evident to millers that some better method must be devised to retain this substance in the flour without destroying its color. In our Port Costa Mills we have at last found this method and are now making the whitest, purest and most nutritive flour ever manufactured in California, The only way to satisfy yourself as to the truth of this statement is to try the Port Costa Flour yourself.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ® 



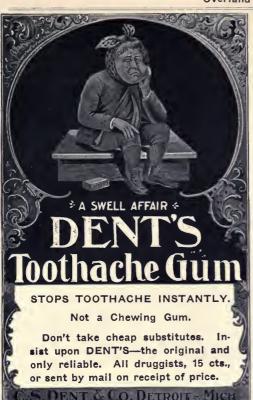
## 3 IN ONE

POLISHES FINE FURNITURE QUICKLY, EASILY AND PREVENTS RUST AND TARNISH ON METAL SUR-PRESERVES LIFE AND BRIGHTNESS OF BRASS AND SILVERWARE BY PREVENTING OXIDA-TION. FINE FOR SHOES, HARNESS, WOODWORK, PARQUET FLOORS. SATISFIES EVERY OILING NEED OF EVERY HOUSE. : : : SAVES LIFE AND LOOKS OF THINGS. SAVES LABOR IN APPLICATION. SAVES WORRY-A LOT COSTS A LITTLE AND A LITTLE LASTS LONG. NO ACID, NO GREASE, NO ODOR. WILL NOT GUM, COLLECT DUST, TURN RANCID OR SOIL. PERFECTLY PURE, SAFE AND SURE. ALL DEALERS SELL IT. FREE SAMPLE FOR A TWO-CENT STAMP : :

## G. W. COLE COMPANY

243 Washington Life Building
NEW YORK CITY

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®





FOR .... Phonograph

Graphophone

PRICE 50c.

THESE RECORDS ARE FAR SUPERIOR TO ANY RE-CORD ON THE MARKET.

THEY EXCEL

IN

AURABILITY, WILL NOT BREAK OR CRACK, AND ARE UNIFORMLY GOOD REGARDLESS OF SELECTION.

WE SELL

Edison Phonographs



28 O'FARRELL STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

#### 

Three things you should insist on having when purchasing a typewriter.

#### THE FOX

combines all these features as in no other machine.

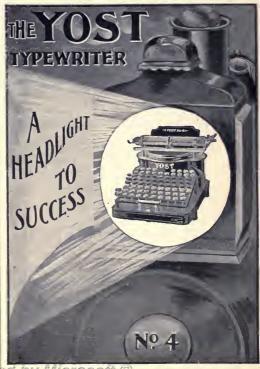


Model 3, 76 characters. Model 4, 88 characters. During the time "The Fox" has been on the market it has gained a reputation for

#### Honest Construction

Automatic feature. New Models have every

FOX TYPEWRITER CO.,



United Typewriter and Supplies Co.

327 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

#### Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

## DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freekles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 53 years, and is so harmless we tasteit to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of simi-

lar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE removes superfluous hair without Injury to the skin.

FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. Forsale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canadas and Europe.

**HEADQUARTERS** 

### **Telegraphic Codes**

All the Standard Codes and Ciphers Kept in Stock

#### JOHN PARTRIDGE

Importing and Stationer
Manufacturing Stationer

Printer, Lithographer and Bookbinder

306 California St., bet. Battery & Sansome San Francisco, Cai.

Send your Magazines to me to have them Bound Telephone Main 614

The

## Murdock Press

C. A. Murdock & Co.

PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS

532 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal.



#### WHITE ASH STEAM COAL

MINE

AT THE GREEN RIVER COLLERIES IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

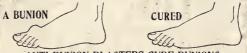
BY

THE BLACK DIAMOND COAL MINING CO.

IS THE BEST STEAM COAL IN THE MARKET

OFFICE 204 FRONT ST.

YARDS AT 450 MAIN STREET, S. F.



ANTI-BUNION PLASTERS CURE BUNIONS.
Nothing else will. For 10c we mail a sample plaster and a handsome 16p, illustrated booklet on "How to Have Easy, Healthy.
Shapely Feet." It treats of the hygiene of the feet, the cure of bunions, the prevention and removal of corns, ingrowing toe nails.etc.
Address FOOT REMEDY CO. 46 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

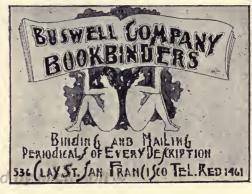
### Pacific Towel Co. 9 LICK PLACE

Tel, No 1780.

San Francisco, Cal.

GEO. E. MOORE, Proprietor.





# BRITISH TERRANEAN SERVICE

## DOMINION LINE BOSTON

CIBRALTAR
NAPLES
CENOA and
ALEXANDRIA
ECYPT

S.S. COMMONWEALTH
(New twin-screw, 13,000 tons)

S.S. CAMBROMAN

(5.000 tons)

Sailings Jan. 15, 1902 — (Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples), Jan. 4, Feb. 12, 1902 (Alexandria).

## DOMINION LINE

The steamers in the Dominion Line service are splendid ships of the finest construction, and offer the choicest accommodations. Service and cuisine perfect. Large staterooms, fine promenade decks. The Commonwealth is Twin Screw, 600 feet long, and the largest steamship which has ever entered the Mediterranean.

Send for "The Mediterranean Illustrated," an exquisite booklet.

For sailings, rates, etc., apply to

#### RICHARDS MILLS & CO.

77-81 State St., BOSTON 69 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

E. II. LOW, 1123 Broadway, N. Y. D. TORRANCE & CO., Montreal, Can. T. H. LARKE, Minneapolis, Minn. A. F. WEBSTER, Toronto, Ont.

or any agency of THOS. COOK & SON and HENRY GAZE & SONS.



## HOTEL RAFAEI

SAN RAFAEL. CALIFORNIA.



The society resort, winter and summer, of California: fifty minutes from San Francisco; sixteen trains daily each way; Otis passenger and baggage elevators; electric lights; service, tables, and appointments not excelled by any hotel; dark room for amateur and professional photographers. Average thermometer in the winter months 64 degrees, excelling the temperature of Mentone, the famous health resort of Southern France. Open all the year. The climate will give immediate relief to the worst case of asthma, and seldom/fails to permanently OV // Special rates by the month.

There is no more handsome. comfortable or desirable hotel in the United States than the Hotel Rafael, with its beautiful grounds, handsome cottages, elegant drives, magnificent scenery, and all forms of amusements. No finer tennis courts, bowling alleys and club house can be found.

#### Rates:

By the day.....\$2.50 upward (According to room.)

By the week......\$15.00 upward



You say you don't feel like yourself until noon-

You had Coffee for breakfast~ Try an experiment:

Drink

COCOA B NOTE THE DIFFERENCE!

GROCERS EVERYWHERE





## Free Trial

DEATH TO HAIR---ROOT AND BRANCH

NEW DISCOVERY by the



#### MISSES BELL

A Trial Treatment FREE to Any One Afflicted with Hair on Face, Neck, or Arms.

We have at last made the discovery which has bafiled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely distroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that, too, without impairing in any

way the finest or most sensitive skin.

The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALI-HAIR," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent free of charges, to any lady who will write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment, "KILL-ALL-HAIR," will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superficus hair on the face or neck of women,

Please understand that a personal demonstration of

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent yeu free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two two-cent stamps for mailing.

## THE MISSES BELL

87 and 80 FIFTH AVE.

NEW YORK CITY.



COPYRIGHT 1901 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

VORY SOAP is a plain soap—there is nothing in it but soap of the purest and best quality. Those who bathe with Ivory Soap can follow its use with glycerine, when needed to soften the skin, or with their favorite perfume or cosmetic. But as a rule persons who use Ivory Soap constantly do not have to resort to such means for the improvement of their appearance or for their comfort.

IT FLOATS.







F850 Q45 Ser, 2 V.38 U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
BOOLL62752

